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OF

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Meliora.

Art. I.—CULTURE AND TRADE.

1. *The Friend: A Series of Essays to aid in the Formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, &c.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 3 Vols. London: 1818.
2. *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic.* By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Edited by Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., LL.D., and John Veitch, M.A. Lecture I., Philosophy, its Absolute Utility. (a) Subjective. II. (b) Objective. Second Edition. Blackwood and Sons: 1861.
3. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. 2 Vols. Fifth Edition. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn: 1852.
4. *Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Mill. Reprinted from 'Fraser's Magazine.' London: Parker, Son, and Bourn: 1862.

FALLACIES live long and die slowly. One can never be certain, indeed, when a fallacy is dead. A lie, it is said, has no legs; but, certainly, a fallacy would be better if it had, since it manages to wriggle about like an eel long after it has been completely skinned, and contrives to restore itself, joint by joint, like the tape-worm, if only its head remain intact. But, of all fallacies, those growing out of any conceived dissimilarity live longest, deceive most, and die hardest. Pronounce any two things to be incompatible, socially, mentally, or morally, and you have uttered one of those charm-words, common to most languages, which either silence or forbid dispute, and preserve a fallacy from one age to another as amber does an insect, and limestone an animal. It matters little, indeed, whether the potent spell has been thus directly thrown over any two things by a strong individual mind, or indirectly by a gradual growth in the associations of many, since all men are so disposed to think after each other that the result is the same in either case. The world is full of these bisections, and they contract a certain consecrated power in passing from

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one generation to another. They are like the corner figures on some of the old Grecian temples, with half the face on one side and half on the other, so that the statues appear from each side as if cleft down the centre into two separate figures, although at a proper distance and angle their unity is fully seen. Such bisections in human opinion are very easily made, but not so easily undone. The labour of one generation is sometimes insufficient to overcome the shallow, incomplete, and, if the term be pardonable, profilar method of looking at any difficulty or complete question by a preceding one. Indeed, the history of these cleft problems forms more than one half of the history of the revolutions in human opinion.

Culture and trade are a pair of these fallacious incompatibles. The conception of their contrariety sprung up no one can tell when, and has developed itself no one precisely knows how. No single mind has made it, but it has been one of those tragic ideas which, like the germs of the Grecian myths, from once being true, for evermore tend to become false, although exercising in their progress a marvellous fascination over imaginative minds, and bewildering many into extravagant vagaries in the attempt to show their veracity, sublimity, and naturalness. The truth of one age is frequently the fallacy of the next, and the aphorism holds true in the present instance. Culture was once only possible for a class or a caste, but is so no longer, and in its ceasing to be so, the groundwork of the conception slips away like a shelf of sand, and nothing but the reverence naturally felt for the ideas and associations of the past could now consecrate the antithesis for an hour.

It is not enough, however, to have shattered the groundwork by any reference, overt or implied, to the levelling tendencies of the printing press, the free library, or the mechanics' institute. There is still other solid battle to be had, for fallacies fight prone, and are longer lived than cats or crows. It will be admitted, historically, that learning has ceased to be the especial privilege or prerogative of a caste, except as the learned spontaneously divide off into one by the force of association and from the necessities of social and intellectual intercourse; but it has been and will be maintained, that the mere removal of all that constituted the clerkly order formerly, does not remove all that makes the larger one of trade at the present time, and that the elements of the latter present a much more difficult obstacle now the former is broken up, than the former, when intact, ever presented to the latter. In this form the fallacy seems potent and indestructible, but a closer examination of it reveals that it is only an apparent change.

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change of position, and that a supposed incompatibility, unmodified by time, is what is seriously maintained. This incompatibility, we hope to show, does not exist.

This has, first of all, to be shown historically. The circumstances which walled up culture from trade and trade from culture were accidental and not essential. It was neither in learning nor in trade that there lay any strong original germ of disunity, but in those circumstances which were peculiar to each in what we are pleased to term the dark ages of European literary history. The further we penetrate through this modern *ignarok* into preceding ages and nations, the more clearly does this appear. Manuscripts and books made learning expensive and hard to be secured, but before their accumulation and importance, there were the glorious ages of oral teaching and colossal memories. Priests were the earliest teachers, and from their position more learned than others could be, but only in a special way. In the patriarchal ages, it was the shepherd who was wisest in the lore of the stars and most learned in the mysteries of the herbs. He was also a musician, a poet, and a philosopher. In the earlier centuries of city life, the craftsmen were wiser than the idlers, if there were any; and even when an ecclesiastical polity like the Hebrews' was fully organized, laymen were not rendered ignorant by it of all that lay without the boundaries of a religious teaching and priesthood. The early traders were travellers, sharp men with quick faculties, ready wit, and marvellous penetration. They worked harder than we moderns are generally inclined to give them credit for having worked, and perhaps later, and there was so much cunning of hand, brain, and eye required to cope with the rude forces of nature, that one can even imagine them to have been more manly and intelligent than more secluded and leaf-learned scholars. Nor were they merely practical men who knew good harbours, markets, and grain-fields, but speculators also, bringing home fresh information, wonderful visions of other territories and races, and mingling fact and inference together in such a curious manner as to communicate vigorous mental impulsions wherever they were met and questioned. It is worth something to have seen and talked with a great traveller now, but nothing to what it must have been then. The Phœnicians were the greatest traders, navigators, and practical men we meet with in the history of the ancient world, and they were by no means destitute of culture. The invention of letters and arithmetic is generally ascribed to them by competent authorities, and they made considerable progress in mechanical and astronomical knowledge. Shipbuilding, if not invented, was, at any rate, vastly

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vastly improved by them, and it is extremely probable that only the obscurities of their language and the vicissitudes of their national existence have prevented the discovery of important literary remains.

The Greeks, next in importance, afford us the most original example that can be selected to illustrate our subject. No one would venture to deny the magnitude of the debt the world owes them for their poetry, history, and philosophy; but it is held convenient to forget that they also were traders in the most eminent degree, and known as such through the whole of the then civilized world. Culture and trade were certainly not antagonistic then, however much they have seemed to become so since. Phemius, the schoolmaster of Homer, was paid for his music and grammar by handfuls of wool; the fame of his pupil was carried into other countries by the traders who came for commerce or shelter to the roads of Smyrna; and Homer himself, with a fortune gained in the same way as his master's, was able to pay for his many years' wanderings in the vessel of Mentes, whereby the volume of the universe was opened to him, and the idea of his immortal epic gradually grew from its floating formlessness into distinctness and life. It was trade that made Athens famous before her learning made her immortal. Trade thus preceded her greatness, helped as much as anything to make it, and was all along contemporaneous with it, until, as the healthy interplay was lost, learning became at once the source of her magnificence and a great cause of her decline. Industry was, as it is still, according to Miss Bremer, one of the national virtues. Idleness, that is tradelessness, was punished by the laws of Solon, and, indeed, presented such a singular contrast to the Spartan notion, which held it to be a proof of rank, that a disciple of Lycurgus being in Athens when there was a trial for this offence, said, cynically, they punished the man for being a gentleman. According to a second Solonian law, whoever reproached either a man or a woman with carrying on business in the Agora (being, perhaps, as we should say, a huckster) was liable to a penalty. A third law decreed that whoever had not been instructed in a trade, or caused to be so instructed by his parents, was not under the necessity, otherwise rigorously enforced, of supporting them in their declining life. Commerce and culture went hand in hand. 'Their early philosophers,' says Bulwer Lytton, 'not being exempted from other employments, were not mere dreamers of the closet and the cell. They were active, practical, stirring men of the world. They were politicians and moralists as well as philosophers. The practical pervaded the ideal, and was, in fact, the

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the salt that preserved it from decay. Thus legislation and science sprang simultaneously into life, and the age of Solon is the age of Thales.'* It was even so in later times, and with other men. Æschylus, the first tragedian of the old world, was a private soldier, and Socrates, its noblest teacher, was a statuary. All the youth and population of Athens blended trade and poetry, philosophy and science, in a manner which may seem inexplicable to us, but is none the less true on that account. And we would refer all those profound ideologists, home and foreign, who are always raving against literary, artistic, and scientific dilletantism, to the most flourishing periods of Athenian history when it was brought to its perfection; when the man who built your house, made your clothes, or sold you various articles of domestic use, was as likely to know as much about the poetry of Homer as yourself, and could, perhaps, thanks to the Theoricon, criticise a theatrical performance better, and possibly initiate your clever son into some of the recondite mysteries of the chorus and the choragy. It was only as the one grew into excessive disproportion to the other that the youth of Greece and the men of Greece became mere babblers and newsmongers. In the end, as Bulwer Lytton says, 'Genius itself became a disease, and poetry assisted towards the euthanasia of the Athenians;'† but only as the latter broke away from common life, and the former, from having lost the checks and counterbalances of trade, leaped out into a feeble, rootless, and feverish existence.

The Jews of the same era as the more flourishing Grecian one, had a proverb to the effect that a man who did not teach his son a trade taught him to steal, and a regulation based upon it as a fact which was beyond all question. There is, moreover, a singular significance in the circumstance that during his residence in Corinth, the idlest and most puerile city of the time, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who showed himself able to cope in learning with the sects of Greece, fell back upon his original occupation of tentmaking whilst he was still discoursing, or reasoning as we have it in old version, in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuading both Jews and Greeks. It also deserves mention here, as one of the most cheering aspects in the present stage and future progress of modern Greece, that trade and culture exhibit somewhat of their ancient and happy interpenetration. The Greeks work, as Miss Bremer says, 'from a natural impulse for activity.' Even the glory of Athens is modestly reappearing. 'Athens

* 'Athens; its Rise and Fall.' Vol. i., pp. 299, 300. 1837.
† Ibid. Vol. ii., p. 480.

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is now,' the same writer observes, 'by means of her school and academies, becoming, as formerly, an attractive central-point for all Greeks, even beyond free Greece. *Poor boys of good families will often take service as apprentices, or even as servants, in Athens, merely to have the opportunity of attending its schools at the same time.*'*

Omitting the Romans as holding commerce in ill-disguised contempt, and as either carrying forward or confusing what the Greeks did for humanity, in showing that culture and trade, by their reaction on each other, completed the individual and national life, we come to the Arabians, whose position, in some respects unique, continually reminds us of that of Greece, although it is by no means so well known. It is well, as we have done before, to take the testimony of one who was certainly guiltless of endeavouring to make out a case or an argument. 'Masters of a great portion of the East,' says M. Sismondi, 'of the country of the Magi and the Chaldeans, whence the first light of knowledge had shone over the world; of the fertile Egypt, the store-house of human science; of Asia Minor, that smiling land where poetry, and taste, and the fine arts had their birth; and of the burning plains of Africa, the country of impetuous eloquence and subtle intellect; the Arabians seemed to unite in themselves the advantages of all the nations which they had thus subjugated. * * With all the delights which human industry quickened by boundless riches can procure, with all that can flatter the senses and attach the heart to life, the Arabians attempted to mingle the pleasures of the intellect, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and all that is most excellent in human knowledge—the gratification of the mind and the imagination. In this new career their conquests were not less rapid than they had been in the field, nor was the empire which they founded less extended. With a celerity equally surprising, it rose to as gigantic a height. It rested, however, on a foundation no less insecure, and it was quite as transitory in its duration.'† It is also to be remembered here, as effects of this double activity, that many learned authorities have claimed for the Arabs the invention and extensive manufacture of paper, the discovery of gunpowder, the invention of the mariner's compass, and a system of numerals that has completely changed the character of the mathematical and astronomical sciences. 'The number of Arabic inventions,

* 'Greece and the Greeks.' Vol. i., p. 11.

† 'Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.' Vol. i. (Bohn), pp. 48, 49.

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of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious,' affirms M. Sismondi.

Historically, then, without continuing our hurried glance into more modern times, the supposed antithesis appears to have very little foundation in fact. So far from culture and trade being essentially antagonistic, it has been seen that the greatest trading nations have also been the most cultivated nations, and this not because the two facts, as it may be retorted, were simply related as antecedent and consequent, or were only co-existent, but because each was co-efficient. Trade may create wealth, and wealth leisure, and leisure cultivation, so that it may seem just to deny that the two can be blended, although so intimately connected, but a more mutual dependence and a closer correspondence is observed the farther we press our inquiries into causes and relations, and the less we are hampered by theories and deceived by appearances. Of itself, indeed, trade produces a certain amount of mental cultivation, and culture reacts in the same manner upon trade by its bolder conceptions, profounder analyses, and grander discoveries. Action the essence of the one, and contemplation the essence of the other, may sometimes be successive, but are not contradictory states. Their tendency is always to coalesce like complementary parts of our consciousness. It might be pardonable for an old mystic to maintain that body was the great hindrance to the mind, and that conversion to oneself by its annihilation, in so far as possible, should be the grand ideal of life; but a broader philosophy has established their perfect synthesis, humanly speaking, and shown that so closely do the laws of the body commingle with those of the mind, that the truest and healthiest existence is only possible by the harmonious penetration and interplay of the forces of each. Two positions are thus seen to be turned. The proud intellectual man, who decries everything but intellectual pursuits, runs in perpetual danger of plunging himself and others into the vortex of a supra-sensual mysticism; and the colder practical or business man, who looks upon culture as a curse and a bugbear, and is, what few are, consistent even in his inconsistency, is equally in danger of dashing himself on the rocks of an atheistic materialism or cruel nihilism. As long as we have bodies to feed, clothe, shelter, and preserve, so long must there be a trading class, and trade itself will be co-extensive with even physical civilization, if there be no other; and as long as men have minds or souls bound up so intimately with them, must there be an equally large proportion of activity, expressive of their growth, answering to their wants, and shaping and perfecting their nobler and diviner expectations.

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expectations. Nay, by thus attempting to divide civilization into two forms, we have only the more precisely indicated its beautiful unity. A conception of trade as simply concerning itself with bodily wants, is felt to be as narrow as it is unjust—cutting off all those higher forms of it which are impregnated with artistic life, all those indispensable forms of it which make possible social as distinct from family life, and all those modern extensions of it which almost do away with *here* and *now* in their rapid transformations of our individual and national life. One may naturally fancy the most commercial of men revolting from a conception so nakedly presented, even when it is precisely the theory he maintains if he believes in the antagonism of culture and trade, and the more rigorously in proportion to the vigour with which he throws himself upon his own side of the question. Trade creates wealth, and culture thought; and one is the counterbalance and corrective of the evils engendered by an over-devotion to the other. Wealth may be consumed or dissipated, and in itself is nothing when deprived of what it represents or commands; but thought is indestructible, loveable, and valuable for its own sake, and pouring beauty and blessing over everything like the all-sustaining, all-vivifying sun. An idea, once born, never dies; it can only transmigrate. Wealth has made princes, but thought has made heroes. For the one, from personal interests, a man will gradually wear away his life; but for the other he will die, in some single and splendid act of the sublimest self-annihilation. Moreover, culture is nothing less than wealth by anticipation. The intellectual man of one generation holds as a means, or a result of culture, what will become commerce or trade in the next. An alchemist discovers in his golden dreams what perhaps is not gold, but yet helps wonderfully to make it in a succeeding generation. The fancy of a speculative chemist becomes fact in a branch of art-manufacture, and the solitary vigils of some eastern magi save the lives of thousands, and direct the commerce of the world. All intellectual cultivation is good in itself, and radiates that goodness in many ways and forms. It is impossible to prescribe what path or shape it shall take. To a man with the brain of Sir Charles Lyell, a sloping pebble or a worn rock is a wonderful teacher; and to Max Müller the simple terms father and mother, brother and sister, reveal a new page in the history of Arian civilization. Culture is, therefore, not only good in itself, but is fairly to be considered as one of the means or agencies in the production of wealth, even when it takes its highest recognized form. Let us hear one who has every right to be heard, when writing on this point—John Stuart Mill:— 'In

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'In a national or universal point of view, the labour of the savant, or speculative thinker, is as much a part of production, in the very narrowest sense, as that of the inventor of a practical art; many such inventions having been the direct consequence of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the powers of nature being fruitful of applications to the purposes of outward life. The electro-magnetic telegraph was the wonderful and most unexpected consequence of the experiments of Œrsted and the mathematical investigations of Ampére; and the modern art of navigation is an unforeseen emanation from the purely speculative and apparently merely curious inquiry, by the mathematicians of Alexandria, into the properties of three curves formed by the intersection of a plane surface and a cone. No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view, of mere thought. Inasmuch, however, as these material points, though the result, are seldom the direct purpose of the pursuits of savants, nor is their remuneration in general derived from the increased production which may be caused incidentally, and mostly after a long interval, by their discoveries, this ultimate influence does not, for most of the purposes of political economy, require to be taken into consideration; and speculative thinkers are generally classed as the producers only of the books, or saleable articles which directly emanate from them. But when (as in political economy one should always be prepared to do) we shift our point of view, and consider not individual acts, and the motives by which they are determined, but national and universal results, intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labour, as a highly productive part of its expenditure.' ('Political Economy'—'Labour as an Agent of Production.' Vol. i., chap. ii., pp. 50, 51.)

The history, indeed, of the correlation of culture and trade remains to be written by some broad and philosophic mind, ripe enough to be familiar with all the causes at work in moulding national life and in determining national history, and powerful enough to catch and blend all points and aspects into a connected and harmonious whole. One or two attempts have been indecisively made in this direction, but nothing on a scale at all befitting. Wanting this, and feeling, however feebly, that it can and will be done, it is a pleasure to find that in one of those brilliant flashes by which Coleridge illumined a whole field of knowledge, the vivifying idea has been brightly and broadly thrown out. Coloured as preceding remarks have no doubt been by this passage, we cannot for one moment be required to make any excuse for transferring a portion of it to these pages:—

'As there are two wants connatural to man, so are there two main directions of human activity pervading in modern times the whole civilized world; and constituting and sustaining that nationality which yet it is their tendency, and, more or less, their effect, to transcend and moderate—trade and literature. These were they, which after the gradual dismemberment of the old Roman world, gradually reduced the conquerors and the conquered at once into several nations and a common Christendom. The natural law of increase and the instincts of family may produce tribes, and, under rare and peculiar circumstances, settlements and neighbourhoods; and conquest may form empires. But without trade and literature, mutually commingled, there can be no nation; without commerce and science, no bond of nations. As the one hath for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the desires for which are for the greater part, nay, as far as respects the *origination* of trade and commerce, *altogether* excited from without; so the other has

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has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and necessary condition of its growth and sanity. And the man (or the nation, considered according to its predominant character as one man) may be regarded under these circumstances as acting in two forms of method, inseparably co-existent, yet producing very different effects as one or the other obtains the primacy.* As is the rank assigned to each in the theory and practice of the governing classes; and, according to its prevalence, in forming the foundation of their public habits and opinions, so will be the outward and inward life of the people at large; such will the nation be. In tracing the epochs and alternations of their relative sovereignty or subjection, consists the PHILOSOPHY of History. In the power of distinguishing and appreciating their several results consists the historic SENSE; and that under the ascendancy of the mental and moral character, the *commercial* relations may thrive to the utmost *desirable* point, while the reverse is ruinous to both, and sooner or later effectuates the fall or debasement of the country itself—this is the richest truth obtained for mankind by historic RESEARCH; though unhappily it is the truth, to which a rich and commercial nation listens with most reluctance and receives with least faith.'—('The Friend.' Vol. iii., pp. 237, 8, 9.)

There would seem little need after so powerful a passage as this (quoted precisely as it stands in the original, so as not to press any words or phrases to our services, by italics or otherwise) to say anything further concerning the supposed antithesis of culture and trade, but that, by way of completely exposing a fallacy to which this country is more prone than any other, it now behoves us that we should turn the subject round in another light. Having shown that culture and trade do not exterminate each other, except as any good by unhealthy and perverted excess may become injurious and fatal, it remains that we should determine, or adduce reasons or facts for helping others to determine, that trade and culture may go hand in hand in the same individual, producing in the single what they are seen to do in the national life. In proportion to the truthfulness with which the latter has been done should the former be less necessary, and less arduous. Here, however, lies the true pinch of the case, and here it is that the fallacy in question either fights determinedly as an open foe, or shelters itself behind such apparently impregnable barriers, as 'the present constitution of social states,' 'the recognized tendencies of the age,' or a subtile indefinite 'necessity,' which may mean either or both of the two previous ones, or some vaguer and philosophic *idee*.

We do not hesitate for one moment as to how we shall open an attack. We take first metaphysical ground, as best clearing away those confused notions which are so injurious in every department of action and speculation. When it was told Dr. Johnson that Sir John Pringle had said that Adam Smith, knowing nothing of trade, could no more be expected to write well upon it than a lawyer upon physic, he replied

* 'The senses, the memory, and the understanding (*i.e.*, the retentive, reflective, and judicial functions of his mind), being common to both methods.'

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that he was mistaken, adding, 'there is nothing which requires more to be illustrated by philosophy than trade does.' The remark has not lost its truth, especially as respects the subject in hand. Coleridge has clearly suggested the homogeneousness of the methods common to both trade and culture; and his idea may be filled out and developed in many directions. Firstly, we may say that culture is necessary to trade in almost any form, or all prior education might be dispensed with; and, secondly, it may be added, that in proportion to the degree and success of the prior cultivation will be the grade subsequently assumed and the success attained by the subject of it. Facts and illustrations supporting these positions can scarcely be required by an observing mind. It is true, as respects the second observation, that we may be told that a liberal education will not make a youth a better grocer or draper. We admit it, but reply, that the result will be not the youth's fault, but your's that put him to such occupations. We would cast no slur upon either of these honourable vocations, but only wish to enunciate that some discretionary forethought should be exercised before a youth is committed to any vocation for life. Further, one may announce as an axiom, or better, as in incontrovertible induction, that whatsoever increases any one's power of attention, increases in the same ratio, other things being equal, the same individual's fitness for any and all kinds of business, and especially those forms of it held to be most contrarious in the present feverish agitations and fluctuations of trade. One of the happiest definitions of genius, which successfully overcomes the transcendental difficulty always felt in rendering any adequate account of its conditions, or attempting an exhaustive analysis of its powers, is that given by Helvetius, when he tells us that 'Genius is nothing but a continued attention,' supplemented, as it is, by the numerous facts which Sir William Hamilton has brought together when considering the faculty in general, and so unmistakeably presented by Carlyle, when he says that genius 'means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all; given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end!'* Reid, in fact, tells us that Sir Isaac Newton, in replying to one who complimented him on his force of genius, said that his discoveries were more owing to patient attention than to any other talent.†

Singularly enough, this very same faculty or aspect of consciousness is claimed as the grand indispensable qualification

* 'Frederick the Great.' Vol. i., p. 407. † 'Hamilton.' Vol. i., p. 257.

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for trade. Continuous and concentrated attention to business is the great watchword of commerce, the *primum mobile* of business life. It is held in reverence, as the highest human faculty, by every successful merchant, and injunctions thereon are drummed into the ears of every awkward apprentice, as though it were a sort of 'categorical imperative.' It is expected to develope itself one cannot tell how, and conduct its possessor one cannot tell where. The youth is to think of nothing but business, that his attention may be undivided, and not to cultivate the faculty in any other way, lest it should withdraw so much from his duties. The result is well-known, or might be, if men would but look through the surfaces about them, and discern the torture, the dwarfage, and the debilitating effects that follow, the latter to trade itself. For one business man made by this compressing process, half-a-dozen are spoiled for that and everything else, in both body and mind. Business, itself, is made a thousand times more hateful than it needs be, and what a man is made to hate and at the same time to do, he is surely little likely to be very proficient in, or grow up with a very profound reverence for. Half the growing disinclination to trade, manifested by the cleverer portion of our youthful middle-class population, is due to the tyrannical way in which business is thus made to be the harpy that is to drive out everything else, useful, beautiful, or true, and seat herself at the dark centre, as a tragic over-shadowing Fate, rattling her terrible wheel in a clamour of judgment and affright. It may be true that great, even severe and exclusive devotion to business, is one of the necessities of this age of competition; but does it, therefore, follow that this can only be obtained by making it as obnoxious as can be, in allowing no free play for the promotion of corrective activities, and leaving out of the question all regard for the moral and physical well-being of those upon whom such tendencies tell most fearfully? It is forgotten that if attention is never disciplined by what will create pleasure, it can never be forced by what is sure to give pain; and those masters who leave out of view everything that does not seem to directly conduce to their personal ends are only daily depriving themselves of tangible benefits, pecuniarily, physically, and mentally, by a blindness which has something almost tragic about it, in the results which it is seen occasionally to produce.

We have come now into the midst of a congeries of small fallacies. It is a fallacy on the part of any youth to believe that he needs only learn something of what the Germans aptly call the *Bread and Butter Sciences;* and another on the part of his master

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master that he is only responsible for imparting a knowledge of the above in his own special vocation. It may be excusable for the youth who is just on the threshold of life, but it is scarcely so for the master, since if the former be legally bound apprentice to him he has made himself responsible for something more. In very old fashioned indentures 'soberlye correction' is mentioned as one of the ways in which the youth is to have a fatherly oversight given to him, and in modern ones there are references to playhouses, gaming, taverns, the contraction of marriage, and the like, which are more than sufficient to establish the fact that a general and moral oversight at any rate, if not direction, is intended. It is of no use to plead that by the tacit consent of many, no regard is paid to this portion of an indenture, other than that of a mere negative watching on the master's part with a view to personal interests. By every obligation, written and unwritten, the master is bound to fulfil his own engagements. An indenture is a covenant between two parties, and is so called from the fact that originally one person kept part of the document and the other the remainder, the fitting of the two by a zigzag line establishing their verity. Now, if the apprentice strive to do his part of the covenant, the master does not fulfil his if he withhold this overseership and general but free direction. Another fallacy on the part of the youth, made almost a truth in proportion to the severity of the exactions of his master, is that when work is done he must needs *always* be amused, and that mental or moral improvement is a wearying drudgery for which if his master does not make him time he is not himself bound to find any. No words of ours can picture the thick, trampling evils that crowd about this fallacy, and flout their impurities in the face of everything that is beautiful and holy. The master, too, shares in the fallacy and the shamelessness its belief and acting-out bring, when he makes unnecessary encroachments in this way, and then proceeds to proclaim as an essential negative in the relation of culture and trade what he himself has made accidental, without the impulsion or the assistance of any social forces or fashions. The master again cramps the youth entrusted, in tender and pliant years, to his oversight and care, by another fallacy almost as universal as trade itself, namely, that the more any one knows about matters outside his line of business the worse workman he will be for it. A clever youth is, therefore, always looked shyly at, and unceremoniously cuffed, if he have any cleverness which his master cannot press into his own service and derive a direct benefit from. We cannot write too hard things against this fundamental fallacy in the general mind

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mind of shopdom. It leads to deceit and secret studies that undermine the health, whilst it makes the strong mind look upon apprenticeship as little better than negro slavery. Moreover, it frequently smites down many a fair young mind, fitting itself by its own methods for, perhaps, the very vocation deemed to be distasteful or neglected in disgust. 'Serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business,' said the neighbours to Palissy, the potter, when, through failure, hunger, and physical torture, he was most about the very business, nay, the glory of his life! And yet one would think that an intellectual workman, or apprentice, were better for any master than a day-attentive and night-sottish one, often gradually driven into being the latter by harshness and 'none-of-your-books-here' kind of treatment at home. But it will be urged that if an individual be allowed to occupy himself with any scientific, artistic, or literary pursuit, he would follow it when he ought to be doing something else, or run after it in imagination during business hours. Such day-dreaming, however, over worse things does prevail extensively without this allowance, and would be much more likely to be altogether prevented if opportunities were given for following either of the above pursuits at definite periods of leisure. The stimulus to work, and the joyous rebound, would have the happiest effect upon the higher and deeper emotions. Servility would give place to trusting affection, and drudgery be sublimed into the holiness of duty. Work well, play well, is a good description of character, when read either way; and we have only to read work well *to* play well, to make of it a most powerful incitive to any healthy mind. And yet how few masters, excepting in large establishments of adults, where it is necessitated, provide a sitting room for their employés and apprentices! How few pay subscriptions at libraries for them, and get useful works or good periodicals, with a view of putting healthy literature in their way! How few encourage a studious youth, after shop-hours, to read a book, learn a language, or work a problem in Euclid! How few say, 'Here, John, I see you are fond of staying at home in the evening, and I like to see it, but as you may miss out-door exercise, in future you shall have half or three-quarters of an hour daily, when I can well spare it, for out-door exercise, for I like to see you careful of your evenings!' It is of no use to plead that the exigencies of trade will not allow of such things: *man must not be unmanned even to live.*

The part just touched is, perhaps, the most painful part of our subject, because of the power held by one class, and the general helplessness and prostration of the other; but it is by no means the only painful one. All through the trading class, from grade

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grade to grade, may be seen the disastrous effects of the operation of the central fallacy through the several lesser ones it stimulates into being. Men who might be wiser, better, and happier, petulantly refuse to be made, or to make themselves so, and when business is over and a little respite allowed them from its cares, they still hug it as a 'substantial form,' and potter about over nothing at all, in a semi-vacuous condition of mind, because they do not wish to distract themselves by applying to anything outside. Such men sometimes keep their country houses, and go through a mock separation from business every day at four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course there are many felicitous exceptions here as elsewhere, and we joyfully recognize them, but still there is too much of that listlessness out of harness which induces *ennui*, and lays open the mental and moral nature to many bewildering and dangerous enchantments. Be always busy with something, is one of the remedies urged by Democritus, junior, for the cure of love-melancholy, and substantiated by him with happy quotations from Virgil, Savanarola, and Avicenna. But what is to cure the melancholy that is engendered by business itself? Love? or culture? or both? Idleness to a real man of business is wearisomeness at any time, unless it be filled with pleasure-trips and summer holidays. But is cessation from trade idleness? A man may not only cultivate his own nature pleasantly and profitably, but help others in the same duty, by example, counsel, and assistance. A man may learn to entertain himself, and find more real relaxation than he has anticipated in what at first appeared to him to be only a continuation or aggravation of his previous labour. If there is one law of life more emphasised than another by the highest modern physio-psychologists, it is that mental exercise is not in itself destructive but conducive to health, and especially as it alternates with physical, and physical especially as it alternates with mental. References seem unnecessary here where facts are so plentiful, and we do not hope to persuade those by authority whom we cannot convince by reason. If to be human be worth anything, to be harmoniously human is surely worth everything. Without in any way wishing to make and proclaim a gospel of mere self-culture, or confining culture to such ideal regions, one may still find deep and tender truth in that trite injunction of Goethe's, '*Every day* hear a little song, see a good picture, read some poetry, and if possible talk some sensible words.' Men are continually bisecting themselves, and throwing the blame of their weariness, as they distil the curse of their bitterness, upon their fellow-men, their social state, or the forces of the age, but never by any means upon themselves. And here, lest we might seem to need high authority, we give it:— 'Next

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'Next to selfishness,' says Mr. Mill, 'the principal cause which makes life unsatisfactory is want of mental cultivation. A cultivated mind, I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught, in any tolerable degree, to exercise its faculties, finds sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of mankind past and present, and their prospects in the future.'—('Utilitarianism,' p. 20.)

It would be cruel to wish to narrow the effects of culture in any way by the exclusion of any, even the lowest class. What is good for one human being, simply in virtue of all that makes him one, is surely good for another. There can be no proprietary in truth and knowledge. They are like fresh air which is the right of everybody, and which if a man do not find immediately about him, is easily procurable by a change of position. In all conditions and circumstances men are found to become intelligent and cultivated by more causes within than beyond their own control. As far as even the strictly labouring classes are concerned, trade and culture are everywhere seen to be friendly and not inimical powers, and a little more fostering of good habits, such as we see and hear of in many places, by their wealthy masters, would considerably benefit both parties. We frequently hear, however, that educational efforts are dangerous because they breed discontent, and some employers eye suspiciously any movements that would make their workmen feel they deserved better situations and higher wages. This distrust turns upon two things, a fallacy, and a narrow mistaken selfishness, both welded together by a miscalled and misread experience. The fallacy, in one of its aspects, has been already touched upon: here it is simply, that all a master is bound to pay for, is work and not intelligence; that so long as the former is done as he wants it, he has nothing to do with the latter. There can be no fear of starting a difficult problem by denying this. An intelligent workman is, or ought to be, more valuable than one less so, and, if his master does not think so, the sooner the workman finds some one else who does, the better for all parties concerned. The error lies with the master who does not see his own interest, rather than with the shifting and discontented workman who does. Some employments are so mechanical as not to require much mental energy, but no employments can be carried on without it, and even those most mechanical are open to many improvements from their being followed by better workmen, who could possibly find out how it could be done without a workman at all. The closer we probe into the origin of many inventions and discoveries, the more do we find this to be true. It has been so through other times, and is so still. There

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There is scarcely a large employer of this kind of labour in the kingdom who has not many facts to establish the truth. 'I believe I am correct in stating,' Sir Benjamin Brodie makes Eabulus say in his 'Psychological Inquiries,' 'that in the manufacturing districts most of the improvements in machinery have originated with the artizans to whom the immediate management of the machines has been entrusted; and it is difficult to say how much of the improvements of agriculture may not, in the first instance, have been derived from the casual remarks and suggestions of farm-labourers.'* The effect of this culture upon the labouring classes themselves is in itself a most fruitful topic. Their well-being is, indeed, in every way bound up with it. Mr. Mill has some excellent remarks upon this head in a chapter entitled 'The Probable Futurity of the Labouring Classes,' from which we can only quote a portion :—

'It is on a far other basis that the well-being and well-doing of the labouring people must henceforth rest. The poor have come out of leading strings, and cannot any longer be governed or treated like children. To their own qualities must now be commended the care of their destiny. Modern nations will have to learn the lesson, that the well-being of a people must exist by means of the justice and self-government, the δικαιοσύνη and σωφρούνη, of the individual citizens. The theory of dependence attempts to dispense with these qualities in the dependent classes. But now, when even in position they are becoming less and less dependent, and their minds less and less acquiescent in the degree of dependence which remains, the virtues of independence are those which they stand in need of. Whatever advice, exhortation, or guidance is held out to the labouring classes, must henceforth be tendered to them as equals, and accepted with their eyes open. The prospect of the future depends on the degree in which they can be made rational beings.

'There is no reason to believe that prospect other than hopeful. The progress, indeed, has hitherto been, and still is, slow. But there is a spontaneous education going on in the minds of the multitude, which may be greatly accelerated and improved by artificial aids. * * * From this increase of intelligence, several effects may be confidently anticipated. First: that they will become even less willing than at present to be led and governed, and directed in the way they should go, by the mere authority and *prestige* of superiors. If they have not now, still less will they have hereafter, any deferential airs, or religious principle of obedience, holding them in mental subjection to a class above them. The theory of dependence and protection will be more and more intolerable to them, and they will require that their conduct and condition shall be essentially self-governed. It is, at the same time, quite possible that they may demand, in many cases, the intervention of the legislature in their affairs, and the regulation by law of various things which concern them, often under very mistaken ideas of their interest. Still, it is their own will, their own ideas and suggestions, to which they will demand that effect should be given, and not rules laid down for them by other people. It is quite consistent with this that they should feel respect for superiority of intellect and knowledge, and defer much to the opinions, on any subject, of those whom they think well acquainted with it. Such deference is deeply grounded in human nature; but they will judge for themselves of the persons who are and who are not entitled to it.

'It appears to me impossible but that the increase of intelligence, of education, and of the love of independence among the working classes, must be attended with a corresponding growth of the good sense, which manifests itself in provident habits

* Second part, p. 145.

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of conduct, and that population, therefore, will bear a gradually diminishing ratio to capital and enjoyment. This most desirable result would be much accelerated by another change, which lies in the direct line of the best tendencies of the time; the opening of industrial occupations freely to both sexes.'—('Political Economy.' Vol. ii., pp. 332, 3, 4.)

If the fallacy under consideration had been confined in its operations to trade, it would not be half so difficult to dislodge and explode. But that specious naturalness, which makes its force and fascination, has enabled it to creep stealthily into education, and even conceal itself under the reverential garb of religion. Knowledge itself is made to have a marketable value, not ultimately, but proximately, and immediate production, or direct remuneration, to be the aim and end of many educational efforts. It is thought that we do not so much want men as money-factors. The dignity and perfectibility of human nature is nothing; its transmutation into gold pieces, and things tangible, everything. Life is real, and earnest, too, but only half of it. The ideal-man is that happily pictured by Jean Paul, where one half is a giant, and the other a dwarf, excepting that in this instance the giant side is the practical and not the ideal half. Thus the whole subject-matter of human knowledge is divided into that which is Utilitarian, and that which is Speculative, as if the division would hold good for a moment in the presence of enlightened reason! The latter division, we may state, includes theology, natural and revealed, moral philosophy, metaphysics, and some of the as yet infant sciences, so that there is very little left in the former. And here, it is well to remember, that those thinkers who introduced the term Utilitarian, as the designation of their theory of morals, and would now resume it if by so doing they can hope to contribute anything towards rescuing it from the 'utter degradation' into which it has fallen, namely, its perversion into simple use, pleasure, or expediency—do not hold in the least with a division which would narrow their foundation of morals, and cut off all the higher aspects of human thought and endeavour. So that the division of knowledge into these two apparently opposite parts may be fairly considered, morally and intellectually, to belong to the very persons who claim a more transcendental ground in the one, only to let it slip from them in the other; to such inconsistencies do fallacies lead men, first blinding their eyes, and then endeavouring to persuade them that they see so much the better. The effect of this is manifest in the shallow scepticism that affects alike education and religion. Whatsoever does not produce immediate and definite results in the former that can be easily tabulated, or speedily returned in the schedule of the income tax, is thought to be all so much waste and weariness.

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The religious aspect of the question we may not press here, but we would solemnly protest against that sad scepticism, calling itself religious belief, which makes itself the enemy of anything like a genuine, intellectual, and well-balanced manliness. These two later branches of our subject, indeed, deserve much more thought from everybody than they have hitherto had, in their extremely extensive and diversified relations. Vapid and clap-trap agitation we have already had about the usefulness of this or that institution for this or that class of persons, but that is not what is wanted. Rhetorical flourishes are excellent embellishments, and sometimes captivate and then persuade, but for real and genuine incisiveness commend us to a little plain speaking and simple logic. We do not want pictures; we want punctures. We want the matter driving home, sharply, often, and closely to ourselves as masters, servants, or, in any sense, parties concerned. The principle is clear enough, but our action will make it clearer. There needs be no parleying at supposed barriers, and no hesitation over partial failures. A joyful energy will overleap all hindrances, and recover from all disconcertments. The pressure of a gigantic necessity ought to make us prompt with a stubborn pride and a flashing heroism. Everywhere, look where we will, we miss men, and the agony of despair creeps over, when we meet only homunculuses, apologies, and 'clothes-horses.' 'Have you dug up a great man lately?' asked a distinguished American of an English friend. It is a question we might frequently be profitably asking of each other, and preparing ourselves, modestly, as best we may, to answer it in thought, action, and example. We are all Memphises and Pompeiis, it would seem, for it takes a good deal of rubbish-clearing before most of us get a sight of our real selves. Strange, that a man should live so long with himself, sleep, walk, and talk, and yet only begin to know himself when the rays of another life come through his chinks and crannies!

Art. II.—THE MORAL CHARACTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'place in the Temple of Fame is,' as J. O. Halliwell remarks, 'irrevocably fixed; and his works are no longer affected by praise or censure.' It is admitted, on all hands, that, as regards thought, the dramas of Shakespeare are 'rich as the oozy bottom of the deep in sunken

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sunken wrack and sumless treasures.' There is no need, therefore, of enlargement, by any one, on a theme so trite as the unparalleled excellency of the genius of

'The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage.'

In the general verdict of all modern critics we may safely concur. The intellectual supremacy of Shakespeare may now be granted to be unquestionable. The ages have carried his venture safely 'adown the fretful tide of circumstance,' even to our days; and the more we examine the wealth of poetry with which it is freighted, the more astounded we become at the niggardly pittance of biographical material regarding our imperial benefactor the records of his time afford us. 'We as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, and was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of Macbeth and Lear, as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer.' Hallam, perhaps, in this sentence underrates the worth, for comprehending the outward life of Shakespeare, of the traditions which Rowe digested into a narrative; the ingenious inferences and acute guesses of Steevens, Malone, and Knight, concerning dates and facts; and the results of the laborious researches of Halliwell, Collier, Dyce, and Singer, into the history of the drama, in the musty records of the Elizabethan period, and among the byeways of the literature of the stage. For we must confess that our curiosity, by its yearning for a complete, delightful, life-like picture, causes much of its own disappointment, and by its straining after impossibilities makes us forget the true uses of the information we possess. It would, undoubtedly, be satisfying, if not gratifying, were we able to behold, in a clear consecutive memoir, 'Our Shakespeare,' as Milton fondly calls him, 'in his habit as he lived.' The story of his early struggles, hopes, fears, and ultimate success; of his poetic aspirations, efforts, and shy toying with the muses, and then of his bold bearding of the public critics in verse, and his dashing claim for notice on the stage; of his private crosses, annoyances, and griefs; his social talk and home enjoyments, his businesses, labours, and triumphs, his mode of taking the vicissitudes of life, and of meeting the emergencies of public and private change; and the narrative of the method he pursued in study, in building up those magnificent creations of his out of the airy nothings of fancy, and in daily contact with his neighbours, friends, and fellow-playwrights, would certainly be full of interest. We should like to note his progress at school, his habits as a young man, the

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the manner in which he conducted himself when 'he would a-wooing go,' how Henley-street regarded him, in what way he lived while writing for and acting at the 'Globe,' on the Bankside, and with what humours he disported himself in his 'wit combats' at the Mermaid. Other and graver curiosities assail us too—with what eyes did he look on life, time, religion, and eternity? Did he hold a faith which regulated the pulses of his heart and the impulses of his nature? Did he live worthy of the vocation whereunto he was called, in all the relations of life, as a genius, a man, and a Christian? So grows the insatiable appetite, that, to find food for itself, curiosity would give itself to restless questioning, and ever as a reply was given it would reiterate the ceaseless cry of the daughters of the horseleech—give! give! We cannot hope to satiate this cormorant greed by any revelations of new facts, but we may, by calling attention to the reperusal of the facts of which we are already the possessors, show that they tell more than we have hitherto learned from them—if we do so, as we desire, 'in the modesty of fearful duty.'

The times are now astir with Shakespeare's name. A great national festival is even now approaching the day of celebration, by which the meditations of men must be bent upon the character of our chief dramatist. We purpose, therefore, to set forth the facts of Shakespeare's life in such a form as shall enable us to offer some specific opinions concerning his moral character, such as it may be beneficial at this season to impress upon the minds of those who cannot themselves pursue to their sources the scattered and fragmentary materials out of which the ordinary memoirs of 'the Swan of Avon' are prepared.

These sources are, as we have said, exceedingly scanty. A great deal of the trustworthiness of any memoir elaborated from such meagre elements must depend upon the manner in which these are arranged, the criticism employed to test their authenticity, and the consistency of all the inferences deduced from them, with all the statements accepted as available and reliable. Hitherto the biography of Shakespeare has been a clueless maze, because no specific order has been observed in combining the facts which, when duly arranged, constitute all that we have to form the groundwork of a story. Yet a distinguished critic in the 'Quarterly Review' (James Hannay, author of 'Singleton Fontenoy,' 'Satire and Satirists,' &c.), July, 1859, has said 'that there is much more known than has yet been wisely used even about Shakespeare, who still waits the man that is to distil from the gathered lore of the antiquaries the precious ointment of critical biography.'

In this paper we purpose supplying a chronological arrangement

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ment of the materials at hand (which singularly enough has never yet been done), noting the various items which each witness adds to our store; and we shall thereafter endeavour to infer what manner of man he was in life and labours, of whom these various accounts are handed down to us. In so doing we shall learn more of the man, his position and his influence, than would be possible in a more formal and digested memoir.

The early history of every man is involved in his parentage, connections, education, and surroundings.

The registers of Stratford inform us that William Shakespeare, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized April 26th, 1564. By tradition and inference the 23rd of April is assigned as his birthday, and a house in Henley-street, now in possession of the nation, is believed to have been his birth-place. His father was a burgess of the corporation, and graduated through all the municipal offices—as the Stratford records show—from ale-taster to alderman, between 1557 and 1572. In the former year, probably, he married Mary Arden, 'daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote,' at which time he possessed two copyhold estates, viz., a house, garden, and croft, in Greenhill-street, and a house and garden in Henley-street. Three years after the latter date he bought two other houses in Henley-street. During this period John Shakespeare was in thriving circumstances, was reckoned a safe accountant, and a man of good business capacity and habits. In the early part of his career he was engaged in the different businesses of a woolstapler, which then included 'Graziers, Butchers, Tanners, Sheepmasters, Woodmen, &c.,' and as a small rural capitalist seems to have prospered fairly for a time—for the frequency with which notices of his suing and being sued appear in the registry of the Court of Record, may be held to prove that he had an active and extensive business, in which, of course, disputes would arise and difficulties would occur.

Certain facts have been brought together from which it is generally inferred that John Shakespeare began about this time to fall into disfavour with fortune. In 1578 he and his wife mortgaged the estate of Ashbies for 40*l.*; in 1579 they sold their immediate interest in some property in Snitterfield for 4*l.*, and in 1580 their reversionary interest for 40*l.*; about 1577, John Shakespeare became irregular in his attendance at the councils of the corporation, was exempted from payment of a tax of fourpence a week for the poor in 1578, and was named among the defaulters in an account of money levied in 1579 for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons; at the

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the same time we know he was indebted to Roger Sadler 5*l.*; in Jan., 1586, he had no possessions in Stratford 'that were able to be distrained;' in the same year he was deprived of his alderman's gown, because he 'dothe not come to the Halles when warned * * * * nor hathe not done of longe tyme.' Such are the chief items of the proofs of the decadence of the Shakespeare family. We think they are susceptible of another interpretation. Are they not, in fact, explained by the very 'indenture' of the Snitterfield sale, in which we read of 'John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the Countye of Warwicke, *yoman*, and Mareye his wyeffe;' and by the fact that he was summoned as *a juryman* to the Court of Record, in May, 1586? John Shakespeare had become a 'yeoman,' a *probus et legalis homo*, at the head of the classes below a gentleman, and as a *juryman*, possessed of a 40*l.* freehold at least. He had devoted himself to his extra-burghal pursuits, had forsaken the town, and had comparatively lost his interest in it. The very toleration extended to him as an alderman is proof of the desire of the Stratfordians to conciliate him, and of the consideration in which he was held; for they kept his name on the roll, though he had only made seven appearances in the council in ten years. As every alderman who absented himself was liable to fine, our argument is strengthened materially; for either Shakespeare could afford to pay the 'merciament,' or the corporation waived the charge in deference to his position and character, as making him an acquisition to the council. This interpretation, too, harmonizes with the testimony to his ambition implied in Dethick's defence of himself, in 1597, the truth of which commentators had doubted, because it so ill agreed with the (supposed) circumstances of the applicant, that 'this John [Shakespeare] hath a patierne thereof [*i.e.*, of the blazon of the arms he claimed as a gentleman,], under Clarence Cooke's hand in paper XX yere's past [*i.e.*, in 1577.] A justice of peace, and was baylife, officer, and cheffe of the town of Stratford upon-Avon XV or XVI yeres past. That he hath lands and tenementes of good wealth and substance, 500*l.*' &c. Add to these facts this other, that John Shakespeare neither mortgaged nor parted with his Henley-street properties, which descended by inheritance to his illustrious son.

We believe, then, that we may safely state that the boyhood of William Shakespeare was spent in the midst of active business matters—cared for morally by his mother, and looked after as to conduct and school-progress by his father, in comfort and plenty, in a family honoured not only for their position in the town, but for themselves. The Royal Grammar School

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School of Stratford-upon-Avon supplied free education for boys, provided 'that the boy be seven years old, able to read, and resident in the town.' As the school was specially connected with the corporation, and John Shakespeare was in 1571 the chief alderman of the borough, it has been inferred that his son was educated there, and all the probabilities combine to make us give the deduction credence. For six or seven years, therefore, we may suppose that he was receiving the best education the town afforded, and was engaged in the school-lads' ordinary tasks and sports. Here what the scholarly Jonson, trained under Camden at Westminster, called his 'little Latin and less Greek' were gained, and the pith of his mind was expended on the acquisition of the enriching lore of ancient literature. When his father began to devote himself more exclusively to husbandry—as we assume he did—Shakespeare, as a capable lad, would naturally be withdrawn from school to help the money-making father. In this office he doubtlessly acquired the careful, thrifty, business habits we know he afterwards showed. Here the handsome and spirited lad pursued his course upwards, and acquired a reputation among the people of his own rank for talent and vivacity. He was sought as company, and he sought company, especially the company of one who taught him the essence of all true poetry, who made him a sonneteer, and led him to say—

> 'O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
> And you and love are still my argument;
> So all my best is dressing old words new,
> Spending again what is already spent.
> For as the sun is daily new and old,
> So is my love still telling what is told.'—'Sonnet,' 76.

This was Anne Hathaway, 'the daughter of a substantial yeoman,' to whom, after the fashion of his time, he was betrothed in the summer of 1582, his father being then both yeoman and alderman. To her he was married some time after the 28th November of that same year, as we infer from the bond preserved in the Worcester registry, given on the occasion of the intended marriage, 'that if hereafter there shall not appear any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any pre-contract, consanguinity, or affinity, or by any other lawfull means whatsoever,' these two 'may lawfully solemnize matrimony together,' which bears the marks of two neighbours of the bride's, Fulco Sandells and John Rychardson, of Shottery. The entry of the actual solemnization of these nuptials has not been found; but the registry of Stratford-upon-Avon contains among its baptisms, 'May 26th, 1583, Susanna, daughter to Wm. Shakspere,' and 'Feb. 2, 1584-5, Hamnet and Judeth, sonne and daughter to Wm. Shakspere.' Before

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Before he had attained his majority, therefore, we know that Shakespeare was married and the father of three children, having, we presume, a house and income of his own, and, having given hostages to fortune, bent upon living a life of his own.

Up to this point we have followed in the main the common narrative form of biography; from this point we intend to place the reader in the same case with regard to Shakespeare as one is ordinarily circumstanced in when forming opinions from hearsay evidence and disjointed facts. We can almost all construct from similar materials a fair enough ordinary estimate of a man and his life; and, pursuing this natural form of *biographizing*, we shall subjoin in the briefest possible form an abstract, authenticated by reference to the original sources, and in chronological order, of the more special reports which have come down to us about Shakespeare.

Premising, then, that the age of Elizabeth was pre-eminently that of the drama; that the theatre was to the citizens of that time, mechanics' institute, public meeting, reading room, club, library, newspaper, magazine, and people's college all in one; that writing for it was the refuge of those who had failed in the more serious paths of life; that many players and playwrights belonged to Shakespeare's neighbourhood, and that the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon had sometimes encouraged the visits of players to the town by their presence and perquisites; and adding to these the facts that Shakespeare was a 'personable' man, with poetic tendencies, and a wish to get his foot upon the ladder of fortune, and we have mentioned occasioning causes enough for his proclivity to the stage. The earliest presumable reference to Shakespeare as a player is contained in Thomas Nash's address 'To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,' prefixed to Greene's 'Menaphon,' 1587, wherein he says, 'It is a common practice, now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that *run through every art and thrive by none*, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need * * and yet if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning he will afford you whole *Hamlets*—I should say handfuls—of tragical speeches.' He also speaks of 'the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians * * the alchymists of eloquence who, mounted on the stage of arrogance, *think to outbrave better pens* with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse.'

This strain of jealous abuse is repeated in the same writer's 'Anatomie of Absurditie,' 1589, in these words:—

'What

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'What will they not faine for gain? Hence come our babbling ballats and our new-found songs and *sonnets*. . . . . *They make poetry an occupation*, lying is their living, and fables are their moveables. . . . . They contemn Arts as unprofitable, contenting themselves with a little country grammar knowledge, God wote!'

In Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses,' published in 'Complaints,' 1591, and full of allusions to the personages and literary history of the time, especially regarding 'The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,' *Thalia*, the muse of Comedy, laments that

'He—the man whom Nature's self hath made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy . . . . . .
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell.'

This passage is generally believed to refer to Shakespeare, and this opinion must be strengthened by the fact that Spenser was opposed to the party of Greene, Peele, Lodge, Nash, &c., who were rude, licentious, riotous livers, though they wielded pens of force and freedom.

On 3rd September, 1592, 'Robert Greene died of a surfeit taken at pickled herrings and Rhenish wine,' after a life of vice, shame, sorrow, misery, and degradation. Shortly after his decease, Henry Chettle edited his 'Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,' in which there is an address to his brother playwrights, in many parts very touching and earnest. In it the following sentence occurs:—

'There is an *upstart* crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and being *an absolute Johannes-factotum*, is in his own conceite the only *Shake-scene* in the country.'

Shakespeare, who was evidently now rising, if not quite up, was offended at this allusion to him, and Chettle, in his 'Kind-harts Dreame,' 1593, apologizing for his share in the transaction, states 'myself have seene his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, which approves his art.'

As, however, Shakespeare did borrow a portion of the plot of the 'Winter's Tale' from Greene's 'Pandosto,' 1588, and that of 'As You Like it' from Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' and sometimes founded his own historic plays on older compositions, we need scarcely wonder that the same clique should reiterate the same charge at the same time that they admit his success, as in Greene's 'Funeralls,' by R. B., 1594, thus:

'Nay

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'Nay more; the men that so eclipst his [Greene's] fame,
Purloynde his plumes. Can they deny the same?'

By consent, then, it is admitted that a greater than Greene had arisen. Our next fact will show who this was, and perhaps explain why 'that same *gentle* spirit, from whose pen large streams of honey and sweet nectar' had flowed, was giving Thalia cause for her 'Complaints.' Shakespeare had been making 'poetry an occupation,' and had gone over to the school of Spenser; for, in 1593, 'Venus and Adonis' was published. It was dedicated by the author to the Earl of Southampton, as 'the first heir of my invention,' for plays were not then regarded as literature. They were thought of as mere means of pastime, and the copyright was always claimed by the theatre. Yet that he had other *work* on hand while this was doing may be inferred from his promising to his patron 'to take advantage of *all idle hours* till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' Editions of this poem were issued in 1594, 1596, 1600, 1602—five in all during the twenty-three years of his subsequent life. This was followed in 1594 by 'The Rape of Lucreece,' another poem of the same class, and dedicated to the same patron, for whom the author expressed ardent friendship. He speaks of his work as a 'supercilious moiety' of his love; says, 'What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours,' and avers, 'were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship.' Probably the 26th sonnet, in manuscript, accompanied this work when presented. Editions are extant bearing date 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, and one newly revised just before his death, 1616, five in all, though two others are mentioned as published in 1596 and 1602. This poem is praised by Michael Drayton, in his 'Matilda,' 1594, and Richard Barnefield in his 'Complaints of Poetry,' 1598, as well as in an anonymous poem entitled 'Willobie his Avisa,' 1594, and several other writers. In 1595, Spenser's 'Colin Clout's come home again' was issued. It contains a passage alluding to Shakespeare:

'And there though last not least is Aëtion—
A gentler shepherd may no where be found;
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention
Doth like himself heroically sound.'

In a play containing criticisms of contemporary writers, called 'The Return from Parnassus,' 1595, in speaking of Shakespeare, and referring to his 'Adonis love or Lucrece rape,' it is said 'His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,' and comparing him with other dramatists, the actors say, 'Why here's our *fellow* Shakespeare puts them all down.'

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down.' 'It is a *shrewd* fellow indeed!' Of a date not later than this, perhaps earlier, we find in a published letter from Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, in reply to Thomas Nash, advice to a poet, in which the following sentences appear, alluding, we think, to Shakespeare:—

'The right *novice* of pregnante and aspiring conceits will not outskip any precious gem of invention or any beautiful flower of elocution that may richly adorn or gallantly bedeck the trim garland of *his budding style.* I speak generally to every *springing wit;* but more especially to a few, *and at this instant singularly to one* whom I salute with a hundred blessings, and entreate with as many prayers, to love them that love all good wits, and hate none, but the Devil and his incarnate imps notoriously professed.'

In 1594 the first form of 'The Taming of the Shrew' was published, as were also 'Henry VI.,' part 2nd, and 'Titus Andronicus;' and in 1595 'Henry VI.,' part 3rd, issued from the press. Among the burial entries of Stratford we read, date 1596, August 11th, 'Hamnet, son of William Shakespeare.' A draft of a grant of arms to John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, of date 1596, is extant. Some objections were made to the granting of it, and it was not finally ratified till 1599. It was thereafter lawful for him, 'his children, issue, and posterity,' to show arms 'as to gent. belongethe.' 'William Shakespeare, *gentleman*'—so runs the phrase in the legal document of an age chary of social distinctions—bought from Wm. Underhill, *gentleman*, early in 1597, 'one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, with appurtenances.' This manor house was New Place. In the same year John Shakespeare reclaimed by a suit in Chancery recovery of the mortgaged estate of Ashbies. 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.' were published in 1597, as well as 'Romeo and Juliet,' which was so popular that two printers were engaged upon it, and two separate sets of type were employed in its production.

In a letter of date Jan. 24th, 1597-8, from Abraham Sturley, as is supposed, to Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas married Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, the writer says, speaking at the suggestion of his father:—

'It seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to disburse some money on some odd yard land or other *at Shottery*, or near about us; he thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and *by the friends he can make therefor*, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained would advance him indeed and would do us much good.'

A Lincolnshire clergyman and schoolmaster, 'an approved good scholar,' Francis Meres, early in 1598 published 'Palladis Tamia: Wits' Treasury,' in which Shakespeare is mentioned *nine* times, *e.g.*:—

'As

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'As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer [&c.], and the Latin tongue by Virgil [&c.], so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, *Shakespeare*, Marlowe, and Chapman.' . . . 'The sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued *Shakespeare*. Witness his "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugared "Sonnets" among his private friends [was Meres one?]' . . . 'As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness "Gentleman of Verona," his "Errors," "Love Labours Lost," his "Love Labours Won," his "Midsummer's Nights Dream," and his "Merchant of Venice;" for tragedy, his "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry VI.," "King John," "Titus Andronicus," and his "Romeo and Juliet."' . . . 'The Muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English.' . . . 'As Ovid saith of his work, ["I have finished a work which shall outlast Time"] 'so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, *Shakespeare's*, and Warner's works.' . . . 'Of lyric poets, the best "are Spenser, who excelleth in all kinds, Daniel, Drayton, *Shakespeare*, Breton."' . . . 'These are our best for tragedy.' . . . '*Shakespeare*, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Jonson.' . . . 'So the best for comedy amongst us be' . . . 'eloquent and witty John Lily, Lodge, Gascoyne, Green, *Shakespeare*, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, &c.' . . . 'These are the most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love' . . . 'Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, *Shakespeare*, Whetstone, Gascoyne, &c.'

Immediately after this distinct criticism, Shakespeare's plays began to be issued with his name. In this same year the dramatist was the third largest possessor or holder of grain in his ward, at Stratford, as is seen from an inventory taken of corn and malt in anticipation of a scarcity, the numbers being, respectively, 17½, 11, and 10 qrs. He was himself in 1598 a performer at the Globe in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' and holds the highest place on the list.

A letter dated 25th October, 1598, addressed to Shakespeare by Richard Quiney, craving his help with 30*l.* to get him out of the debts he owed in London, is extant. This shows that he was known [or supposed] to have money at hand. This likelihood is enhanced by a letter to Quiney from his father, in which the words, 'If you bargain with Wm. Sha. or receive money there' seem to indicate that he kept up trade interest with his townspeople. In another letter of date 4th November, Abr. Sturley writes to R. Quiney, expressing joy 'that our countryman, Mr. Wm. Shak., would procure us money, which I will like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how. And I pray let not go that occasion, if it may suit to any indifferent conditions,' which inclines to the same inference.

Of a sonnet addressed by Richard Weever to William Shakespeare, published in 1599, the following are a few lines:—

'Honie-tongued *Shakespeare*, when I saw thine issue
I sware Apollo got them and no other. . . . .
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her;

Chaste

Chaste *Lucretia*, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her.
Romeo, *Richard*, more whose names I know not. . . . .
They burn in love, thy children, *Shakespeare*. Let them,
Go, woo thy muse! More nymphish brood beget them.'

'England's Parnassus,' a book of quotations from forty-four different poets, in which ninety extracts from Shakespeare's works are found, was published in 1600. 'In the same year excerpts from his works were introduced in 'Belvedere; or the Garden of the Muses' and 'England's Helicon,' 'Henry IV., part second,' 'Henry V.,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' were in this year first published.

The 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was produced and performed before Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in 1601. On 8th September, John Shakespere, whose name occurs 150 times in the Stratford Records, was buried.

In May, 1602, William Shakespeare bought, for 320*l.*, 107 acres of arable land in Old Stratford, from John Combe, and the indenture was sealed and delivered to Gilbert Shakespeare for the use of his brother. On 28th Sept., 1602, Walter Getley parted with a house in Walker-street to Wm. Shakespeare and his heirs, and on 11th Oct. the latter bought, from Hercules Underhill, 'one messuage, two orchards, two gardens, and two barns, &c., for 61*l.*' Ought we not to read, in close connection with these extensive purchases, by a *playwright and player*, the following order made in the same year by the Stratford Municipal Council? 'that there shall be no plays or interludes played in the chamber, the guildhall, nor in any part of the house or court, from henceforth upon pain that whosoever of the bayliff, aldermen, and burgesses of this borough shall give leave or license thereunto, shall forfeit for every offence 10s.' Is this a spurt of local jealousy? In 1603 Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus' was produced. In this play Shakespeare performed. In the preface it is said that 'a second pen had a great share' in it, but the author when publishing it, not 'to defraud so happy a genius of his right,' rewrote the part. This allusion is regarded as made about Shakespeare, who performed the leading character in the play.

Queen Elizabeth died 29th March, 1603. To her, we fancy, Shakespeare addressed such sonnets as 80, 87, 106, and 107. Chettle, in 'England's Mourning Garment,' complains that he wrote no Elegiac Poem

'To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his lines opened her royal ears.
Shepherd—remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape done by that Tarquin—Death!'

James I.

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James I. arrived in London 7th May, 1603, and ten days thereafter issued a license to 'Our servants Lawrence Fletcher, Wm. Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, &c.,' to perform plays in the Globe Theatre, and elsewhere. This company performed before the King, at Wilton House, the seat of the Pembrokes, near Salisbury, on 2nd December, 1603.

Four of Shakespeare's plays were performed before the Court during the following winter, 1604, and four in the succeeding spring, 1605.

An action at the instance of William Shakespeare against Philip Rogers, for recovery of 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, for malt sold and delivered, was brought before the Court of Record, at Stratford, in 1604. On 24th July, Shakespeare bought for 440*l.* the lease of the tithes of Stratford, &c., held by Ralph Hubande, Esq., Ipsley, of which twenty-six years were unexpired.

In the scholarly Camden's 'Remains,' 1604, Shakespeare is called 'a most pregnant wit.' Camden was Ben Jonson's master. Anthony Scoloker, author of 'Diaphantus; or, the Passions of Love,' 1604, speaks of 'friendly Shakespeare's tragedies,' and in May, 1605, Augustine Philips, his co-proprietor and fellow-actor in the Globe, left by his will to 'Wm. Shakespeare, a thirty shilling piece in gold.' In September of the same year the dramatist's name is found in a list of trained (volunteer) soldiers, in the hundred of Barlichway, Warwick. This was two months before Gunpowder Plot time. On Dec. 21st, 1605, 'Lear' was performed at Whitehall.

In a work called 'Ratsey's Ghost,' 1606, a highwayman, speaking to an actor, advises him to go to London, and says, 'there thou shalt learn to be frugal; for players were never so thrifty as they now are about London; * * and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may bring thee to dignity and reputation.' The player assents. 'I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy.' Of the players and playwrights of his age this is only true of Shakespeare, and hence the extract is noted here.

In 1607, John Davies (of Hereford), in his 'Scourge of Folly,' remarks:—

> '*To our English Terence—Mr. Will. Shake-Speare.*
> 'Some say—good Will—which I in sport do sing;
> Had'st thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou had'st been a companion for a king;
> And been a king among the meaner sort,' &c.

William Barksted, in closing his 'Myrrha; the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies,' 1607, says:—

'But

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'But stay, my Muse, in thy own confines keep,
And wage not war with so dear loved a neighbour;
But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep,
Preserve thy small fame and his greater favour;
His song was worthy merit (Shakespeare he),
Sung the fair blossom, thou the withered tree;
Laurel is due to him, his art and wit
Hath purchased it. Cypress thy brow doth fit!'

In June of 1607, Susanna Shakespeare, aged 24, was married to Dr. John Hall, the chief medical practitioner in Stratford; and on 31st December, Edmond Shakespeare, player, aged 27, was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, 20*s.* having been paid for 'a forenoon toll of the great bell,' probably by his elder and wealthy brother, William. On 9th September, 1608, the dramatist's mother was buried; and on 16th October, he stood as sponsor for his godson, *William* Walker. In March, 1609, he had an action in the Court of Record against John Addenbroke, and another against Thomas Horneby, his security, in June. In this same year Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' were issued, with their quaint enigmatical dedication. This was the year of Milton's birth. Henceforth no new work from the pen of Shakespeare issued from the press in his lifetime. But at this time there were forty-six distinct issues of works of Shakespeare in the hands of the public, of which thirty-six had the author's name on their title page. Some works spuriously attributed to him, and a few known to have been produced by him, existed in MSS. in the theatres, &c. There were sixteen plays acknowledged to be his, and three doubtful, published; while other sixteen or so are known to have been in MSS. by this time.

In November, 1611, 'The Tempest' and 'The Winter's Tale' were performed before the Court; in 1612, John Webster, in the preface to 'The White Devil,' speaks of the right-happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare. In '1612, February 4, Rich[ard] Shakespeare' was buried.

In 1612, William Jaggard published some pieces of Heywood's under a cunning title, so as to imply that they were Shakespeare's. The author, while reclaiming them, speaks of Shakespeare as 'much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.'

In 1613 the Globe Theatre was burnt to the ground in two hours, while 'Henry VIII.' was being performed. Seven out of fourteen plays presented before the Court during the marriage festivities of Frederick V. with the Princess Elizabeth, were Shakespeare's. In March, 1612-13, a property was bought by Shakespeare and three other persons for 140*l.*, of which

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which 80*l.* was paid, and the property was mortgaged to the seller next day for the remaining 60*l.*—of which, however, he afterwards became sole proprietor. It was situated in Ireland Yard, on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, in the parish of St. Anne, Holborn.

In 1614 Shakespeare's property escaped a fire which destroyed 54 houses in Stratford; as he himself had escaped the plague which was raging in the town just after his birth. The town was agitated at the close of 1614 by a movement to curtail some common land. Shakespeare was one of those 'auncient ffreeholders' who had claims for compensation, and on October 8th an agreement was entered into 'between Wm. Shakespeare of Stratford, Gent., on the one party, and William Replingham of Great Harborrow, in the county of Warwick, Gent., on the other,' that the latter, his heirs, or assigns, should indemnify the former for 'all such loss, detriment, or damage' the former might sustain, or in the eyes of four impartial persons might be thought to incur in the yearly income from tithes, &c., by the projected enclosures.

Thomas Green, clerk of the corporation, was sent to London on this business. Shakespeare and his son-in-law, Hall, were also then in the metropolis, and he called on them and conversed about the enclosures; on his return a Council was held, and letters were sent to Shakespeare, signed by 'almost all' the councillors on this subject, and the clerk says, 'I also wrote myself to my "cosen" Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the enclosure.'

In this same year, John Combe, factor of the Earl of Warwick, died, and left a legacy to Mr. William Shakespeare of 5*l.*; and in his will mention is made of 'Shakespeare's Close,' or lane. Thomas Freeman, gent., in 'Rubbe and a Free Cast,' addressed a complimentary epigram (92nd) to Master William Shakespeare, of which here are a few lines:—

> 'Shakespeare! that nimble Mercury thy brain,
> Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleepe;
> So fit for all thou fashionest thy veine,
> At the horse-foot fountain thou hast drunk full deep.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Besides in plays thy wit winds like Meander,
> Whence needy new composers borrow more
> Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander.
>
> But—to praise thee aright—I want thy store;
> Then let thine own works thine own worth appraise,
> And help to adorn thee with deserved bays.'

In 'The Ghost of Richard III.,' issued 1614, C. B. says:—

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'To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
Whose magic raised me from Oblivion's den,
That writ my story on the Muses hill,
And with my actions dignified his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunk by thirstie men.
Crowned be his style with fame, his head with bays,
And none detract but gratulate his praise.'

On 1st September, 1615, Thomas Greene wrote, 'Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene, that he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe.'

Some premonitions of death seem now to have seized the dramatist. On or before the 25th January, 1616, orders had been given to prepare his will; a note of the general disposition of his property being given for a rough draft. On the 10th February his daughter Judith was married to Thos. Quiney, vintner and wine merchant, Stratford. On 25th March Shakespeare revised his will, apparently not trusting to time to get it thoroughly revised, but interlining the rough copy and signing it at once; and then we read in the Stratford burial register, '1616, April 25, Will. Shakspere, Gent.'

A monument and bust were erected to him in Stratford Parish Church, bearing the inscription—probably written by Ben Jonson—

'Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet.

Stay, passenger! Why goest thou by so fast?
Read—if thou canst—whom Envious Death hath plast
Within this monument—Shakspeare. With whom
Quick Nature died; Whose name doth deck this tomb
Far more than cost; sith all that he hath writ
Leaves *living* art but page to serve his wit.
Obiit Ano. Do¹ 1616 Ætate 53 Die 23 Ap.'

In 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,' 1621, Shakespeare is quoted once and alluded to twice, and is called 'an elegant poet of ours.'

'Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, departed this life 6th Augt., 1623.' In a short time after, Nov. 8th, the first edition of Shakspeare's plays was issued under the nominal editorship of his 'fellows' Heminge and Condell, containing a dedication to the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, as persons who 'have prosequuted both them and their author with favour,' who liked 'the several parts when they were acted,' and speak of the author as 'so worthy a friend and fellow;' an address to the great variety of readers, in which they say his 'plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals,'

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appeals,' and assert that the author, 'as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.' * * * 'His wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost,' and the purchaser is advised to 'read him, therefore, again and again.' On the title there is a portrait by Martin Droeshout, a Dutch painter, who was naturalized by letters-patent nine years before Shakespeare's death, the correctness of which is vouched for by Ben Jonson as 'for Gentle Shakspeare cut.'

'O! could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.'

To these follow lines 'to the memory of my beloved author,' by Ben Jonson; 'Upon the lines and life of the famous Scenic Poet,' by Hugh Holland; and verses to his memory, by Leonard Digges and John Marston. Holland's lines seem to have been written shortly after Shakespeare's death. He says,

'Those hands which you so clapped go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days,
His days are gone that made the dainty plays
Which made the Globe—of heaven and earth to ring.'
* * * * * *
'Though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.'

Digges's lines show us that the monument was up in 1623:

'Shakespeare! at length thy pious fellows give
The World thy works;—thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages.' * * * * *
'Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expressed;
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou shalt never die,
But crowned with laurel live eternally.'

Marston hints that the early death of the dramatist occasioned surprise:—

'We wondered (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tyring room.'

Ben Jonson's poem is an elaborate critique. He confesses his book, his fame, and writings,

'To be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.'

Calls him the 'soul of the age,' 'my Shakespeare,' exalts him above

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above the dramatists of former times and other countries, and says, disdaining the comparison,

> 'Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth; or did since from their ashes come;
> Triumph, my Britain! thou hast *one* to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not for an age but for all time.
> * * * * * *
> Nature herself was proud of his designs,
> And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
> Which were so richly spun and woven to fit
> As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
> * * * * * *
> Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> * * * * * *
> For a good poet's made as well as born,
> And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
> Lives in his issue; even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
> In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,
> As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
> * * * * * *
> Shine forth thou star of poets; and with rage
> Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
> Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
> And despairs day but for thy volumes light.'

Ben Jonson's 'Works' were issued immediately after Shakespeare's death, in 1616. In Dec., 1623, Massinger's 'Bondman' was played at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and it was printed early in 1624. W. Barkstead, author of 'Myrrha,' in a few commendatory lines, remarks:—

> 'And in the way of poetry now-a-days
> Of all that are called Works the best are plays.'

And Joseph Taylor admits, in 1626, in his verses prefixed to Massinger's 'Roman Actor,' that of plays 'The *old* accepted are more than the *new*.' In 1630, John Taylor (the water poet) avers that—

> 'Spenser and Shakespeare did in art excel.'

John Milton, then a student in Cambridge, aged 22, wrote, in 1630, an 'Epitaph of Shakespeare,' which must have attracted some attention, for it was prefixed to the second edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1632. It forms the first published verse of Milton, and runs thus:—

> 'What needs, *my* Shakespeare, for his honoured bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones,
> Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
> Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
> Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
> What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name;

Thou—

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Thou—in our wonder and astoniment—
Hast built thyself a lasting moniment;
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with so much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.'

In 1632, as we have said, the second folio edition was issued, with these lines prefixed, and in the year after, Wm. Prynne published his 'Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge,' in the 'Address' of which these words occur:—

'Some play-books since I first undertook this subject are grown from quarto into folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that I cannot but with grief relate it they are *now* new printed in far better paper than most octavo or quarto bibles, which hardly find such vent as they.'

The only book to which this passage can allude is the Shakespeare second folio. In 1634 some visitors from Norwich to Stratford note, among things 'worth observing,' 'A neat monument of that famous English poet, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, who was born here.'

On a tombstone not far from Shakespeare's we read, 'Here lyeth the body of John Hall, gent.; he married Susanna, daughter and coheir of Wm. Shakespeare, gent. He deceased Nov 25, Anno 1635, aged 60,' &c. On 6th August, 1637, Ben Jonson died. In his 'Discoveries,' published in 1640, we find him saying, in allusion to the preface to the first folio:—

'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour. For I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.' * * * 'His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. * * * But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

In 'A Banquet of Jests,' 1639, we find 'Stratford-upon-Avon' mentioned as 'a town most remarkable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare.' In 1645 Milton, even after the closing of the theatres by his party, does not scruple to lead his 'L'Allegro'

'To the well-trode stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.'

'Susanna,

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'Susanna, wife of John Hall, gent; the daughter of Wm. Shakespeare, gent. She deceased the 11th of July, A.º 1649, aged 66,' and we read besides this, on her tombstone,

> 'Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mrs. Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this
> Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss,' &c.

In 1658 Sir Aston Cockaigne, born 1608, a friend of Massinger's, published his poems; in them there is an epigram on Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' 1656, in which, of course, Shakespeare was mentioned. Cockaigne's verse runs thus :—

> 'Now Stratford-upon-Avon we would choose
> Thy gentle and ingenuous Shakespeare's muse;
> Were he among the living yet to raise
> To our antiquary's merit some just praise,' &c.

In 1662 'Fuller's Worthies of England' were issued, a year after his decease, and therein we are told,

'Many were the wit-combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, like the latter, less in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all minds by the quickness of his wit and invention. * * * His learning was very little. * * * So that Nature was all the art that was used on him.'

The Rev. John Ward, born 1629, was appointed vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon in 1662; in which year Shakespeare's daughter Judith (Quiney) died. He kept a diary, and the following jottings are copied from it :—

'Shakespeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter, to wit, the Lady Barnard, of Abingdon. I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year; and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of 1,000*l.* a year, as I have heard. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard; for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter—whether Dr. Heylin [1660-1662] does well in reckoning up the dramatic poets which have been famous in England to omit Shakespeare.'

John Aubrey, the gossip, about 1680, writes in his MSS. (Ashmoleon Museum, Oxford),—

'Mr. Wm. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about 18, and was an actor at one of the playhouses and did act exceedingly well. He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left 2 or 300*l.* per ann. there and thereabout to a sister.

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sister. Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.—From Mr. Beeston.'

The Rev. Wm. Fulman, who died June, 1688, bequeathed his MSS. to Rev. Richard Davies, rector, Sapperton, who made additions to them. He died June, 1708, and the MSS. were presented to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Under *Shakespeare* we find the following:—

'Wm. S., born, &c., about 1563-4. * *Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir . . . . Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement, but his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms.* From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, ætat 53, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried, and hath a monument (Dugdale, p. 520), *on which he lays a heavy curse upon any one who shall remove his bones. He died a papist.*'

On April 10th, 1693, one Dowdall wrote to Mr. Edward Southwell a 'Description of several places in Warwickshire:'

'The first remarkable place,' he says, 'in this county that I visited was Stratford-super-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian, Mr. Shakespeare, &c. The clerke that showed me this church is above 80 years old; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London, and there was received into the playhouse as a servitor, and by this means he had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished; not one for fear of the curse abovesaid dare touch his grave stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him.'

About the year 1700, Betterton, the actor, made inquiries regarding the dramatist, and communicated the materials to Nicholas Rowe, who, in 1709, issued the first of that long line of constructive biographies which have so be-puzzled all searchers after the truth of the everyday life of Shakespeare, and that upon which, more or less, all the others are founded. With that work we shall not now concern ourselves, but shall only farther quote from the Oldys MSS. [1687-1761] the following other early notice of Shakespeare:—

'Our poet was the son of Mr. John Shakespeare, woolstapler. He was the eldest of ten children, born April 23, 1563. Was brought up in his youth to his father's business; married very young the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his own neighbourhood. 'Tis a tradition descended from old Betterton, that he was concerned with a parcel of deer-stealers in robbing Sir Thos. Lucy's park, at Charlecot, which drove him to London among the players. The Queen had his plays often acted before her, and showed him some most gracious marks of favour, and King James gave him and others a patent for a company in 1603. See it in Rymers Foedera. Thomas [Henry?] Wriothesley, E. of Southampton, gave him 1,000*l.* to complete a purchase.'

It has not been without a purpose that we have taken our readers by this wide detour through this maze of genealogical details, publications of books, registrations of births, marriages, and

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and deaths, obscure allusions, incoherent gossip, scraps of poetry, excerpts from mouldy account books, and old MSS., or books of ancient date, and so many matters of allusion, inference, guess or fact, of which we confess many taken singly are palpably uninstructive, though we may also assert many of them are highly interesting. Their chief value in our eyes, however, arises from this fact, that they are the whole available materials to be gathered from a century and a half of history on which to found an estimate of Shakespeare's character. They are the original sources out of which his biography must be arranged, but their chronological presentation will, we think, allow us far ampler scope for inference regarding the man than any other arrangement could. This is the evidence that can be laid before the jury of posterity to enable them to determine the kind of man he was, of whom it is but an everyday common-place—quoting his own words—to say

> 'The man I speak of cannot in the world
> Be singly counterpoised.'

By the plan now adopted we get as near as possible to him whom death and genius alike have placed among the mysteries. We have now before us the witness of enemies, rivals, friends, neighbours, admirers, critics, and gossips about him, selected from those who knew him in his work-day life, those who were nearest him not only in space but in time. These notes have been impartially culled from all authenticated quarters. We have omitted to notice the epigrams upon John Combe, the usurer, and the quarrel said to have arisen thence; for, first, the epigram is older than Shakespeare's days; and, second, Shakespeare and Combe can be proven to have been friends, co-operating in legal proceedings, and the latter marking his good-will to the former by a legacy. We have also given no place to some vulgar and vile jests culled from unauthenticated note-books belonging to unknown persons—many of which have been shown to be fabrications. All the items known to us, after extensive research, capable of illustrating the character of Shakespeare, have been arranged in the chronological order of their emission by the parties, and in the places cited, so that we have all the hearsay and actual evidence which form the original sources for a biography. And, when we read them, how do the difficulties of estimating his character scale off! The inextricable mazes in which the biographers drag us and keep us are seen to be the after-growths and myths of an age whose estimate of morals and literature was changed from the time of him who achieved

> 'Those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James.'

That

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That his father was not the poverty-stricken man usually thought, but a man of extra-burghal substance, is distinctly proved by a 'Deed of the settlement of Shakespeare's property, 1639,' where, after mention of the properties purchased by himself, we read of 'houses in Henley-street,' and elsewhere, 'four yards land and a half of arable, meadow, and pasture, with appurtenances, and other the messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments,' &c., 'which heretofore were the inheritance of William Shakespeare, gent., deceased.' Hence all the sad stories founded upon that 'fade into thin air.'

The marriage relations form another point of interest. Hypothesis has here been villainously active. Dark-haired, deceitful sirens have been conjured out of the sonnets and brought between his wife and himself. There is every reason to believe them to be imaginary. Shakespeare's earliest desire, when he was about to invest money, was to get hold of property in Shottery—dear to Anne Hathaway; we have no note of quarrel between them. 'They earnestly desired to be laid in the same grave with him,' is said of wife and daughters; and they are laid with his name, as a something to be proud of, on each tombstone. It is true there is no mention of other children being born to them after his departure for London. But, on the other hand, there is no provision made for children 'born out of wedlock;' nor do we ever hear a hint against him in this respect till the bequest of 'the second best bed with the furniture' aroused speculation. This has been set at rest by Charles Knight, who shows that she had a right to dower, &c., which amply provided for her—then 60 years of age. As to want of family subsequently to 1585, we know not what accidents of health might have affected the mother of twins. We know, however, that Shakespeare, who was anxious to found a family, lost his only son, Hamnet, while, in the ordinary course of nature, Anne Hathaway might have possessed the power to become again a mother; yet no successor to his hardly-won honours was given to Wm. Shakespeare, gent. We argue, therefore, that the argument of matrimonial strife is a *non-sequitur* from the given premises, and that all the probabilities tend to prove a comfortable wedded life. The idea of proclivity to illicit love suggested by the date of Susanna's birth is only tenable when we project our customs back to that age. We have no effective public troth-plight as they had then, when it was law that 'every man likewise must esteem the person to whom he is handfasted none otherwise than for his own spouse; though as yet it be not done in the church, nor in the street;' and it was advisable that

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that 'after the handfasting and making of the contract the church-going and wedding should not be deferred too long.' What we should now call the lapse of this well-appointed pair was thought innocent, and can be proved from the records of almost every parish in England to have been customary at the time, and not regarded as

> 'Such an act
> That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
> Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
> From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
> And sets a blister there.'

This consideration, while no excuse for modern license, takes from the undoubted facts the force intended, and show that they do not prove a fixed proclivity for being 'the thief of love.'

The women of Shakespeare—'the creator of Desdemona, and Juliet, and Ophelia, and Imogen, and Viola, and Constance, and Cornelia, and Rosalind, and Portia,' might be held to justify the inference that their belonging 'to the race of Shakespeare's mind and manners,' the fountain whence they sprung was not impure, and may incline us to grant his own request, as far as we now can:—

> 'Oh, never say that I was false of heart!'
> * * * * *
> 'Never believe though in my nature reigned
> All frailties that besiege all sorts of blood,
> That it could so preposterously be stained
> To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
> For nothing, this wide universe I call
> Save thou, my rose!—in it thou art my all!'—Sonnet, 109.

Of the Charlecot Park poaching, the whipping and imprisonment resulting from it, and the revenge taken, short work may be made. Had such missiles been available, Nash and Greene would have used them; and neither Chettle nor Jonson would have left the occurrence unalluded to. 1st. Deer-stealing was a venial offence in the reign of Elizabeth. 2nd. There was no deer-park at Charlecot. 3rd. It was the middle of the 17th century before Sir Thomas Lucy's grandson and namesake had a park at Fulbrook. The myth is evidently an *ex post facto* attempt to construct a biography out of the allusions in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

'There have been too many of the muse's sons,' says Dyce, 'whose vices have conducted them to shame and sorrow.' We need not be anxious to increase their number. 'Marlowe, Peele, Nash, and Lodge, were the chief friends and associates of our author [Greene]. Lodge has never been taxed with debauchery, but Greene and the former three appear to have rushed

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rushed eagerly into the dissipation of London, encouraging each other in their course of folly. The money which they quickly earned by the labour of their ready pens, they seem as quickly to have squandered, being lovers of good eating and drinking, frequenters of ordinaries and taverns, to which the youths of fashion then resorted.' To them it was that Greene addressed this solemn death-bed adjuration :—

'*Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts.* Flee lust as the Death's-man of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost.' * * * 'Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, *with drunkenness put out*, with negligence let fall; for man's time is not so short of itself, but it is more shortened by sin.'

This was not addressed to 'the upstart crow'—Shakespeare, nor have we a hint of such an accusation being possible. We quote the following passage from Dyce's 'Account of Marlowe and his Writings,' as applicable to the great dramatist, at date 1592 :—

'It is not to be doubted that by this time he had become acquainted with most of those who like himself were dramatists by profession; and there can be little doubt too that beyond their circle [which, of course, included the actors] he had formed few intimacies. Though the demand for theatrical novelties was then incessant, plays were scarcely recognised as literature, and the dramatists were regarded as men who held a rather low rank in society: the authors of pieces which had delighted thousands were generally looked down upon by the grave, substantial citizens; and seldom presumed to approach the mansions of the aristocracy but as clients in humble attendance on the bounty of their patrons. Unfortunately, the discredit which attached to dramatic writing as an occupation was greatly increased by the habits of those who pursued it: a few excepted, they were improvident, unprincipled, and dissolute—now rioting in taverns and ordinaries on the profits of a successful play, and now lurking in the haunts of poverty till the completion of another drama had enabled them to resume their revels. At a somewhat later period, indeed, a decided improvement appears to have taken place in the morals of our dramatic writers; and it is by no means improbable that the high respectability of character which was maintained by Shakespeare and Jonson may have operated very beneficially, in the way of example, on the playwrights around them.'

Now we ransack, in vain, history or tradition for any tales of revelry by Shakespeare, such as were 'done at the Mermaid' by Jonson, and make his name quotable in lines like these :—

'Fetch me Ben Jonson's scull and fill't with sack
Rich as the wine he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledged, and did agree
It was no sin to be as gay as he.—
If there be any weakness in the wine
There's virtue in the cup to mak't divine.'—[1641.]

The absence of these traditions, the praise of 'the right happy industry,' honesty, honour, and uprightness of Shakespeare, the occasional sneers at his thrift, the fact of his wise use of money, and the short time which elapsed between his leaving Stratford and returning to purchase its best house—ten years—prove that he did not imitate the dissipated dramatists

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matists of his day, and 'stand to the plague of Custom,' which teaches men to 'put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves to beasts!' We do not for a moment suppose that Shakespeare was immaculate, but we cannot believe that in the case 'of one, who in the space of five and twenty years, after running a bright career in the capital city of his native land, and, challenging notice from the throne, had retired with an ample fortune, created by his personal efforts and by labours purely intellectual,' no other trace of addiction to distempered draughts would have been had than the hearsay evidence of a clergyman half a century after his death, that he died by a fever contracted at a merry meeting through hard drinking, all depending on an '*it seems*.' The feverous life of drunkenness does not animate his page, and the very 'Sots of Shakespeare' bear witness to the absolute loathing of his soul for men 'red-hot with drinking.' We think this a vulgar colouring put upon the marriage festivity of Judith with Thomas Quiney, vintner, at which, if Ben Jonson and Drayton were present, 'a merry meeting' would be held; and that Shakespeare's death occurring shortly thereafter would start this 'it seems' in minds which delight to drag genius down to their own level by counting their vices, and too often quoting them as causes of their greatness rather than as hindrances to the attainment of it. One great purpose of our present writing is to show that Shakespeare's name is not one that can be fairly quoted as an example for vice, whether of a personal or of a social kind. We wrong ourselves, we still more wrong the dead, when we make their lives and ways a stumbling-block either for ourselves or others.

> 'The purest treasure mortal times afford
> Is spotless reputation;'

and this it is a sacred duty to preserve. Shakespeare, no doubt, fell into temptation as all men do; but the lesson of his life ought not to be that we are justified in imitating his errors. Let his own voice be heard.

> 'My fair name,
> Despite of Death that lives upon my grave,
> To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.'

The humility, modesty, and want of braggadocio in Shakespeare are worthy of note, as well as his independence. He makes himself king of no set, draws about him no school of poetical imitators and sycophants—whose songs, epigrams, and pamphlets herald his plays and heighten his popularity; he extorted no money by eulogy or satire, but self-reliantly struggled

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struggled into fame in his career, and when his purpose was effected retired from the scene. Repulses met him, but he said,

> 'Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
> That you resolve to effect.'

Thus have we seen that a scrutiny of dates and facts enables us to remove the stains flung on the character of one endeared to us by his genius, by speculative writers who, interpreting his life too often by the gathered iniquity of their own hearts, have applied terms to his name which if translated would make him a patron of strumpetry, debauchery, usury, and selfish ostentation. Why, were such the case, is the word *gentle* so endearingly affixed to his name, and why are honesty and uprightness specially spoken of when he is named? The more we learn of Shakespeare the higher does our admiration rise; the nearer we get to the truth the fairer the truth appears; and the blemishes daubed on his portrait come clean off from the original picture.

We reverence our great men best when we draw the best lessons from their lives and works. To the moral character of Shakespeare's writings we may at another time direct attention, just now the lessons of his life are paramount in our regard. We have written with the aim of bringing these out in a new light, so let us here, with all possible brevity, outline the characteristics of one of the worthies of England. He was a man of original, healthy tastes, of fair position and education in the lower ranks of the middle class, though ultimately rising to the higher—of keen, observative mind, of fixed purpose and elevated views. He early felt and knew his genius, but as early fixed the aim and purpose of his life. His passions were active, though calmed by his contemplative nature. The avenue to moderate competence and honourable regard lay before him in the ardency of the public for theatrical novelties, and he entered on it as a way of life. But he affected no singularities, claimed no exemption from family ties or friendly relationships, sought no pre-eminence among his fellows or servility from them, paid his debts, maintained his rights, flattered no man, and asked flattery from none. Though not insensible to popular applause or posthumous honour, he smirched his 'scutcheon' with no vile means to gain either. He replied to Greene's taunts by the most effective arguments—the facts, 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucreece'—and having done so, and proved his possession of poetic power, he went on his way in magisterial self-reliance. The applause of the Court did not move him to forego his designs, and the favour of the people did not make him stoop. He carefully revised

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revised his plays, yet never supervised their publication, and while the world was yet greedy to gain further enrichments from the storehouse of his mind, he voluntarily retired to his quiet native town, not to act the 'lion' there, but to enjoy life's leisure and pleasure, and shed around him the goods of fortune. There is a greatness to our mind in the thought of this 'world's wonder,' in the lofty grandeur of his own achievements, retiring from the very threshold of the Court to the modest duties of fatherhood and citizenship, as if, feeling himself a heaven-made gentleman, he had determined on being that indeed. We know of no duty he shirked, of no faith he violated, of no wrong he committed, of no vile characteristic or unworthy habit, of no chance he gave for the bite of 'back-wounding calumny.'

This true reverence for duty, this observance of all matters of mark and likelihood among men, this modest bearing—scorning only to do wrong, form lofty attributes of Shakespeare's moral character. Expose any other man as marked as he to the possible aspersions of malicious tongues; set any other man down in his native village, wealthy, famed, and honoured, and if the tongue of jealousy and slander be not whetted on his name and fame—if it be within human invention to manage it—we shall have a case which will parallel that of Shakespeare; for he has passed the ordeal, and no proof, even 'demonstrated thinly,' can be brought out of the whole treasuries of history and tradition to blacken his fair fame. Let not, therefore, the name of Shakespeare be used to gild over the crimes and vices of others. Let no man use his character as a defence for neglect of social duties, or the perpetration of social wrongs. Let us rather remember what he has taught us:

> 'Mine honour is my life; both grow in one.
> Take honour from me and my life is done.'

Art. III.—WHAT WORK MAY DO.

1. *Praying and Working.* By Rev. William Stephenson. London: Alexander Strahan. 1862.
2. *My Ministerial Experiences.* By Rev. Dr. Büchsel, Berlin. London: Alexander Strahan. 1863.
3. *The Spirit in the Word: Facts Gathered from a Thirty Years' Ministry.* By W. Weldon Champneys, M.A. Jackson and Halliday. 1862.

AMONGST many curious proverbs, quaint in their derivation, and pregnant in their meaning, which occur amongst

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amongst the Spaniards, is one—apparently strange to be found amongst a fanatical people, predominated entirely by one idea, and fettered by the traditions of ages—which may be translated thus:

> 'Work, as thou wert to live for aye,
> Worship, as if to die to-day.'

Work and worship, in the true sense of the terms, not as they existed under the despotism of Philip II., should ever be indissolubly connected. Prayer, in midnight watchings, or in lonely cells, without being combined with unshrinking manly work, must generally be associated with humiliating failure. We have passed the days when virtue and piety were constrained to advocate the 'mutilated sacrifice' of a blind, unreasoning faith. It is the whole man, perfect in all his human relationships, with a healthy unprejudiced intellect, and a clear, unclouded reason, who may best consecrate himself to the service of his Creator, counting nothing mean, and nothing degrading, which may subserve the sublime ends of social or moral improvement.

It has constantly been acknowledged by those who have studied the problems of this complex nature of ours, that there is a universal delight in energy and activity of all kinds, constituting one of the greatest and healthiest pleasures of our existence. Sir William Hamilton has defined happiness in rather pedantic, but exact language, to be the 'constant reflex of unimpeded activity,' and the Germans say of work, that it gives 'Kraft-Gefühl,' that is, it braces the system with a delightful consciousness of strength. Let us observe the man who has his mind filled with some great and good plan, or who is inspired with some project of usefulness. He carries with him, to a certain extent, an antidote against the poisons and malarias of this world. Arrows which fix in the hearts of others glance harmless from him. Little crosses have less power to hurt him. He is cheerful and hopeful. He is raised, if we may use the simile, like the Homeric Jupiter above the Trojan armies; far beyond the little entanglements and vexations which fret and annoy his fellow-men.

A sanguine temperament is seldom under any circumstances to be lamented; and it is never to be deplored, if it be guided into the right path and sustained by the mightiness of faith. In philanthropic matters as in everything else, there is truth in the old maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have,'—and a deep chord in every heart must vibrate to the Shakespearian motto—''Tis not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.'

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We live in a world still glorious in some respects, but in which the infant suffers before it can discern right from wrong, and where the veteran is forced to groan in the anguish of his spirit. But we shall never get rid of evil by hopelessly bewailing it, or frantically wishing it out of our way. We cannot lessen its might by facing it with stoic hardihood, or ignoring it with epicurean complacency. Rather the good man's fortitude must be guided by the constant contemplation of suffering, and his determination strengthened by his efforts to ameliorate it. His courage must be stimulated and his enthusiasm sustained by the knowledge that he stands face to face with a thing to be subdued.

It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the piety from which such emotions must spring, but history illustrates the force of the principle, showing how men in all ages have acted upon it according to their light.

In one century we have Hildebrand, from the shades of his mountainous retreat gazing forth upon a world filled with iniquity and wrong, alone against the dignitaries of a powerful church, but opening his batteries of eloquence against the abuses of his times. In the next we see Bernard, a worn and weary man, poor in estate and weak in body, triumphing in the simple power of unadorned but heartfelt truth over the courtly and attractive Abelard, who had all the prestige of wealth and patronage in his favour, and all the devices of skilful logic and scholarly eloquence to endow him, but who was dishonest in character, and unprincipled in his teaching.

Further on we have Luther, toiling in the noonday sun through the dusty road, and resting under the spreading branches of the tree which still bears his name, contending against principalities and powers, and uttering beneath the red sandstone walls of the magnificent episcopate at Worms his memorable words—'Here I stand; I can do no otherwise, so help me God.' It would be useless to multiply further instances. But these and such as these are examples of the grandest sights our world has ever seen,—of men contending unsubdued for some noble God-taught truth. A Pascal persecuted and agonised by pain, dictating in isolated sentences the words of his celebrated 'Pensées;'—a Howard dying alone and neglected on the pestiferous shores of the Black Sea; or a Henry Martyn abandoning the encouraging prospects of his youth to meet an early death under the burning Eastern sun; these are names never to be forgotten.

Thank Heaven such men still exist, unknown and unappreciated it may be (we would not seek to draw them from seclusion), but they are the glory of their generation, the pillars

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pillars of society, bearing up its burdens on their shoulders, and never complaining of the weight. We have a glimpse in the books before us into the history of a few of these earnest workers. With their minor differences on theological subjects we do not propose to treat. In all main points their teaching was the same; and it is rather to their practical working we desire to draw attention.

In his little volume entitled 'Praying and Working,' Mr. Stephenson has given us sketches of five German heroes, Falk, Wichern, Fliedner, Gossner, and Harms. These men had all successfully emerged from the peculiar aspect of romantic mysticism which was prevalent in Germany towards the commencement of the present century, and which was rather poetical in its phases than positively religious. They no longer united a daring independence of thought with a measure of dreamy enthusiasm. They no longer spent their days in weary self-analysis, and professed to value their peculiar opinions for their power in transforming the egotism and selfishness of their own personal characters. A pantheistic nature-worship, in which every man was to work out an individual possession of his own, had ceased to occupy their thoughts. They lived healthier, truer lives, in which vague yearnings and unsatisfactory ideals were forgotten in honest labour for the good of others. They were sincerely religious, but did not love their own souls so selfishly as to be entirely occupied with their own welfare. Pain, sorrow, and misery, they felt (with Bishop Butler) had a right to their assistance. A man's being friendless or neglected was a special recommendation to them, and the fact of his utter inability to return their favours was the best possible passport to their regard. Hungry-eyed men, clothed in rags, however defiant in expression, were their next of kin. Drunken degraded women, swearing as they dandled their infants on their knees, or huddled away in some dark corner from the daylight they hated to see, were the special objects of their pity. Little hollow-cheeked children, with the lines of premature care on their baby-faces, crushed by the Juggernaut of labour, or borne down by the burden of their parents' sins, were sought out and rescued by them. Their maxim it was, never to trample upon any human soul, though it seemed to be lying in the veriest mire. In the last spark of self-respect still remaining in the most abandoned natures was yet a hope for them. How different was this from the severity and hatred towards the sinner, to which some of the most earnest of men—even the noble-minded Dante—have in all ages of the world been betrayed.

It was the same principle of Christian love which stirred

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the hearts of men, near the beginning of this century, causing Raikes to found his Sunday Schools in England, and Chalmers to work out his idea of a Christian parish in Scotland, which inspired John Falk with the theory of his juvenile Reformatory in Germany. A quaint, little, sensitive, observant child was this John Falk in his own youthful days, born in the picturesque old town of Dantzic, with a wig-maker for a father, whose whole heart was in curls and pigtails; but with rippling water, old-fashioned bridges, and tall ships with shadowy masts, to be peeped at from the cottage door, and a quiet Moravian mother to sing hymns, and talk of angels, till the children watched for the motion of their wings. Years went on, and little Falk bought books, and hid them in his clothes, endured perpetual whippings at the wig-block, having a peculiar faculty for singeing the hair,—and at last was patronized for his childish precocity by the stately old burghers of Dantzic, whose honest hearts had been touched by the bright-eyed boy, running errands book in hand, and who thought his dismal invocations to the sea-birds were poems and wondrously fine. They subscribed to pay for his University education. One request only they made at parting, as Falk's eyes filled with tears of gratitude: 'If a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is *we*, the dead, the old, gray-headed burgomasters of Dantzic, and do not turn us away.' Those words were never forgotten.

One little room, with nothing to gratify the eye, but containing the barest necessaries in the way of furniture, one tiny domicile amidst the many situated in the winding lanes of Halle, became the sanctum of the barber's son. Here he went through the usual phases of extravagant idealism characteristic of the German student, who, with his eyes shut, and scarcely a shirt to his back, rhapsodizes for three whole years, forming the most absurb and utopian schemes, and obstinately persisting in fancying himself in Paradise. Poor Falk's imaginary wings proved to be rather less available than those of the rest: like Rasselas he came with a heavy fall to the ground. He had composed indifferent satires, had written second-rate poetry, and had formed for a time one of the tiny stars of the brilliant literary circle at Weimar, which was then collected round the greater constellations of the far-famed Schiller and Goethe. But he had no more heart for classic dreaming at the moment of his country's ruin. Society seemed hollow to him, and its speculations shallow, when blackened and ghastly corpses were strewing the fields of Jena. When the cannon balls hissed through the silent streets, and the air was rent with the screams of women and children fleeing from the brutal

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brutal soldiery, Falk threw aside his books, and risked his life to help the sufferers. Next came the terrible spectres of famine and pestilence, which stalk like avenging furies in the wake of war. In the graveyards there was scarcely room for the dead to rest, and Falk lost four out of six of his family, burying, as he said, the 'best part of his life' in the grave. Another man of his peculiarly tender feelings might have sunk under the blow—might have shrunk away into dark melancholy—pined, and died. Not so Falk. The sickness which had so cruelly robbed him of his little ones had left sixty orphans in one village alone. Weary and tearful the hungry infants flocked to his door. He thought of his own children in 'God's acre'—opened, and took them in.

This was the foundation of the 'Society of Friends in Need,' and the beginning of the great work of the Inner Mission, 'which was to support the orphans and the sick, and to assist in rebuilding the houses of the poor.' Falk was not a man to do things by halves, or to act on a momentary impulse. Once having put his shoulder to the wheel, it was not in him to draw back. As he came into closer contact with the lowest forms of social life, he soon found that sin was worse than the plague, and that the most terrible forms of physical suffering which have been allowed to torture humanity, are but as messengers of mercy when compared with a moral degradation, horrible enough to make men shudder and angels weep. When racked, like John Foster, by the overpowering agony of these thoughts, Falk was not a man to despair. In the darkest and bitterest sorrow he was able to look up to Heaven, and, firmly established in hope, he opened the doors of the first Reformatory. Men of a weaker faith jeered at the impressible and sentimental poet; they knew not how much practical sagacity was united with the depth of his love. He boldly opposed the popular notion, then prevalent in Germany, that culture and mental education could do everything to improve society, while men were still wallowing in the slough of drunkenness and vice. Culture, he argued, where the heart was not reformed, would only lead crime to assume more subtle and refined disguises. The root of the plant must be healed. Falk's Reformatory was no mere State school; it was to be the exemplar of a godly life.

A strange sight it must have been when creatures who had fallen into the lowest stages of savage-like degradation, owing to the disorganized state of society, came flocking in numbers to this brave-hearted soldier of the Cross. The Prussian police had previously had trouble with them all. Some had lived like wild creatures in the woods; others had been chained

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chained like beasts of prey. They had horrible, cannibal-like faces; they would hack their fingers off rather than work; they had committed every imaginable crime: murder, incendiarism, and attempted suicide were amongst the list. Other enthusiasts, less practical and decided than Falk, might have turned with disgust from their appearance; they might have involuntarily recoiled from their touch. His simple principle was, 'Love overcometh.' The Pariahs of the desert were allowed to wander as freely as they would, and were received with open arms on their return. 'We forge all our chains in the heart,' he said.

The world wondered and ceased its jeering. By degrees the mighty principle of love was convincing these reprobates of the hatefulness and lawlessness of sin. This love was a power as hidden and mysterious as that of electricity, but more magical and wonder-working in its modes of action, combining the most opposite elements of society, and transforming the most opposing forces. Had Falk lived in the darker ages, he might have been called a wizard, for never did any ancient Michael Scott or any modern Cagliostro work miracles such as he did. He used the divining-rod of human sympathy and it pointed quickly to the buried treasures—treasures even in the hearts of these degraded creatures, so lowered in the scale of humanity that their features were hideous and revolting to look upon—treasures of honesty, of earnestness, and enduring affection, so that rogues and liars hated to deceive, and tears fell from the eyes which had never wept before. Singing was a prominent part of Falk's system, for he found that music would soften the hardest hearts, and the power of harmony would touch some distant chord in the most stolid natures, charming away a temporary madness, like the whisperings of David's harp. And Falk was a capital story-teller, and knew how to paint vivid pictures in simple words. But work was his great panacea for all temptations to the weak; and when he lay on his dying bed he would not suffer the ring of the boys' hammers to stop—it was soothing music in his ears.

Before he was called to his rest the good man's private home was again bereft. He and his wife sat in a darkened room, watching the corpse of their son, a youth of nineteen, who had died but an hour before. Even then a strange hand tapped at the door, and another ragged lad asked for admission. 'Lord, Lord,' cried the agonized wife, with a touch of natural feeling, 'thou sendest us stranger children, and takest away our own!' At first sight it seemed almost incomprehensible that it should be a token of everlasting benevolence to send to such tender hearts

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hearts a new and desolating misery. But the brave servants had strength to endure, and, carrying their scars, they went forth stronger than ever to do battle with evil. Falk lived long enough after this to organize a plan for the decay of beggary, and to found a seminary in which schoolmasters were to be properly trained. He wrote a quaint, characteristic epitaph on himself, which the little children sang over his grave.

We will take one more sketch from the details of the Inner Mission. The fittest for our purpose is the history of Immanuel Wichern. He followed in the wake of the simple-minded, enthusiastic, and extravagant Pestalozzi—the man with furrowed face and ragged coat with whom, in the stormy days of Switzerland, Heinrich Zschokke had been proud to walk. Pestalozzi possessed the amount of energy and self-denial which are imperatively needed in a social reformer, but he was not sufficiently practical to be able to work out his own schemes. Eager to plan, he was not prompt to execute. Skilful in theory, his heart was chilled by the sudden contact with unpleasing reality. He spent the long years of his life amongst the most wretched of the land, parting with his little fortune for the benefit of the beggar children, and making a few discoveries in teaching—happy if he could do but a little to dam up the fountains of that misery in which he saw the people sunk. Not many years before this, the worthy Dr. Franklin and the cynic Voltaire had been publicly crowned with acclamations by the people of France; but when children, at the close of his careworn life, welcomed Pestalozzi with songs, and attempted to reach him an oaken crown, the hoary-headed man would not give way to the false sentiment of the age, but gently put it by, saying, 'Crowns are not for me, but for the innocent.' He had outlived his noblest projects, and it was his wish that 'another generation should take up his broken strivings, and endeavour to reach his aim.'

This wish was destined to be accomplished. His own plan of life was to be successfully fulfilled at last, though not exactly in the way he desired. While he was lamenting the failure of his cherished schemes, his unconscious influence was affecting the life and character of the nation; and his self-denying conduct had been like a light illuminating the most thoughtless hearts while he knew it not. Before he died he was gladdened by the knowledge that Zeller and the Comte von der Becke had already devoted themselves to Reformatory work.

Afterwards, at Hamburg, Immanuel Wichern, a young minister

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minister of determined energy and uncommon force of character, was the first to grapple with the social difficulties of the times. It was in 1832—the terrible cholera year. The funerals of the dead were thronging the streets, and the living, hardened into a strange callousness, rioted close to the coffins of their friends, or sank deeper into terrible corruption. Drunken mothers staggered about the streets with starving infants in their arms. Impish groups of children ran wild in the unhealthy houses. Girls, fresh from some penny theatre, with spangled garments and feathered hats, figured before a broken bit of looking-glass, unconscious of the misery around. The natural affections were forgotten in the struggle for life. Parents turned their sons into the frost to die. The streets echoed with ghastly laughter, and with the pitiful whimperings of deserted babes. As well might Wichern have attempted, like Sisyphus, to roll a stone perpetually uphill, which was doomed to continually rebound, as endeavour to raise these children and keep them from vice while they were perpetually exposed to the horrors of their public haunts.

Separation—not merely the constraint of a prison school—seemed necessary for these little ones, but a new shelter, which must combine the attractions of a natural home-life.

The power of maternal love in modifying the characters and moulding the intellect of these helpless little ones, and in preventing their unconscious moral destruction by their own degraded parents, was recognized by Wichern; and a kind, true-hearted woman was found to assist him in his task.

A cottage, half-ruined, was taken at a small expense. It was situated in an attractive spot. (Wichern never lost sight of the elevating influence of the picturesque or beautiful.) A luxuriant chestnut-tree threw its shadow over the thatched roof, browned with age; and on the lawn in front a fishpond sparkled. It was called the 'Rough House,' and this anomalous institution, which was to depend on no charity sermons and no subscription lists for support, but simply on the sympathy of Christian hearts, roused the laughter of the busy, heedless city.

In the drizzling fog of a damp November the cheery rooms of the 'Rough House' were adorned with cheap pictures. When the last autumn leaves were rotting in the mud of a wet December, the number of the first twelve guests was complete. Never, from highways and hedges, tramped a more degenerate set. They were uniformly bad; they resembled nothing but heaps of rags, with bright, hungry eyes, sparkling with a savage fear. Here was a baby savage, deserted by its heartless mother; and there the youth of eighteen, the pickpocket and

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and avowed Atheist of the neighbourhood. Some had to be forbidden to speak, because of the contamination of their language; yet for these hard and vicious creatures Wichern had longed and waited. As in John Falk's system, there was no punishment and no constraint. The children revived in the healthy atmosphere of home. After a time their vagabond wanderings ceased; and in a short period these deformed, unhealthy natures were blossoming out into a new and active life. The lawless, wild street boys were busy before another winter in all the contrivances of carpentering. Quaint-looking bedsteads, of strange proportions, and chairs unsteady on their legs, were triumphs of art amongst the 'roughs.' Cows were milked, and bread, fresh and crisp, was baked by the boys. Flowers and vegetables grew under their hands.

Prejudices wore away, and strangers from far and wide came to gaze upon this singular school. Applications for admission poured in from all sides; and Wichern, ever clever at contrivance, devised a new plan for the admission of the untutored herd. His boys, like Sandford and Merton, should build another house. People do not build by instinct, and yet this bold determination was actually and rapidly carried out. In early spring the foundation-stone was laid, and in July the boys, swelled in number to a large band, marched into the new building, whilst the organ (a present from a friend) pealed out the notes of triumph.

Next arose a piteous entreaty for the neglected girls. Wichern had a sister who would take them in charge, so again the building was commenced.

This time the juvenile workmen constructed not only a house, but a chapel and washhouse under the same roof. But here there was a fresh trouble to be encountered. In the utter downfall of the female character, not only is every vestige of the Una-like nature, pure and meek, which is the theme of painter and poet, utterly and irreparably lost, but the woman with her leaning to narrowness of mind, her want of enlarged sympathy, and her tendency to adopt a stock of ideas from her immediate predecessors or surroundings, is more inflexible in her evil purposes, and more difficult to impress. 'I have never seen,' said Wichern, 'so downrightly wicked a spirit in the boy as in the girl.' They would clench their fists and stamp with their feet. They would keep to their shrill 'I won't.' They declared themselves to be possessed by devils, nor was the assertion difficult to believe. They made horrible travesties of hymns, and much to the good man's perplexity improvised ballads about 'beautiful young ladies imprisoned in the Rough House.' Yet, after a time, one and all were in a measure tamed.

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To meet the political crisis of 1848, Dr. Wichern enlarged his Reformatory so as to make it a national instead of merely a local institution; and after this the vast organization of the Inner Mission proceeded with unexampled success. Spectators wondered more and more. Again and again the curious asked the originator, 'How was it possible to get your money?' 'Silver and gold,' confessed Wichern, honestly, 'I have none. But we work, and God blesses the work.' There was no disarrangement of ordinary laws, and no departure from natural circumstances. People said it was 'very singular,' shook their heads, and went their way.

Meanwhile, in the busy suburbs of Hamburg, past the gloomy water and the tall-storeyed houses, past the noble trees and the gay-looking villas, rose a simple cluster of houses, with a wooden spire in the midst, and pleasant walks around, swarming with active life like an ant-hill on a summer day—and this was the world-famous Reformatory. Here, every day, rose the well-concerted chorale, sung in parts by rich, clear voices; here, morning and evening, was wafted the sound of family prayer; here was the noise of the anvil and the hammer. Each little house was a simple reproduction of the early type, bearing out the old principle of natural family life. Centralization was also kept up, for in each cottage there was a theological candidate who served as a connecting link with the founder—the energetic Wichern. Thus there was a system of prudent watchfulness without *espionage*, a special relationship and a common tie. The life of the child expanded in this freedom, and cheerfulness resulted as a matter of course.

Each band of workers—cobblers, carpenters, tailors, or spinners—had its own special rhyme set to a merry tune, and the precincts resounded with songs of joy.

We have dwelt with pleasure on the details of this successful establishment. For readers who are interested in accounts of the 'Brethren of St. John,' or of the 'Deacons and Deaconesses' of Theodore Fliedner, the book may furnish further details.

In the 'Autobiography of Dr. Büchsel' we have rather a different phase of life. His 'Ministerial Experiences' will be especially interesting to those who are in any way acquainted with the energetic character and earnest teaching of the author. On a warm autumn day, when the fields were richly laden with corn, and the setting sun was tinging the landscape with red and gold, a young and hopeful student, fresh from a successful University career, might have been seen entering the little village where his future duties were to be cast. So earnest was

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was he in his joyous anticipations of success in the profession of usefulness which he would have chosen before all other vocations in life, that on his first night in a new household he found it impossible to compose himself to sleep, but wandered amidst the graves of the former ministers, dreaming how his eloquence should awaken the dead in life to a new moral and religious existence. A few weeks afterwards he sat alone in his private room, a disappointed and weary man, utterly disgusted with the sermons which lay before him, over whose composition he had spent so many anxious hours. Bitterly he thought, as he looked back upon the past, could it have been possibly imagined by any of his fellow-collegians that he—the successful candidate—would be ordained to labour in just such a hopeless village as this? Tired, mentally and bodily, with unusual work, he eyed the written pages disconsolately, which had only exercised a peculiarly somniferous effect over the most intellectual adherents of the chapel of ease, and had attracted but four men—not a single woman or child—to the services of the Mother Church. Exasperated at the utter failure of his most cherished plan, he allowed a dark cloud of despondency to creep over his mind, and regretted, in bitter mortification, that he had ever studied theology. Orthodoxy, and the teaching of Neander, without earnestness and love, could never help him here. The children in the school shouted out verses and lessons without the least comprehension of their meaning. Determined peasants came to church to slumber, because it was 'fine and cool,' and there were too many flies at home to let them rest. Still he held on, in the hope that his untiring energy and genius might at last be appreciated. He laboured much and wrote eagerly, but when he took the manuscript into the pulpit an impudent urchin shouted out, 'Oh, so he reads them!' and the disheartened orator pushed the leaves away, and painfully stumbled through a lame, extempore address. The noise of wooden shoes in the opposite gallery, the loud sound of unrestrained snoring, and the wheezing of the singers whose hearts were not in the music, all brought the hot blood to the poor minister's cheeks, and the gloom crept and deepened over his hopes and aspirations. Even the pious old sacristan at first shook his head over his discourses, and would have pronounced on them some such criticism as that of the worthy Scotch dame, 'it's maist a' tinsel-wark.' Sighing for change, the mortified idealist wrote to a friend, who, he thought, would condole with him in his extraordinary trouble, and received for encouragement the laconic answer, 'I rejoice to find thou art in the right way. First of all, vanity must be broken down.' These

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These words were the commencement of a new life and a fresh ambition to the worn and dispirited preacher. Long he remained after this without seeing any of his proud expectations realized, and without turning men in shoals from their evil ways; but his failures and distresses were meanwhile instructing *him*, teaching him that self must not be the point of concentration, but the point of departure in the real worker, before he can hope to win the first fruits of a wonderful sympathetic power. In our complex nature soul must act upon soul, and a faith received by hearsay can never exercise any important influence over the hearts of others.

Before he was appointed to a higher field of labour, he had learnt that it was not intellectual cleverness—not the mere ambition to do good—which could help him to touch the unimpressible hearts of the ignorant. Around him and with him were creatures so sunk and degraded into a mere material existence, by the constant striving for the barest necessaries of life, that in point of intelligence and moral instinct they seemed scarcely higher than the beasts that perish. Day and night, forgetting his learned books, he laboured amongst these, working with real sympathy and inborn tact, for the drunken men and the whining women who might have sickened a more fastidious visitor.

Heart only can touch heart; and he soon found that there were a few points in which his stolid hearers were still vulnerable.

To an Englishman of the present day it may be difficult to conceive the tremendous chasm which still exists between the day-labourer in many parts of Germany and the educated classes. The day-labourer is almost as isolated in his position, by the force of circumstances, as the Saxon serf was many centuries ago. He is nominally free, but is forced with his wife and children to work for maintenance during the whole of the busy week; whilst Sunday is the only day to be devoted to washing and mending the clothes. The old feeling of filial confidence and fatherly supervision between the labourers and the landed proprietors is utterly at an end. The labourer is much like any other beast of burden, feeding and resting in the week, with the additional wear and tear of worry on a Sunday. Drunkenness, thievery, and immorality are widely spread; but the labourer has no education, and is too ignorant to discern the evil from the good. The enmity between master and servant is generally open and avowed. The master endeavours to get as much work done as he can for the smallest wages, and the servant is cunning at cheating, and is skilful in manœuvring at idleness.

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No wonder that labourers appointed to work amongst them should gaze with hopelessness at these un-Christianized masses; while the seeds of democracy and ruin might already be ripe, were it not that the labourer is too jaded in body and too uninformed in mind to be able to devise any scheme for the amelioration of his own social position.

At first our toiling theological student expressed himself in high German, whilst his people could scarcely utter a word in a pure dialect, and he consequently found it hard work to make his way from door to door. Family life could scarcely be said to exist amongst these peasants. The overtasked husbands were harsh and sulky; the wives irritable or peevish, and the children were driven about with rough words and blows. The atmosphere of the houses was unbearable; whilst the bad and insufficient food, and the dirty and slovenly habits of the inmates, were alike prejudicial to health.

In the frequently recurring periods of sickness the visits of Dr. Büchsel were unwillingly permitted; and he thus gained some influence over the characters of the people. Fortunately it happened on a certain year that the price of meat had risen, and the farm servants received an extra percentage on their usual gains. The keen-sighted minister perceived in this an opening for economy and thrifty housekeeping. By persuading them to put the money by, and offering to keep their savings, a secret and pleasant understanding was established between himself and the men, whilst the first step was taken towards the order and cleanliness of domestic life. The next advance was to persuade them to recognize the truth that brandy and intoxicating liquors consumed their savings, and that their drunken habits caused them to be enslaved both in mind and body. Gradually the appearance of their homes was sensibly altered. Squalid poverty was exchanged for a wise economy, and the families, decently dressed, began to attend religious services; opposing, of their own accord, the habit of working on Sundays. The distinction between 'meum' and 'tuum' began to be faintly understood.

Often depressed and often utterly weary, this minister triumphed still. The determination not to despair of any of his fellow-creatures, still less to judge hardly of the jaded and suffering poor; the confident hope that some dawn would succeed to the darkest night, and the faith to discern the folds of the wing hidden under the black shell of the ugly-looking chrysalis, all were his. Steadily and certainly followed the truest reward of solid if not brilliant success. What he had at first deemed hindrances proved, after all, to be only opportunities for good.

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With the distinctly theological character of the excellent and interesting work written by Canon Champneys, we are unable to deal at large in a secular and philanthropic review. The object of the writer is to prove or illustrate by facts the essential adaptation of Christianity to every phase of the human mind—the humblest and the lowest, as well as the highest, the grandest, or the most delicate in organization. Amongst Christians there is no monopoly of talent, no necessary transmission of genius. The magnificent ritual of Judaism has passed away. What the science of Newton could test, what the metaphysical skill of Locke could analyse, what the intuitive talent of Chalmers could unfold, is of a simplicity so remarkable as to commend itself to the poorest cottager, and to elevate and refine the most lowly of the earth. We need not invent for the lower classes any elaborate scheme of choice self-culture or social development; we need not teach them to follow any *ignis fatuus* to their ruin; we need not attempt to reconstruct, on shallow theories of our own, the amiable instincts of mankind. The Book and the simple teaching of Christianity are sufficiently powerful. Facts such as these before us are quoted to illustrate its reality.

There is nothing artificial and nothing overstrained in the simple narratives related. They are stories of everyday life, and some of them may be called accounts of commonplace people. Here are men and women to be met with, day by day, in the busy world of London, or in the less active civilization of the provinces. Here are eyes made keen and faces sharpened in the struggle for bread. Here are men of blunt, untutored susceptibilities, aroused into earnest, self-scrutinizing life. Here is the lad, vacillating and uncertain in purpose, thinking and debating on important questions in sickness, but careless and forgetful in health. Even he is reached by the power of truth, and his wavering nature has strength to conquer a new happiness. Here is the violent-tempered woman, with strongly marked features—the virago and terror of the neighbourhood, who learns at last to throw her natural energy into better matters, and is night after night to be seen at the church prayers, when the rain is dashing in torrents against the windows, with her drenched umbrella by her side, and firm determination expressed in the lines of her face. Here is the noble-looking man, with power for better things, submitting day after day to the intoxicating effect of burning spirits, or drugged, adulterated beer, who has dragged his sons into his sin, and may not save them by his subsequent bitter repentance.

Here are two sisters, born in a better position of life, but choosing in peculiar circumstances to have recourse to hard, poorly-paid,

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poorly-paid, bread-getting work, finding their only comfort in steady, habitual, persevering occupation. Some secret cause had driven these young women into voluntary poverty, to bear its deprivations with patience, and to sustain themselves by earnest industry. Here is a hard-working mother forced to labour in poverty to contribute towards the support of her children, but amply compensated by the bright and artless looks of the little ones who have turned the gloomy court and the ugly dilapidated dwelling into a paradise for her. Her love is without bounds for those who are powerless to requite the depth of her affection, and the hardest pang she is called upon to endure is in the hour of her death, when this tender heart is forced to separate itself from the helpless clinging children confided to her care. Faith and disinterested love triumph even here.

Here is the Ragged School thronged with dirty, uncombed, and untamed children, who have been taken from the haunts of vice, where the most virulent moral poisons are actively working, to be moulded into useful members of society; and here a wonderful and gradual transformation is effected, from wild, hunger-driven animals into sane, responsible, and thinking creatures. Here is a Night Refuge for outcast penniless boys—the nucleus of a future scheme of unbounded usefulness—established at first simply because a wise and single-minded old lady, who had ceased to wear jewels in the decline of life, when they outshone her eyes, sent her diamond ring to be sold for the benefit of the ragged children.

May others copy the example! 'Watches,' as the author observes, 'are not the only important pieces of machinery which have been made to go upon a diamond.' But workers for the public good do not need to be reminded that there are gifts to be dedicated to the cause of social advancement and earnest Christianity more priceless than diamonds. Let not such be daunted by straitened means. The great men of antiquity did not despise poverty; but the tendency to overvalue material advantages is the rock upon which the best-intentioned members of society are very apt to split in our day. 'Retrenchment of the useless,' wrote a celebrated French orator, 'the want even of the *relatively necessary*, is the high-road to Christian self-denial, as well as to antique strength of character.' The man who is devoted to the good of his fellow-creatures, whose great heart may be gratified in a little house, whose cleverness is not merely studied for his own advantage, whose benevolence is never hollow, but who is eager to instil into the souls of others his own spirit of devotion and earnest courage—that man stands, in a measure, removed from the material

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material reverses which may affect the happiness of others. Amidst the detractions and vexations around him, his name will but shine with a purer lustre. For a while he may apparently be conquered, but he is never actually overcome.

Art. IV.—FATHER MATHEW.

'IT is certainly strange that none of the able and sympathetic men who were associated with Father Mathew in his great enterprize have preserved, or have collected and given to the public, a sufficient biography of the great Irish patriot. No man's life was better worth writing, no man had friends more capable for the task.' It is from an article forming part of the third volume of 'Meliora,' that we draw the above quotation. The neglect there regretted has been recently atoned for by Mr. John Francis Maguire.* In research, in selection, in compilation, in disquisition, Mr. Maguire has laboriously executed his task, and, on the whole, with a success for which we cannot but feel grateful. His style is often mere parliamentary English—verbose, puffy, and circumlocutory. But such faults of manner are easily pardonable in one who supplies so much excellent matter.

Of Father Mathew's labours, a succinct, and yet, for general purposes, a sufficiently copious account, was given in the article in our third volume, to which we have already referred. To those, however, who never had the happiness of personally knowing Theobald Mathew, much has been wanting until now, to explain the relationship between what he did and what he was; to account for the success of the 'Apostle of Temperance' by anything in the quality and character of the man. Mr. Maguire now brings the man himself before us; and the discovery thus made is to ourselves so delightful that we feel almost irresistibly impelled to offer some glimpses of it to those of our readers who may not have met with Mr. Maguire's volume.

From his infancy there was, we are told, an unusual sweetness about Theobald Mathew. Of all her twelve good-looking children, this fine, sturdy, handsome boy, so engaging and kindly, was the one whom his mother loved the best. Though gay, and cheerful, and no coward, he was rather repelled by

* 'Father Mathew: A Biography.' By John Francis Maguire, M.P., author of 'Rome, its Rules, and its Institutions.' London: Longmans, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Co.

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the rude games of his brothers and their playfellows; and whilst they were away on some sportive enterprize, was apt, when a child, to be found closely attending on his mother, artlessly prattling his love to her, or clinging to the skirt of her dress, and looking up into her face with sweet innocent glance, through lovely eyes of limpid blue. This strong attachment to his mother, which peculiarly influenced his after life, filling him with reverence for all good and holy women, was not the weakness of one more than usually dependent on maternal care; it was a special strength of affection by which he was differenced from the rest; it was one fruit of a superiority of nature, giving him, from an early age, and to the end of their lives, such an influence over his brothers as they never tried to resist or dispute. To a gentleness and goodness distinguishing him from other boys, he added, it seems, a sweet gravity, even a dignity of manner most remarkable in a child. Yet a smile was ever apt to be dancing about his mouth, and was easily enlarged into hearty laughter upon ludicrous cause given. Never was the advantage obtained by his superior grasp upon his mother's love abused for any selfish ends; on the contrary, it was apt to be made the means of winning some little feast, of which he became the happy dispenser, delighting to surprise his brothers on their return home, 'rosy with health and exercise, and with the appetites of young wolves.' To obtain thus the means of banquetting his brothers, was a kind of passion with this child. Being a boy he was, of course, fond of eating dainties, but, being this boy, he was still fonder of bestowing. And whilst loving thus to make glad his young companions, whom as if by natural lordliness he led, they yielding to and obeying him as a matter of course, his tenderness of heart rested not at the boundary of human kind, but, going forth in earnest protest against all cruel sports, suffered him to be no party to inflicting pain on any living thing. His constant impulse was to succour and befriend alike the human creation and the brute. A harsh or unkind expression from his lips no one can remember. A word of dubious propriety was never adopted by this glorious boy. In this respect, as in many others, the child not only was, but was evidently and conspicuously, the father of the man.

As years revolved, his love of order, his neatness of attire, continued to develope side by side with the large beneficence of which we shall speak presently. By young and old, as he was more known, he was more and still more admired and beloved. A boy, and with a boy's wilfulness, he was; but with a nature so sweet

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sweet and gentle, and yet courageous; so fit and ready to lead, but always with a generous purpose; so kindly ingenious in giving joy to others; that whilst his brothers could not help looking up to and obeying him, the servants almost adored him, and the poor were never tired of invoking blessings on the head of their young 'born saint.' To many he must have seemed almost as if he were some young burgess of the skies, elected by a heavenly constituency to represent them in this mundane parliament. And being a member of a devout 'Catholic' family, he was, of course, from an early period marked out by common consent as born to be a priest. One of his elder brothers, George, had at first been designated by his pious mother for the priestly office, and had actually been presented by some relative with a costly suit of vestments and a valuable chalice, with that end in view. But George, as he grew older, outgrew the fleeting whim he had at one time manifested; and one day, whilst all were seated round the spacious dinner table, the good mother, surveying her troop of handsome, healthy boys, exclaimed, 'I am unfortunate! Nine sons, and not one of them to be a priest!' The boys glanced at George, but his dissentient eyes were fixed steadily upon his plate. Then it was that Theobald started up, and cried out with a voice full of emotion, 'Mother, don't be uneasy; I will be a priest.' The lady, with kisses and blessings, folded to her arms her self-dedicated lad; and from that moment Theobald Mathew was regarded by his mother even as Samuel was from the first by Hannah.

In after years, as a Capuchin friar, it was in the humble but onerous function of the confessional that Father Mathew began to distinguish himself. The poor of Kilkenny were the first to find out his worth; and their lavish praise of the 'new director' attracted to him others of a different class, with whom the young priest became an object of the deepest interest, and even veneration. 'Young as he was in years, and younger still in experience of the world,' says Mr. Maguire, 'his advice, even in matters not altogether strictly within the province of a clergyman, was eagerly sought for by many whose hair was streaked by the silver of age. Nor was his advice without its value; for, to an instinctive uprightness and a stern sense of justice, he united great natural shrewdness and sagacity, with clearness and soundness of judgment.'

In Cork, whither he soon removed from Kilkenny, the young priest was for a time rarely to be met with beyond the precincts of his little chapel, and could with difficulty be drawn from the retirement of the wretched apartment, 'between salt-houses

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salt-houses and stables,' appropriated to his use. But first one and then another confessed penitent sounded his praise, until ere long his labours in the confessional became almost continual, enduring sometimes from five o'clock in the morning, with brief intervals of other occupation, until, perhaps, ten or eleven o'clock at night. Shut up in a close box, surrounded by those whose common occupation amongst fish or dirt, and whose poverty, were made painfully manifest not only to the eye but to the nose, fifteen mortal hours per day would the indefatigable Father ofttimes spend; in summer, in stifling heat; in winter, in numbing cold. A fearful tax this on the stamina of the strongest constitution; but Father Mathew never flinched or wearied of the work—always energetic, always punctual.

Considering, thus, how he worked, and what manner of man it was that thus worked, it is no wonder that, as a spiritual director, his reputation spread from parish to parish of the city, and from the city itself to the region round about; so that 'it came to be said, with truth as well as pleasantry, that if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into Cork, he would not go back without confessing to Father Mathew.' And in what spirit the good Father performed the work, the following anecdotes will tell:—

One Sunday morning, after having heard confessions and celebrated Mass from six o'clock till ten (this following upon similar labours protracted on the previous night till eleven o'clock), he moved to quit the church in order to break his fast. As, hungry and weary, he was about to leave, four sailors rolled in, and asked him to confess them. In a tone of momentary irritation, they were remonstrated with for not having come at a more reasonable hour, and were told that they could not be heard then, and must come again. The sailors turned to go; but a devout poor woman who had been standing by, gently approached, and, touching Father Mathew on the arm, said, in a voice of respectful entreaty, 'They may not come again, sir.' Running after the sailors, who had left the place, the compunctious priest led them back to the confessional, and remained with them not only until he had 'administered the sacraments' to each, but had given them a breakfast to boot, and finally dismissed them 'in a happy state of mind.' Afterwards he thanked the poor woman, 'through whom,' he said impressively, 'the Holy Ghost had spoken to him.'

'Well, Kitty,' said a lady to an elderly servant in her house, 'how do you like Father Mathew as a director?' 'Wisha, purty well, ma'm,' was the reply. 'What do you mean by "purty

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"purty well?"' inquired the mistress. 'Well, indeed, ma'm,' said Kitty, 'he's a beautiful director, not a doubt about it, but —,' and hereupon ensued a pause. 'What do you mean by your "but?"' pursued the mistress, whose curiosity was excited by the servant's hesitating manner. 'Then, ma'm, the way of it is this,' said Kitty, making a clean breast of it, 'the worse you are in the beginning the more he'd like you, and the better he'd use you, but if you didn't improve very soon, there is no usage too bad for you.'

'Day by day,' says Mr. Maguire, 'did the young friar win his way to the hearts of the poor, and to the respect and confidence of the rich. The people could not think of him without love, or speak of him without enthusiasm. He was so gentle and compassionate to them, so respectful to poverty, in which, as he frequently said, he ever saw the image of the Redeemer; he was so earnest in his desire to rescue the erring from vice, and to raise the fallen to a new life; he was so full of fervour and zeal, and yet without harshness or austerity, that he took captive the affections of all who came within the reach of his influence. This is not the testimony of one, it is that of hundreds.'

In a sketch published in 1826, from the hand of the present Archdeacon of Cork, the personal appearance of Father Mathew is thus described:—

'He has the advantage (though he appears to make little use of the advantage) of possessing a finely-formed, middle-sized person, of exquisite symmetry; the head, of admirable contour, and from which a finished model of the antique could be cast; the countenance intelligent, animated, and benevolent; its complexion rather sallow, inclining to paleness; eyes of dark lustre, beaming with internal peace, and rich in concentrated sensibility, rather than speaking or kindling with a superabundant fire; the line of his mouth, harmonizing so completely with his nose and chin, is of peculiar grace; the brow, open, pale, broad, and polished, bears upon it the impress not merely of dignified thought, but of nobility itself.'

Like all great workers, Father Mathew was remarkable in his method of economizing time. 'Take time by the forelock, for he is bald behind,' was one of his favourite proverbs. Rising for the most part about five o'clock, and if necessary still earlier, he did much whilst other men were still in bed, and had ample time for the discharge of all his varied prodigious labours. Punctual to the minute in his appointments, 'he was,' says a brother clergyman, 'never once absent from where his duty called him, whether by a public necessity or a private claim, or where his presence could console the afflicted or give hope to the despairing.' Three or four men of ordinary energy and activity would accomplish less than he did singly in a given time. Asked one day how he contrived to rise so early as he did, he pointed to an adjoining cooperage, and said, 'If I were a cooper, bound to Mr. ——, I should be up as early,

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early, so as to be at my work at the appointed time, and thus become pleasing to my master. But I have a higher calling, and I serve a better Master; and am I to be less desirous of pleasing that Master than I should be to satisfy Mr. —— ?'

A gentleman by birth and education (for his father was adopted by the family of the Earl of Llandaff, and his own early years were largely spent at their seat, at Thomastown), Father Mathew might have been excused had he preferred the society of members of the higher class; but whilst respectful to those in high position, and deferential to authority, ecclesiastical or civil, there was a sort of unconscious dignity or nobleness in the man, which never allowed him to be tainted with the vice of meanness, or toadying of the great. To all, whether rich or poor, his manner was genial, courteous, considerate, kindly interested, cordially polite; polished, but not artificial; gentlemanly from thorough goodness of disposition as well as from birth and breeding. But to the poor he was especially respectful and tender, almost reverential. It was his frequent remark, 'They will be as high in heaven as the highest in the land.'

Of strong feelings and quick emotions, as keenly sensitive was this man to sorrow as to joy, to wrong and insult as to benefit and kindness. The impulse to retaliate was within him, but he resolutely beat down his rebellious nature, and met wrath with a soft answer, and injury with a kindly word. 'A pint of oil,' he would say, 'is better than a hogshead of vinegar;' a proverb true metaphorically, however false from a grocer's stand-point. An incident related by Mr. Maguire, demonstrates his humility and Christian charity:—A lady, in mistaken friendship, thinking it well to 'put people on their guard,' told him how a certain clergyman had spoken hardly of him. Father Mathew heard her patiently, without betraying the least resentment, then meekly replied, 'My dear madam, I am very sorry, indeed, that my acts have not the approbation of this clergyman, for he is truly a good man, and one whose opinion I value highly; and I only hope that I may merit it in future better than I have hitherto done.' The lady was astounded by the reply, and could not at the moment say whether she was annoyed more with the assailed or the assailant. Some time after, the clergyman thus quoted contracted a fatal fever, and the first priest found at his bedside, and the one most constant in his attentions to the dying man, up to the last hour of life, was Father Mathew.

Devoted to his church, Father Mathew became a powerful propagator of its faith; but this wholly by his earnestness and pathos as a preacher, the charm of his manner in private intercourse,

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intercourse, and the excellence of his life. There was about nothing that he was or did, any taint of sectarian bitterness. For controversy he had no liking. In school theology, in canon law, he was not deeply read; but with the Scriptures he was intimately and profoundly conversant. With every line from Genesis to Revelation, Mr. Maguire assures us he was familiar, and had at will, ready for every occasion, the apt quotation. His sermons, it is said, were 'eminently Scriptural.' His advice to a brother clergyman, who was troubled how to select what would please a cultivated congregation, was excellent:—'My dear sir, preach to the poor, and your preaching will always serve for the rich.' By poor and rich alike he himself was always heard gladly; and many a time those who came to criticise and find fault, remained to acknowledge with choking voices and tearful eyes the solemn power of his preaching.

As purposely and of his own accord a friar of the poorest order, it was no part of Father Mathew's aim to hoard up money, nor, indeed, of his disposition. His daily duties brought him acquainted with misery in all its earthly varieties, and he never saw distress in any shape without trying to relieve it. Not merely as a duty supposed to be professionally binding upon him, but as a positive pleasure, 'a kind of voluptuous enjoyment,' he gave and was always giving. Regular pensioners he had amongst the very poor. A large number of 'room-keepers' he constantly relieved. Orphans and widows he could not approach without trying to comfort and provide for. For those who had 'seen better days' in a worldly sense, he had peculiar tenderness and respect. If consideration for their feelings forbade him to give directly, he gave in secret, the hand of the donor unseen, the name unknown. Families in distress who had once been prosperous would be visited by some one in the dark hour, who would hand in a money-letter, and vanish on its delivery; and only in after years, through those who were made the bearers of the bounty, would they, perhaps, be able to trace the source of the timely benefaction. The clerk of Father Mathew's chapel performed many an errand of this nature; and speaking once of these lavish charities, 'Look, sir,' said the clerk, 'here is my notion on the subject;—if the streets of Cork were paved with gold, and if Father Mathew had entire control over them, and could do what he liked with them, there would not be a paving-stone in all Cork by the end of the year.'

Many are the anecdotes narrated by Mr. Maguire in proof of the unbounded generosity of this most lovable man. We have, for example, the story of two young and delicately nurtured

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nurtured girls, unaccountably deserted by a heartless father, and exposed to many and grievous hardships, insomuch that one of them, delicate and sensitive, gradually pined away. On her death, the surviving sister, utterly desolate and destitute, unable to defray the funeral expenses, saw no alternative but to allow the remains of the dead girl to be hurried in a parish coffin to a pauper's grave. Bold and brave she was, but this was an intolerably bitter element in the cup of her poverty—a last indignity from which, with all her soul, the poor girl revolted. A thought struck her. Quitting her mean apartment and the silent corpse, she ran through the streets, wild and breathless, to Father Mathew, the universal friend. Flinging herself on her knees before him, 'Oh, Father Mathew! oh, Father Mathew!' was all that at first, sobbing and panting, she could say. At length, to his entreaties, she was able to reply, 'Oh, Father Mathew, they are going to bury my sister in a parish coffin!' 'No, my dear child,' was his instantaneous answer, 'they shall not do so. Rise up, my poor child, and have no fear. I will have her buried properly.' And he fully redeemed his word; for he went at once to a respectable undertaker, and next morning the poor girl saw a hearse and pair of horses at her door, with a chaise for the officiating priest, whose name, of course, proved to be Father Mathew.

Wherever he might be, in Cork, in Ireland at large, in Scotland, England, or America, 'his hands,' we are told, 'were continually in his pocket, giving, giving, giving.' All other luxuries he could deny himself; this he never seemed able to forego. More modestly and quietly than he lived at home in Cork few men could live. His only room, save that in which he slept, measured not more than sixteen feet from wall to wall; and here he took his meals, studied, and received company. No carpet softened the boarded bareness of the floor. What many would consider the merest necessaries constituted the furniture. On a side table was a large bust of Lord Morpeth, one of his friends, and on either side were two enormous volumes, the Old and New Testaments. In season there would be a glass filled with flowers. A few portraits and engravings broke the bareness of the walls. On a centre table stood a writing-desk, much bespattered with ink, and otherwise not ornamental; except the desk, everything in the room was usually neat and in perfect order. A few chairs and a side-board completed the list of furniture. In this modest apartment the Apostle of Temperance was visited by many of the great and distinguished of the earth, and here he exercised an hospitality which made guests without number welcome and at

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at home. Simple in his habits, plain, though neat, in his attire, he needed little for himself, and spent little on his own wants. But upon others he spent profusely. 'Mercy! heavenly mercy!'—the passage occurred in one of his charity sermons—'had the Deity never spoken, had He never revealed, by prophet or apostle, that mercy was His will, its innate excellence, the high honour it confers upon us, *the delicious, the ineffable pleasure we enjoy in its exercise*, would be sufficient to point out to us the necessity of this indispensable duty.'

Mr. Maguire's volume presents proofs of Father Mathew's inability to refrain from giving, almost in every page. A respectable widow of straitened means, applied to the good friar to use his influence to get her sons into a collegiate institution on reduced terms; he could not effect this, the terms being already barely sufficient for expenses; but he sent the boy to the institution, and not till many years after did the widow discover that Father Mathew had regularly paid the balance of the expense out of his own pocket. On one of Father Mathew's professional visits, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood invited him to his house, and treated him with hospitality and distinction. It was arranged that the guest, after sleeping at the house, should be conveyed in the gentleman's carriage to the place of meeting; and having taken leave of the ladies of the family, he set out, in company with his host. The time passed agreeably with the two gentlemen, as the well-appointed carriage, with its pair of fine spirited horses, rolled smoothly along. But, when near the end of their journey, the vehicle came to a sudden stop. Father Mathew, seeing two or three rather poor-looking men, and believing them to be some enthusiastic followers who had come to meet him on the road, or who perhaps wished to take the pledge, opened the door of the carriage, and leaned out eagerly towards them, saying, 'Good morrow, boys! glad to see you. I hope we shall have a fine meeting. You wish to take the pledge?' 'No, yer riverence,' said a cunning-looking, sharp-eyed, little man, scratching the side of his head with an air of comical perplexity; 'we aren't going to be afther taking the pledge now, an' I'm temperate myself these three yeer; 'tis on another little business we've come.' 'I am delighted,' replied Father Mathew, 'to meet a faithful teetotaler like you, my dear. And can I do anything for you or your friends?' 'We're much obligated to your riverence, and a fine warrant you are to be good and kind, but 'tis with the masther there we've a word to say,' indicating, with a nod of his head and a shrug of his shoulders, the owner of the hospitable mansion and of the luxurious

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luxurious carriage. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, my dear sir,' said Father Mathew, drawing back so as not to prevent free communication between his travelling companion and his tenants or workmen, as he supposed the men to be. To his horror, he soon found that the cunning-looking man was a bailiff with a writ, intent on taking possession of the carriage and horses! The dismay and confusion of the unhappy gentleman at this particularly Irish mischance, may be imagined; but still greater were the embarrassment and annoyance of Father Mathew, at witnessing thus the humiliation of a friend. The amount, though not very large, was utterly beyond the capability of the gentleman to meet, at least on that occasion; but Father Mathew pressed his hand softly on the arm of his companion, and begged to be indulged with the gratification of relieving him from this annoyance. He at once settled the debt, adding a handsome douceur to the bailiff; and he employed, during the rest of the journey, all the kindly art of which he was master, to soothe the feelings and relieve the thoughts of his humiliated companion.

At one time a girl had been confided to his care by her friends in a neighbouring county. When she first arrived in Cork she was joyous and light-hearted, and her artless gaiety of character lent an additional charm to her singular beauty. An assistant's situation in a respectable establishment was obtained for her, and here she remained for some time, contented and happy. One day, a fellow assistant, tearing a piece of some fabric which a customer had bought, accidentally struck the poor girl on the bosom. It was a fatal blow. Cancer soon began to be developed, and then commenced a long and painful martyrdom. Father Mathew, who had watched over her with a parent's solicitude, at once came to her assistance, and saved her from the hospital or the workhouse. He supplied her with every necessary, and surrounded her with such comforts as her case allowed; but the sweetest consolation he could give her, was to sit by her bed of pain, to read or pray for her, and to wipe away the drops of agony that stood on her transparent brow. To her beauty sickness seemed to lend an ethereal heightening; and there was something wondrously touching in the sweet, patient smile that triumphed over the bodily weakness and pain. When he was on his journeys, how earnestly she longed for his return; how her large eyes brightened, and her wasted features flushed, as she caught the first sound of his eager step! And never did he willingly disappoint the poor girl's expectation. No matter what the distance he had travelled, or the toil he had undergone, he stopped neither to change his dress nor to allow himself

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self a moment's rest until he had seen his poor Ellen. It was his hand that closed her dying eyes, and it was his care that laid her body in a fragrant shrub-beshaded grave.

To his young relatives, and to many of his juvenile friends, Father Mathew was a profuse distributor of Christmas-boxes. Once, however, a pony that had been expected was disappointingly represented by a book; the money intended for the purchase of the animal having gone to release from the army the son of a miserable widow. Mr. Maguire tells one anecdote in which the Duke of Wellington's name is brought upon the page. The only support of an aged mother, and the father of six helpless children, had, perhaps in a tipsy moment, 'taken the shilling.' At a time when Father Mathew's exchequer was at its lowest ebb, the poor mother besieged him with lamentations about 'her darlin' boy, the comfort of her ould heart, and the light of her two eyes.' After long embarrassment, a bright thought struck the good priest. He wrote to the great duke, and received by return of post the following reply:—

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew: he could not refuse his application, and has directed the discharge of the soldier he desired.'

In many a breast still lingers the recollection of the generous and heroic zeal manifested by Father Mathew in the great cholera year, 1832. In suggesting and practically carrying out sanitary and remedial measures; and not only so, but in unwearied attendance by the bed-side of the plague-stricken, Father Mathew took a very conspicuous part. At all hours of the day, the brave priest went from house to house, performing the duties of his office, and pouring forth his liberal benefactions, amidst sights and sounds that shook the strongest nerves and appalled the stoutest hearts. One of the largest hospitals in the city was near his dwelling in Cove-street, and was attended by a full staff of laborious clergymen. To ensure the presence of one of these at all hours, a plan of rotation was arranged; and it was Father Mathew's special request, 'as a favour,' that to him might be apportioned the hours from midnight to six in the morning. He knew how little reliance mere mercenaries deserved, when called on to perform depressing and revolting offices; hence, no matter how severe his labours in the day, he was unfailingly attendant at the hospital during the weary hours of the night. Gentle and mild, he was none the less a vigilant overseer, whose rebuke would fall if deserved, and would be deeply felt when falling. A striking incident is narrated, illustrating the value

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value of his supervision. He had administered the last rites to a young man, and having been summoned to another part of the hospital, had hurriedly quitted the ward, and was for a short time absent. On his return, he approached the bed in which he had left the young man; but it was now unoccupied. 'Nurse! nurse! what has become of the young man who lay in this bed?' was his earnest inquiry. 'Dead, sir,' was the answer. 'Dead!' he exclaimed; 'it cannot be,—where is he?' and learning that the corpse had been taken to the dead-house, he hurried thither. An awful scene presented itself in this ghastly chamber. At one end, a pile of coffins of thin boards, scarcely held together with a few nails; some of them on the ground, either closed or open, awaiting their occupants. A number of corpses lay on tables, and on the floor;—some blue, distorted, lying in the sheet in which they had been snatched from the death-bed; others wrapped, like mummies, in cloths covered with pitch or tar to prevent contagion. Amidst that appalling scene of death there was a horrid bustle of life; of the noisy nailing down of coffins; of the pitch-painting of sheets; of the removing of bodies, to be tumbled into their last receptacles with shockingly indifferent haste; of the hoarse giving of orders; and of the moving and reeling of whiskey-plied figures. This chamber of death, dimly lighted by a few coarse flickering candles, Father Mathew hurriedly entered. There the body lay; and near it stood two men, preparing the tarred sheet in which to wrap it. 'Stop, stop!' said Father Mathew; 'surely the young man can't be dead!' 'Dead, your reverence,' replied one of the men; 'God forbid you or me would be as dead as that poor fellow—the Lord have mercy on his soul!' 'No, no,' persisted the good priest, 'I can't believe it; I was speaking to him a moment before I left the ward,—let me try.' 'Wisha, try if you plaze, your reverence; but he's as dead as a door-nail; and shure it doesn't take long to carry a man off in these times,—God be between us and harm!' There was a momentary suspension of the loathsome work, whilst Father Mathew knelt beside the body, and pressed his hand upon the region of the heart. A group, hideous to see, clustered around the devoted priest; and not a sound was heard for a time in that ghastly chamber. At length, 'Thank God,' cried Father Mathew, 'he is alive! I feel his heart beat;—thank God, thank God!' Restoratives were applied, and the man was removed to a more fitting place; and in a few days he was able to pour forth his gratitude to him who had thus saved him.

Father Mathew's reputation was much enhanced by his marvellous

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marvellous labours during the cholera time. The physicians spoke ever after with enthusiasm of his zeal, his utter disregard of self, and his munificent generosity. From his own resources, he constantly supplied costly wines and spirits to the hospitals, not only for the sick but for the staff, who, as he *then* believed, required such aid in the discharge of their arduous duties. His labours at the hospitals ceased not until these were closed, and public confidence was restored; and still he found widows to assist and orphans to provide for. Every shilling he could spare he applied to such purposes, practising just as he preached; giving his last coin in the name of God, confident that God would send him more.

In the great Irish famine, Father Mathew was 'the life and soul of every useful and charitable undertaking.' All he had he spent, and involved himself in serious difficulties to relieve the starving. Mr. Wm. Rathbone, of Liverpool, who became acquainted with him in 1841, wrote in 1863:—

'Of our first meeting I remember little; but the pleasing impression of his frank, genial bearing, his clear open countenance, the general impression of goodness and power which his whole appearance and manner conveyed, was very strong. As we saw more of him we were much struck with his *practical efficiency*, which was most remarkable in some of the committees. One day the soup of one of the relief committees was bad. The committee were at a loss for the cause. Father Mathew was empowered to examine. He saw the oatmeal, tasted it, and found it unsound. He himself examined the boiler at six o'clock in the morning, and found a crust an inch thick left from former boilings. This was the right way to come at the cause, and Father Mathew adopted it. * * * His house had, at that time, little furniture, no carpets, but remains of straw; for at night it was filled with poor creatures who had no other home.

'When he afterwards visited Liverpool, after his first attack [of paralysis], the impression of *goodness* was the same, but the *power* was gone.'

When the Cork District Relief Committee suspended its operations, Father Mathew took upon himself the whole responsibility of maintaining one of the depôts, which he kept open for a long time, partly at his own cost, and partly by contributions from his friends. At an expense of 130*l.* per week, he there fed between 5,000 and 6,000 famished creatures, throwing open the doors early in the morning, keeping them open till afternoon, and supplying all who applied with a sufficiency of food. His brother Charles remonstrated with him; represented that it was all very well so long as he had funds to provide for the daily wants of these people; that so long as he fed them they would regard him as their benefactor; but that if his means failed, they would turn upon him and revile him as the author of their misery. He implored him for God's sake to think what he was doing. 'My dear Charles,' Father Mathew replied, 'I do think of what I am doing, and I trust in the goodness of God. In Him I put my trust, and He will not

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not desert me!' Just at that moment a letter was handed in by the servant, bringing the news of the arrival in the harbour of a vessel from America, laden with food, and part of it consigned to him. 'Now, Charles,' was his triumphant reply, 'was I not right in saying that I had no fear, because I trusted in the goodness of God? Glory and honour be to His blessed name!'

One day, towards the close of his life, Father Mathew returned unusually animated from his then abode at Lehenagh to the city. 'Something must have pleased you very much, sir,' a lady remarked; and the priest told her how he had been invited to dinner by the little son of a respectable mechanic, whom he had met in the street. 'Father Mathew,' said the little fellow, 'do come and have dinner with us; we have such a nice dinner.' 'What have you, my dear?' inquired the good Father. 'We have a fine leg of mutton, and we have turnips, and we have potatoes,' replied the child. 'Have you no cakes, my dear?' said Father Mathew. 'No, sir,' answered the child, with an abashed air, as if he now felt how wrong it was to give an invitation amidst such a deficiency. 'Then, my dear, you must have them,' said Father Mathew, putting a half-crown into the hand which he held in his own.

On the next day, he returned from the city with a more than usually depressed air. 'What is the matter, sir? has anything annoyed you?' his sister-in-law inquired. 'My dear, I received a hundred invitations to dinner from a hundred little boys to-day!' was his reply, in a mournful voice. He could not for some time enjoy the amusement which the story evidently caused to his listeners.

For his profuse and often indiscriminate alms-giving, Father Mathew was called upon, in his closing years, to pay a bitter penalty. To give largely of his means, trusting in God, was excellent and wise; but to give without discrimination, was to encourage idleness, pauperism, and vice, in many cases, and for this sort of giving Providence has evidently no respect. May we not conclude that the burden of debt which embarrassed Father Mathew's declining years, was permitted to trouble him, partly at least, that those who can learn might be taught by one more example this sometimes very necessary lesson?

Of the circumstances attendant on Father Mathew's call to his Temperance Mission, Mr. Maguire gives some very interesting particulars. From his earliest years it was a pleasure to him to play the host, and make his guests welcome to all that he could provide for their enjoyment. His early retirement from Maynooth, when a youth, was induced by the fear of official displeasure

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displeasure to which he had exposed himself in violating a college rule, by giving a convivial party in his own room. He had not been long in Cork, when his brother Charles, returning from a voyage, paid him a visit. As he approached the top of the stairs of the Friary, Charles was surprised to hear bursts of laughter and other unmistakable indications of jollity; and on entering the low-ceiled room of his brother, he was quite taken aback by the spectacle which met his gaze. Around a table plentifully supplied with glasses and decanters, hot-water, lemons, sugar, wine, and whiskey, sat a company of about a score, with Father Mathew at their head, 'looking,' said Charles, 'as happy as a king,—quite in his element,—delighted at seeing so many people enjoying themselves.' The guests of the evening were Theobald's brother clergymen, and other friends with whom he had become acquainted since his arrival in Cork. Songs and toasts, wit and humour, were the order of the evening; but at a reasonable hour, earlier, perhaps, than most of the guests thought necessary, the party broke up, and the brothers were left alone.

Still, fond of company, and given to hospitality, as he was, 'never once,' says Mr. Maguire, 'was he guilty of excess, or, indeed, of the slightest approach to it.' He did not, in those days, run counter to the custom of the day; as a host, he neither spared his wine nor refrained from pressing his guests to help themselves. His own abstemiousness may have been partly prompted by constitutional aversion, but its prevailing motive was the danger of giving scandal, and a just jealousy for his character as a priest. As an invariable rule, long before the clock struck ten, he slipped away from whatever company he happened to be with, and was soon in his own quiet apartment.

About the year 1820, Father Mathew was tried with a singular temptation. During a distressing period of physical and mental prostration occasioned by the loss of a dear friend, he shut himself up in his chamber, and there in secret fed his spirit's gloom. One evening, as he sat before the flickering fire, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, 'Father Mathew, that cognac in the cupboard is delicious. You have not tasted it. Why don't you try it?' Father Mathew replied aloud, 'Tea is much better. 'But,' returned the voice, or to his ear seemed to return, 'you didn't taste the cognac; it is delicious; only try it!' 'No,' rejoined Father Mathew, starting up in alarm, 'tea is much better;' and so saying, he seized his hat, and almost ran to the residence of Dean Collins, the parish priest of N. Finn Barr's. Having heard the story, the Dean, then in his seventieth year, said, 'It was a suggestion of

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of the Evil One, my child, and you did well to resist it.' The next day, the cognac, which had been presented to Father Mathew, was sent to a friend, and the temptation never recurred. Had it been yielded to, very probably Father Mathew would have been added to the long roll of victims of drunkenness, instead of becoming, as he afterwards did, the 'Apostle of Temperance.'

It was not until the 47th year of his age that Father Mathew commenced his great Temperance Mission. Long before this, a fellow member of the Board of Governors of the Cork House of Industry, William Martin, one of the Society of Friends, had made up his mind that Theobald Mathew, of all men, was the best fitted to become a successful advocate of teetotalism. During eight or ten years before, attempts had been made in Cork to promote sobriety. Amongst the earliest and most prominent labourers in that then unpromising field, were the Rev. Nicholas Dunscome, a Protestant clergyman (now rector of Macroom), Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, and William Martin, the 'Friend.' These, with a few others, worked resolutely and bravely, but met with little encouragement. They made some converts; the rivulet of their success even became a brook, but they could not enlarge it into a river. What they could do, they did; but they could not make their unpalatable doctrine acceptable, it was ridiculed as absurd, it was condemned as fanatical. The constant appeal of William Martin was to Theobald Mathew, 'If *thou* would but take the cause in hand.' 'Thou could do such good to these poor creatures!' Appeals like these haunted the conscience of the good priest. For some time he made no sign. Never was a proposal more anxiously considered in all its bearings. Seriously he communed with his own heart, and fervently and humbly did he pray to God for guidance. Many were the obstacles to an acceptance of the total abstinence plan. What! Was 'moderation,' the practise of his life, the frequent enhancer of friendly intercourse, to be condemned as an evil? Did not hundreds of his own most esteemed and honoured friends, men good, religious, charitable, use and enjoy wine, and was he to tell them they were wrong? Were there not fully five hundred drink-retailers in his own city, known to him almost to a man, and many of them liberal in aiding his good works? Was it prudent to attempt so herculean a task, with an apparently almost certain result of failure? What pain to his associates, what severing of old friendships, might he not apprehend! His own flesh and blood, the brothers of his youth, their young children whom he so tenderly loved, the husband of his

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his sister, these were involved in the liquor-traffic, and would suffer much loss were his mission successful. 'In prayer, on his knees, before his God,' says Mr. Maguire, 'he sought for guidance from on high; and after long and anxious deliberation, and frequent mental struggles, he became at last convinced that the cause was one in which, for the sake of his people, he ought boldly and unreservedly to embark; and if he decided on placing himself at the head of the movement, may we not believe that he received the guidance which he so reverently sought?'

Early in April, 1838, William Martin received a message from Father Mathew, requesting his presence that evening at his house in Cove-street. At the time appointed, William, who had a presentiment of what was at hand, was at the door, where Theobald Mathew received him with face radiant with kindness and good nature. 'Welcome, Mr. Martin; welcome, my dear friend. It is very kind of you to come to me at so short a notice, and so punctually too.' 'I was right glad to come to thee, Theobald Mathew, for I expected that thou had good news for me.' 'Well, Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighbourhood.' 'I knew it!' said William, 'something seemed to tell me that thou would do it at last.' A plan of action was arranged at once; and the good Quaker went away exclaiming 'Oh, Theobald Mathew, thou hast made me a happy man this night.' 'Here goes, in the name of God!' was Father Mathew's exclamation, as he signed his name to the pledge at the first meeting, held on the tenth of April, 1838, in pursuance of the plan agreed upon between himself and the grandfather of the temperance reformation, as William Martin afterwards delighted to be called. And in the name of God he did go on, until the sound of him had gone forth unto all the earth, and his work almost to the ends of the world. In three months from that night, 25,000 names were on the pledge books; in five months, 131,000; in less than nine months, 156,000; and long before he died, more than 2,000,000 had received the pledge at his hands. Because very much of this work has failed to prove enduring, the mission of Father Mathew has been discounted and decried; but it was all clear gain to the cause of human welfare, as long as it lasted. Had it only lasted a week, it would have been the gain of a week's sobriety; and that alone would have made it well worth the doing. With many thousands, however, the reformation proved permanent; and of the broad marks which Father Mathew scored on the world's face, some that are unspeakably valuable remain unobliterated to this day.

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One thing was wanting to permanent, wide success; happy for Ireland would it have been, happy for the world, if that one thing could have been supplied. The great car of the goddess Temperance was dragged triumphantly up the hill, almost to the top; but there always comes a time of flagging effort, of shortness of wind, of halting and of resting, in every movement to which philanthropy incites. At such pausing-times, what becomes, above all things, important, is some mechanical help, some stone scotching the wheels, to maintain the *status quo* until the onward motion can be resumed. Such a stone of help would have been found in the prohibition of the common sale of strong drinks; in the absence of it, the car rolled back disastrously, rushing down hill, and losing almost all the vantage that had been gained. Before he went away, Father Mathew saw clearly what was the one thing missing. When, in 1853, the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic was formed, Father Mathew expressed, in writing, his cordial adhesion. 'My labours,' he wrote to the Alliance, 'were attended with partial success. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, are not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God the associated efforts of the many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore.'

Next to the special functions of his spiritual office, promotion of temperance was the great object of his life. To widen, deepen, and strengthen the foundations of the great fabric; to extend its upper works to the higher classes; to enlist men of talent and zeal in its advocacy; to influence work-people and servants through their masters and mistresses; to attract especially the young to the ranks; to interest the feelings of his brother priests in the cause; and to go on until the inhabitants of his country were gathered into one temperance fold, was his fixed resolve. 'Assist the cause, and you complimented him. Do so even by an admission of its usefulness, and you pleased him; do so by your own personal example, and there was no sacrifice which he would not willingly make for your advantage. But look coldly on it, and you pained him; swear at it, and you wounded him; attack it, and you roused his indignation. As a leader, he valiantly stood in the van, and challenged the enemy to strike his shield.'

Magical was his power of persuasion. 'Did you see Father Mathew lately?' said one friend to another, whom he happened to meet travelling in the south of Ireland. 'I did,' was the reply. 'And I'll engage he made you take the pledge.' 'He did,

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did, indeed. But did you see him lately?' 'To be sure I did.' 'And did he make you take it too?' 'That he did.' 'There is no escaping him; but I am not sorry for it!' 'No, nor I either.'

'Many a young fellow,' says Mr. Maguire, 'who had as much notion of taking the pledge as he had of jumping over the moon, was caught, smuggled, bound hand and foot, before he knew where he was.' A porter in the service of a merchant of Cork was an inveterate drunkard. His sole enjoyment was in drinking whiskey. Twice he was dismissed from his employment; and a third time, as he was about to be sent away, he was induced to seek an interview with Father Mathew. Total abstinence was quite out of the question with 'Red Denis,' but perhaps some bargain might be struck with the Father, short of that impossible limit. Father Mathew was delighted to see the porter, on whom he had often cast a longing eye. 'Thank God, you are come to see me, Denis, and of your own free will too. A voluntary sacrifice is most acceptable to the good God. Kneel down, my dear child,' continued Father Mathew to the giant, who was scratching his red poll, much perplexed. 'Well, sir,' said Denis, 'the truth of it is, you must make a bargain with me.' 'Bargain, my dear! what bargain?' 'I'm thinking, your reverence, of giving up the sperrets, but—' 'God will bless your doing so, my dear. It never did any one any good, and it has slain thousands and thousands of immortal souls, too.' 'What you say, your reverence, is thrue enough, and I'm going to give it up—but I must have a darby.' 'A darby, my dear?' 'Yes, your reverence, one darby a day. I'll take the pledge if your reverence will only give me one darby a day.' 'No, no; you must give it up entirely, or I can't let you take the pledge.' 'Why, then, Father Mathew, your reverence, I tell you 'tisn't in the power of God Almighty to make me do without whiskey entirely.' 'Shame, sir, shame! to use such language. You should not dare say what you have done. God is omnipotent, and He can do much more than change the heart of a miserable drunkard,' said Father Mathew, with an unwonted severity. 'Well, your reverence, I beg God's pardon and your pardon; but 'tis what I thought; for I never can do without the darby.' 'Go now, my dear, and come back to me in a week, and you may then be in a better state of mind.' In a week Red Denis was again in the parlour at Cove-street. ''Tis no good, your reverence, without you allow me the darby of whiskey—I'm afeard of myself entirely.' 'Denis,' said Father Mathew, most impressively, 'kneel down this moment and repeat the words of the pledge after me, and

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I tell you that God will give you strength to resist temptation for the future; I promise you that He will give you strength and grace to do so, I promise it to you in His name.' Overcome by the solemnity of the appeal, Denis knelt and took the pledge. To the last hour of his life he was enabled faithfully to keep it.

It was not only upon people of his own creed that Father Mathew's magic was thus irresistible. 'Why, did you kneel to him?' asked one of the 'True Blues' in Ulster, to another. 'Who the d——l could resist him? Who could help it? No one could refuse him anything he asked.' 'Some,' says Mr. Maguire, 'came to their doors in a spirit half bitter, half jeering; but strong Protestants and Presbyterians as they were, they yielded to an unaccountable impulse, and falling on their knees, humbly received his blessing.' 'Father Mathew,' said one of a large batch of kneelers, on whose foreheads the priest was making the sign of the cross, 'here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me!' 'God bless you, my dear,' was his reply, as he rapidly passed on, 'I didn't care if you were a *Lemon*man.'

This marvellous power of touching and swaying men's minds, often producing results which much astonished the subjects of it, belonged not to his temperance ministry only. He was extraordinarily successful as a peace-maker. To restore peace in distracted families was his delight, and it was impossible to resist his tender pleading and his earnest importunity. Many a husband and wife had reason to bless his timely intervention; many a parent recovered a child lost to him, through Father Mathew's counsels. Usually he was sent for in such cases; but if not, he would contrive to make a visit at the right moment; and even the haughtiest and the most self-willed found it impossible to quarrel with him, or feel humiliated by his good offices. 'I declare, sir,' said a gentlemen to his friend, one day in the public street, as Father Mathew left them, 'I believe that man has some extraordinary power about him. I had not the best feeling towards him, on account of something that had annoyed me; but, sir, I do assure you the moment he grasped me by the hand, there was an end to my anger. I can't say what it is; but if we lived in another age, I should be inclined to say there was magic in it.' 'Would that we had more of such magic and such magicians in these days,' was the answer of his friend.

Of his declining days, sweetness and humility marked every hour. When he spoke, his words breathed the very spirit of devotion. When reference was made in his presence to his services to his fellow-creatures, or to his acts of good-

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ness, he would say with the greatest earnestness, 'Oh! do not, do not, my dear, give me any merit for what I have done. How I wish my motives had always been pure in the sight of God.'

Such was the man who will be for ever famed as the Apostle of Temperance. He passed away on the 8th of December, 1856, in the 66th year of his age.

Art. V.—JIM WILSON'S RESOLVE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A Lancashire Tale.

THERE are many pretty villages on which Pendle Hill looks frowningly down, whose inhabitants still retain the simplicity of life and habits which characterized them fifty years ago, and in whose dwellings may even yet be heard the click-clack of the shuttle and loom, and the whirr of the spinning-wheel.

In a little village called Clifton, not far from the cotton manufacturing town of Darley, my story begins. Two men were leaning over the wooden palings dividing their cottage gardens; and one, whom we will call Jim Wilson, a widower with two children, was bitterly lamenting the unprofitableness of hand-loom weaving, now that machinery was so much used. His neighbour, Tom Watson, an old bachelor, living alone, excepting for several cats and birds who followed him wherever he went in the village, was listening with a deprecating air to Jim, who spoke as follows:—

'Weyving's good to nowt, an' aw'm baan to sell eawr two cottages, an' try what aw con do wi' keepin' a public-heawse. Ther's eawr Ned con help wi' brewin', un eawr Peggy con sarve it eawt, for hoo's a cleyn-lookin', bonny-fatur'd lass, an' folk loike to hev a bonny wench to wait on 'em, so aw'm gooin' into Darley to-day to look abeawt me, an' if aw see owt loikely, aw'se soon get eawr cottages swapped for brass; an' see if aw connot do as weel as Dick Knowles hes done ut th' Rompin' Kittlin.' (Rampant Lion was the sign, but thus was it rendered by the villagers of Clifton.)

'Dunnot thee be sich a foo, Jim; theaw'rt noan so badly off as mony a poor body; thi childer's a comfort to thee now; but if they do as Dick Knowles's hes, they'll noan be mich comfort to thee afther tha gets i'th' public loine. It's true he has med a bit o' brass, but what's th' use o' that? It connot bring back his poor deod woife; why, hoo just fret hursel into th' grave becose that lad o' theirs were transported fur hittin' a fella wi' a poker, un lamed him soaan' he deed. O' through drink, mon; as two o'th' lasses wed drunken nowts, un sooner they're put to bed wi' a spade, an' sooner they'll hae peos; for they'n noan now, though one on 'em is th' maister ov hur chap, an' he dar'nt lick hur; but, bless us! whear's th' comfort i' that sort ov a loife? How would ta loike to see yo're Peggy coom to sich a endin'? Bide thee wheere ta art, lad, an' keep thi fingers frae money gettin' i' sich a way; tha owes nowt to nub'dy; tha hes two cows, a pig, an' a score o' ducks, an' aw dunno heaw mony hens; tha con look at foak beawt shamin' neaw, but tha'll ha to do mony a meon trick if tha gooas into th' alehouse, mon! Bless thee, lad! ne'er do that.'

'A mon con be honest i' ony sort ov a trade (said Jim); an' as to eawr Ned or Peggy comin' to owt loike Dick Knowles's childer, they'n mooar sense un decency abeawt 'em nur that; an' I'se tak care wot they do, an' noan leov 'em to to poike up wi' ony sort o' raff: doan't thee be fear'd, mon, we'se do weel enuff, I know;—but I wur a noddy to say owt to thee, Tom, for theaw'rt a teetotaler, as they co' 'em, an' hes only one thowt on th' subject, so good mornin' to thee, for I'm baan to just tak mi cut eawt o'th' loom, an' then I'm off to Darley, an' we'se see.' 'Eh,

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'Eh, Jim! theaw'rt gooin' to mek a foo o' thisel, I'm fear'd. I wish tha may tek another thowt abeawt it, an' hev nowt to do wi' drink; we'se ne'er do ony good wi' foak whoile they letten 'em sell stuff as addles foaks' heods, an' maks 'em wos than th' beosts oth' field. If tha's set thi mind on mekkin' a bit mooar brass, lad, mak it some way as'll noan mek thi hate th' seet on't when tha hes getten it, an' not sich as meks poor little childer hev to goo clammin' to bed whoile ther dad's spendin' wot should hae bowt ther suppers.'

'Na, theaw'rt gooin' eawt o' reoson, Tom, an' aw mun goo un get mi cut eawt. Aw'se just hae addled ten shillin' this wick, an' does ta think aw con keep heawse decently eawt o' that, mon? Aw've warked soon an' late or I shouldn't hev hed as mich as that; thar a rare, gradely mon, Tom, but thee un me teks different thowts abeawt things; aw'se ne'er let foak tae mich hort frae th' drink as aw'se sell 'em. Aw've setten my moind o' gettin' into some way as aw con put a bit o' brass by ogen; aw'm too owd to wark ony mooar; I coon't eawt o' hond-loom weyvin', as tha knows, Tom, vara weel.' So saying, he cut short the conversation by hurrying into his cottage, where Peggy, a buxom girl of seventeen, was 'cleynin' up,' as she termed it.

Jim Wilson was a hard-working, steady man, and had saved sufficient to buy two cottages, two cows, a pig, and some poultry; and Peggy had enough to do to look after the small dairy and the wants of the live stock. Her mother had died when Peggy was but a child; people said she and her husband had pinched themselves of necessary food and clothing, in order to put by a little money every week; and she being but a delicate woman, had sunk under the self-imposed semi-starvation and scanty clothing, or, as the villagers said, 'hoo'd clammed and starved hersel to deoth.' To get money was Jim Wilson's ruling passion, and now he had fully determined to see about a public-house, for in that way he saw much money was gained quickly. He took out his cut, and was soon on his way to Darley with it.

On giving in his work at the factory, the overlooker told him he must bate him for several bad places in one piece, so he had only a little over nine shillings to receive, which put him sadly out of temper, and made him declare 'he'd see if he wouldn't do summat afore long.' So after receiving materials for the next week's work, he took up his bag and walked out into the town, going through street after street, looking eagerly for some eligible public-house, or even a 'Jerry Shop,' he did not mind. As ill luck (good luck he called it) would have it, on passing down a street near an iron foundry, he saw a bill on the walls of a small public-house, setting forth that on a certain day all the furniture, fixtures, brewing utensils, good-will, &c., were to be sold. He thought it would be just the place for him, near a foundry too! mechanics are a thirsty lot, and he should have plenty of custom. He inquired of a man who was standing at the door of one of the houses near, how it was the public-house was to let, and received the information that the former landlord had gone into the wholesale brewery line, having made a good deal of money in the public-house. Jim thought he had found exactly what he wanted, and looking again at the bill of sale, saw the words, 'by public auction or private treaty,' with the person's name of whom inquiries could be made.

He hurried home with his work; and telling Peggy of his good luck in finding a place just to his mind, dressed himself in his best, and returned to Darley to call upon the man appointed to treat with applicants for the public-house.

The man was in his office, ready and willing to be questioned concerning that 'well-accustomed (more's the pity!) public-house, known by the name of the "Black Swan."' Jim found that a high figure was asked for the furniture, good-will, &c., but still it was within his power to give it, for he had a customer ready for his cottages, and he knew he could soon sell the live stock to the same man; besides, he had a little money in the savings' bank. A few days were all he had to decide in, but he had pretty well settled already, and went home quite elated with his prospects, calling on his way at the house of the man who wanted the cottages to say he could have them at the price he had offered, and asking if he couldn't take his cows and poultry. After considerable haggling as to price, it was finally settled that he should take the whole stock off Jim Wilson's hands, and the money was to be paid over to him

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him on the following Monday—it was then Saturday—and with a feeling of pride at having done so good a day's work he passed on his way.

Arrived at home, he told Peggy and Ned, who had returned from helping a neighbouring farmer with haymaking, what he had done, and both expressed unbounded delight. Ned declared, 'I'd liefer brew than goo haymakin'; it meks mi hed wartch.' Visions of handsome dresses and gay bonnets floated before Peggy's mental gaze. Her talent for fine dressing had been effectually curbed by her father, who said, 'Owt as wur cleyn an' dacent wod do for Clifton looans;" and her smartest dress was only a brown merino. Her best bonnet had but one piece of dark-blue ribbon over it, 'an' nather bow nor ends,' as Peggy ruefully remarked, when her father brought it home from the village *modiste's;* 'an sich a shape! welly enough to mek 'osses tek boggart when they see it,' as she further remarked.

'Well, feyther, yoa'll happen let me hev a new blue gown deawn to th' greawnd, waint yoa?' asked Peggy. 'Why, lass, aw dunnot know as aw con let thee hev owt new just yet; it'll tek o' mi brass fur to buy things as we'se want; but bide a bit, an' tha'st hev a blue geawn, an' two or three mooar clooas as weel, if tha'll do thi best to help me in wer new wark.'

'Why, feyther, aw'se be shamed i' mi owd brown frock, it's so shoart an' skimpin; foaks ull laugh at me.'

'Not they! laugh at thee! if tha'll moind thi own business, they'll ha summat else to think on nur lookin whether tha'rt i' lung frocks or shoart uns. Hows'ever, tha con hev nowt new neaw, for aw've nowt to pay for it wi.'

Ned too was ready with a request: 'Aw say, feyther, we'st noan hev egg an' bacon poy to Sunday's dinner when we'n getten to Darley, shall we? Yoa'll let us have a dumplin', waint yoa?'

'Howd thi din, lad, wod con ta hev better t'an eggs an' bacon? Awm noan gooin' to let thee mek thisel' badly wi' eitin', aw con tell thee; but yo'd best go to bed; aw'se happen let thee hev a blegberry dumplin' to-morn, if tha'll ger up toime enough to gether 'em.'

'Oh, aye, awm sure aw shall; so, good neet, Peggy, an' moind tha meks us a good fatty crust.'

'Ger owt, tha greedy thing, tha cares abeawt nowt but eitin,' was Peggy's reply; 'good neet to thee,' she added, 'an' good neet, feyther,' to Jim, as he went up-stairs.

When Peggy got to her own little room she pondered over the coming change in their life, and there were only two subjects of regret in her heart: one that she couldn't have new clothes, and the other a certainty that Tom Sparlin would not like her serving in a public-house; for the said Tom had what the villagers called a 'sneakin' kindness' towards Peggy, and she rather liked him; but he was a teetotaler, and she knew he would disapprove of her father's plans altogether.

'Bod what need I care for Tom Sparlin?' she soliloquized. 'Aw'se get plenty o' chaps i' Darley. Here its different, wheer one never sees a dacent lad frae year end to year end. He mud do weel enuff; bod aw'se tak no faut findin' fra him, I know. I can pike among 'em when I get to Darley: I'm noan so feaw'—looking at herself in her small glass. 'An' when I get a blue gown, an' a collar, an' a red bow, I'se look better than i' this thing,' flinging her old brown frock on the bed.

Peggy was a pretty country girl; an abundance of wavy brown hair, large, bright, dark eyes, fair skin, and rosy round cheeks, made up for the disadvantages of a nose that was *not* purely Grecian in its outline, and a mouth whose curves were not exactly like Cupid's bow.

She was tired, however, and her cogitations were neither long nor profound.

Ere the sun had fairly risen, Ned was up and off on his blackberry hunt. Old Tom Watson was out, too, enjoying the sweet fresh morning air, and encountered Ned in one of the pretty lanes that led from Clifton. 'Ned! what are ta for, lad?' said Tom, as he saw Ned clambering over a ditch.

'Gerrin blackberries for a dumplin', said Ned. 'Wot a Sunday moarnin?' said Tom. 'Ay, aw reckon a body mun eit a Sunday as weel as ony other day,' said Ned. 'Ay, but couldn't tha o' getten thi blackberries yusterday?' 'Noa, I wur hay-mekkin' an' hed no time.' 'I think tha'r i'th' wrang, Ned; but heaw's thi feyther settled abeawt th' public-heawse? I heard tell he wur after one when he geet to Darley yusterday.' 'Oh, he's baan to tek one to morn; he's sowd th' cottages, so tha'll hev a new landlord.'

'I'm gradely sorry, Ned, I am lad. I thowt he'd ne'er goo into th' public loine;

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loine; an' o' to mak a bit o' brass! for o' he hes mooar than monny a poor lad neaw. An' thee, Ned, tha'll noan be able to walk i'th' bonny looans ov a moarnin an' sniff at th' sweet air, or hear th' layrocks singin'. Whoy, hear thee at that'n' (pointing to a small speck which was all that could be seen of a lark fluttering upwards to 'heaven's gate'); 'does ta think as th' songs o' drunken chaps ull be owt loike that?' 'Now, I dar say not,' said Ned; 'but we'se happen hev a donce, an then aws't hear fiddles, an' happen a foife un a drum, an' aws't loike it a good deol better. An' aw'se not hev to goo hay-mekkin ony mooar; an' i'ts no use thee tokin, Tom, fur its o' settled, an' wer baan next wick. Awm gooin' i'th' 'tother field, so good moarnin' to thee, Tom; tha'll come an' see us, waint ta?' 'Now, Ned, I connot goo into a public-heawse, but ta con come an' see me whene'er ta loikes.'

And so they parted, Ned to his blackberry gathering, and Tom to view the 'gracious prodigality of nature.'

Peggy, and her father, too, were up betimes and actively bestirring themselves attending to the cows, pigs, and poultry. After all was done, breakfast over, and the blackberry 'dumplin'' set on to boil, they all set off to church, for Jim Wilson was strict in the performance of his religious duties, and insisted on the punctual observance of them by his children.

In returning from church, Jim Wilson was questioned on his bargain—for news of his undertaking had spread through the village—and most of his neighbours congratulated him on his good luck, and this put him on the best of terms with himself and his prospects.

When they got home, dinner was soon made ready by Peggy, Ned walking after her to see the 'dumplin'' safe out of the pan. Alas! for the uncertainty of human happiness. To his great annoyance the 'dumplin'' had burst, and, while the water it had been boiled in had gained in flavour, it was decidedly weak.

'It's olez th' way,' said Ned, 'tha con never mek a crust good to owt; tha'rt a gradely foo at cookin' owt, Peggy.'

'Aw connot mek moor o'th' cat than th' skin, tha greyt mopus!' was her angry reply. 'Aw hedn't flour to mek th' crust thick enough; *tha's* try thi hond next time, an' see wot tha con do wi' a hondful o' flour an' a bit o' bacon fat.'

'Howd yer dins, booath on yoa!' interrupted the father, 'yoan too much to eit, an' it meks yoa prodigal.'

Dinner was eaten in silence, Ned occasionally casting angry looks at Peggy, and she flashing back scornful glances in return. After all was cleared away, and Jim had smoked his pipe, it was time to go to afternoon service, and Peggy grew a little nervous as to the result of her interview with Tom Sparlin, which was sure to take place after leaving church. They all went to the little village church again, and Peggy's eyes wandered in search of Tom, but he was not in his usual place. I fear her mind was more occupied conjecturing the probable cause of his absence than with the service. In going out of church, Tom's sister whispered to Peggy, 'Ar Tom's badly, vara badly he is. I think he's getten a faver; will ta come an' see him, Peggy? He'll be gradely fain if ta will.' 'Noa,' said Peggy, 'my feyther ull be mad if I do; but tha con tell him as I'm vast sorry as he's badly, an' tell him as we're baan fro Clifton next week.'

After this the day passed wearily with poor Peggy, who cared more than she would admit even to herself for Tom's welfare.

She went to talk to Tom Watson after 'milking time,' and many were the sage counsels he fortified her with, and her parting words to him showed he had made some impression. 'Tha's welly med me hate thowts o' gooin' into th' public-heawse, Tom. I ne'er thowt uv o'th' misery ther wur at whoam wol chaps wur singin' songs an' drinkin' ther gills. I'se noan loike to fill 'em for 'em; but good neet to thee, Tom. I'se come and si thee sometoimes ov a Sunday afternoons.' 'That's reet, Peggy, lass; thee come ony toime; tha'll ne'er come wrang. Good neet, an' God bless thee, lass, and keep thee fro harm'! Just thee think whene'er ta sees chaps flingin' ther brass abeawt, as th' little brids awhoam are happen beawt owt to pick at. Good neet agen, Peggy, ma bonny lass.'

Her father and Ned were watching over the dying fire, and she said good night to them, and went to her own little room. She felt more charitably towards the brown merino dress and the frightful bonnet this night, and even put them away with care and gentleness.

'Thoose hannot been bowt eawt o' wot poor childer should ha hed,' was her murmured

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murmured soliloquy; 'after o, ther's nowt loike feelin' as one's arnin' a livin' beawt hurtin' onybody. Wot shall I do at partin wi Cherry (her favourite cow)? I ne'er thowt o' that. Poor Cherry! Ther ull be nub'dy so kind to it as I've been. Next foak ull happen lick it, for it's vast stupid road as it teks.'

This picture brought the tears to her bright eyes. 'Poor Cherry!' sighed Peggy, and she leaned out of the open window to ponder over Cherry's probable 'licking' for obstinacy, and her fancy wandered to Tom Sparlin in his sickness. 'Poor Tom! Bod he's a stout lad, an' he'll soon be weel agen, I'se warrant.'

Peggy was but a simple country girl, with no romantic tendencies; feeling so strong herself, she could but dimly grasp the notion of any one else's weakness, or she might have indulged in that 'luxury of woe,' which sensation novelists portray their heroines as indulging in at the slightest ache developed in the frame of their adorers. Or she might have found aids to sentimentality in the pretty, straggling village, with its whitewashed cottages, here and there climbing June roses twining over their porches; or in the last notes of our northern nightingale, the thrush, trilling out its sweet liquid notes to the moon, as it rose to mingle with the twilight; or in the tower of the old church, as it reared itself—sadly rounded from its original squareness by the ivy—between her and the western horizon. She apostrophized none of these, but looked with loving, regretful eyes on all; never had they seemed so beautiful before. When the thrush had sung his last song and all was silent, she said:

'It's a bonny place, it's a varra bonny place. I'se ne'er loike onywheer as weel. God bless us o' and mek us better!' She closed the window, and was soon in the land of dreams, where she saw troops of famishing children pass before her with hungry eyes, and Tom Sparlin drinking in their own public-house, a degraded-looking sot, instead of the fine, healthy, stout, young fellow she knew him last. Waking with a start, she muttered a 'bless us,' and fell into a sound, dreamless slumber.

The next day passed with little to mark it. Jim Wilson went to Darley, and in the evening the purchaser of the cottages came to look at his property. Peggy admitted him sulkily, saying next to nothing whilst he stayed, and muttering, 'I'm fain yo're gooin',' when he went.

When her father returned, he informed Peggy that all was settled, and Ned was loud in his expressions of delight; but Peggy, who had again been talking with Tom Watson, said nothing. Her father looked keenly at her, but made no verbal remark. Ned said, 'Ar Peggy's frettin' becose Tom Sparlin's badly i'th' faver,' for which observation he received a slap on the face with Peggy's porridge spoon by way of puniahment. 'Na, 'gree, will yo',' said the father. 'Aw suppose Tom Sparlin's noan so badly bud wot he can mend, an' we'd best goo to bed, or else we'se be hevin' to leet a candle soon.'

And so the next two days passed rapidly in busy preparation for removing; and now the last has come, and after everything had been put on the cart, that was taking their scanty supply of furniture to Darley, Peggy was standing with her arm over Cherry's neck at the field-gate opposite, crying in utter abandonment of sorrow at parting with her favourite. Ned was clumsily attempting to comfort her, and almost crying himself. 'Ne'er heed, Peggy, tha con coom an' see it, tha knows, an' we'se hev mooar fun by hofe i' Darley: fiddles, an' foifes, an' drums, an' dancin', an' a beef-steak dumplin' next Sunday; bless thee, lass, doant cry, tha meks me soft.' 'Coom, Peggy, let's hev no moor o' thi silliness,' called her father; so she ran across into Tom Wilson's cottage, got hold of his hand, and, after a hard, crushing grip, rushed out again.

'Come an' see me, Peggy, lass, as soon as thi feyther ull let thee,' he called after her; she nodded, and went after the cart, for Jim Wilson had found out that Tom had been talking to Peggy; he said he 'thowt it vast meon on him to set th' lass ogeon her feyther,' and he would speak to him no more, and had all but forbidden Peggy and Ned to do so.

After a dreary, toilsome walk, each burdened with some piece of furniture they were afraid to trust in the jolting cart, Jim Wilson, Peggy, and Ned arrived in Darley, and at 'The Black Swan.' Peggy was thoroughly disheartened with the dirty, dingy appearance of the house, and remarked aside to Ned, 'I ne'er seed sich a place i' o' mi loife, I'se be welly killed afoar I get th' flures anythin' loike.' The neighbours turned out to see the new arrivals, and

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and many were the sneering comments they made to each other about the furniture as it was lifted from the cart. 'Ther's a good monny o' them things bin med awhoam,' said one. 'Ger eawt, it's owd fashunt furniture, mon, wuth a deol mooar ten ony o' yer new-fangled rubbidge,' said another. 'I should loike to know who med that lass's frock, an' wheer hoo geet her bonnet fro,' was a remark that brought an angry flush to Peggy's face; but the woman who had been looking after the house now made her appearance, looking as if she 'wur dazed loike,' as Peggy observed to Ned, and began to help them in with the furniture. It was soon got in, and the horse and cart were driven off by the man who had come with them.

Peggy set about her cleaning at once, and before nightfall had succeeded in making things look more comfortable. Only one day, and they were to open to the public; and so she had little time to think during the day, and was too tired to lie awake at night. A few wandering thoughts were given to Tom Sparlin, who, she had heard, was a 'bit better.'

And now the eventful day had come, and Peggy had been practising, under her father's eye, how 'to fill gills beawt spillin' ony.' Ned had been kept at work in the brewhouse, getting initiated into its mysteries, and helping his father to put things to rights in the house; but to-day he was dressed in his best to help Peggy, and fill jugs for her; they expected to be busy, as it was pay day at the foundry.

At noon many called for gills, and Peggy had to run the gauntlet of their compliments or banter, sometimes feeling, as she afterwards told Ned, as if she could 'loike to fotch 'em a slap o'th' face for their forratness;' but on the whole getting through her first attempt with more steadiness than might have been expected from a raw country girl. Some remained drinking, as work was over at two on Saturdays. Some of their wives came looking for them, and Peggy thought of Tom Watson, when a little child, so wan and dirty, came and asked, 'Is my feyther here?' 'I don't know thi feyther,' said Peggy; 'come an' see,' opening the parlour door, where about a dozen men were sitting smoking and drinking. 'Ay, that's him,' said the child, pointing to one at the end of the room, and making his way to him, he said, 'Come, feyther, we'n had nowt to wer dinners yet, un aw'm welly clammin', soa is 'tother childer, an' my mother con't ger up, hoo's so badly.' 'Ger whoam, tha little monkey, or I'll knock tha deawn,' was the response, in a brutal voice. 'Nay,' said Peggy, 'yo mun goa an' give 'em summat to ger a bit o' meyt wi.' 'I think if yo mind yoar own bizness it'll be best for yoa,' said the man. 'Well, but give 'em *summat* out o yer wages,' said Peggy, 'th' choild looks as iv it wur welly clammin';' but no, the man would not stir, but called for more drink, which Peggy refused to give him until her father came; who finding what the dispute was about, sent Peggy off at once, and when he got her out asked, 'Wot does ta meon be sich loike wark? Does ta want to ruin me? If th' fella doesn't ger it here he'll goo somewheers else, an' I may as weel hev his brass as onybody else.' 'Well, but, feyther, his childer's hed nowt to eit, an' he's sittin' here spendin' th' brass as should buy 'em summat fur o'th' week; an' his woife's badly an' connot ger up.' 'I tell thee, Peggy, if tha begins ta think abeawt eitin' for other foaks, tha may varra soon hev nowt fur thisel; but o' this comes o' lettin' thee goo to Tom Watson's so mich; if ever I hear o' thee gooin' near him ogen, I'll lick thee, big as ta art. So, now, thee fill that mon his glass, an' let's hev no mooar o' thi nasty ways.' Peggy obeyed with tears in her eyes, for she had been proposing to go and see Tom Watson the day after, but now that was impossible. She slily took the child, who was still standing by its father, a large piece of bread, which it ate greedily. Many other poor wives and children came looking for husbands and fathers during the evening. A quarrel began between two men, and they turned out to fight; the police were called, and at length peace was restored. For the first time Peggy saw women sitting drinking, for some remained with their husbands; and when, at last, twelve o'clock came, and all had to be turned into the street, Peggy felt sickened and wearied. Ned was not so elated as at first with his new work; he had been attending to company in the rooms, whilst Peggy was in the bar. 'I tell thee wot, I'm gradely toirt gooin' up an' deawn stairs o' neet. Wot are ta baan ta mek us fur dinner to-morn, Peggy?' 'I dunnot know, an' I dunnot care; ax feyther.' 'Yo'll hev nowt beawt yo manidge better ten yo'n

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yo'n done to-neet next Sunday; but to-morn yo mun hev a beef-steak dumplin', as I promised yo. I've getten three-quarters ov a peawnd o' beef to mek it on.' 'That ull not be mich apiece,' said Ned. 'It'll be a quartern o' beef, tha yung gormandizing rascot, an' heaw mich moor wod ta hev?' 'I'd hev a peawnd, an' little enuff when yo're hard warked. But I'm baan to bed, fur I'se hev plenty to do i'th' mornin', lookin' after yon barrels ov ale. I don't like public-heawse hofe as weel as I thowt I should. I'se not get to th' church, yo see, nor I'se not get to see Tom Watson, an' I wanted to goo an' see him.' 'If I yer o' thee gooin' to see Tom Watson I'll punch thee when theaw comes back, I *will*.' 'Come, feyther, I'se noan ston' punchin', so yoa'd better not toke o' that way. But I'm gooin' to bed. Good neet to thee, Peggy.' 'Good neet, Ned.'

The next morning was passed by Peggy in cleaning away the preceding night's debauch; and, as she bent over her pail, some angry tears fell into it. Ned, coming in, said, 'Wot are ta cryin' for, Peggy? Are ta badly?' 'Noa; but I thowt I med ha' gwon to Clifton to-day, fur I'm welly pisoned wi' th' smell o' drink an' smook; an' now mi feyther waint let me goo fur fear on me seein' Tom Watson. He's a gradely, good owd fella, he is! a foine seet better ten mony a one as co's him. An' if I'm to be teed to th' heawse i' this road, I'se run away an' go back to my windin' and dairy wark; one hed one day i' th' week, but if this hes to be th' way, we'se hev nowt.' 'Weel, Peggy, I'm i' th' same fettle misel'; tha sis I con't go nather; but thee get thee cleynin' done and I'll goo an' see Tom Sparlin, an' then I con tell thee heaw he's gerrin' on.' 'Bless, thee, Ned! it's not so mich that, but it's nobbut reet as ta should goo an' ax abeawt him, so aw'll get dinner ready, so as tha needn't be baulked o' th' eawt to Clifton, an' tha mun tell me heaw o' looks, and pull me a fleawr or two.' 'Ay, ay, Peggy, aw'se do it for thee, but get done.'

Peggy was true to her word, and dinner was soon ready, and though Ned grumbled about 'sich bits o' meyt,' as Peggy pretended she didn't want any, and gave him her share of the 'dumplin,' he was appeased. But Jim Wilson turned on Peggy, saying, 'Neaw, aw'm not baan to hev thee peawtin' an' fo'in' eawt wi' thi meyt, Peggy; tha mon eit or I'se hev thee badly, an' I con noan afford to hev onybody else to wark i' thi place, so lets' hev noan o' thi marlocks here.'

Ned went to Clifton, and Peggy sat at the window wondering if Tom Sparlin would send any message by him. Just before the time for opening the doors of 'The Black Swan' she saw him coming down the street. 'Weel, Ned, who did ta see, an' heaw's everybody i' Clifton?' 'Tom Sparlin's welly better, an' everybody else is varra weel, nobbut Tom Watson, an' he's badly, varra badly; th' doctor ses he'll noan live lung, beawt he taks a torn.' 'Whoy, tha never ses so; poor owd Tom! poor owd lad! an' nub'dy to do owt for him!' 'Yoi, but ther is, o' th' wimmin's fain to do summat for poor owd Tom; he's ne'er done owt but reet to folk, an' neaw they'n do ther best for him. Aw am sorry—an' Peggy—but wheer's mi feyther?' 'Oh, gooan to yon fella's deawn th' street; but wot are ta baan to tell me?' 'Oh, I went to see owd Tom, for o' my feyther sed he'd punch me.' 'Bless thee, Ned, tha did reet, lad; an' wot did th' owd fella say?' 'Whoy, he could nobbut speyk varra low deawn, an' he says I'm fain to see thi, Ned, bod tha monnot stop here, lad; gie my love to Peggy, an' tell her to think o' wot I towd her; an' tell thi feyther aw'm sorry he's gooan into th' public. Good bye to thee;—go whoam an' be a gradely, good lad, an' God bless thee.' This was told with many pauses and sniffs, for Ned's tears were falling fast, and Peggy sobbed aloud.

In the midst of their grief, Jim Wilson came in: 'Neaw, what's to do? wotever are ta thinkin' on, Peggy? i'ts toime to oppen th' dooar; wot are yo booath roorin' abeawt?' 'Oh, feyther, poor owd Tom Watson's deein' o'th' faver, an' he's sent word as he's sorry yo're gooan into th' public loine. Con I goo to see him, feyther? You known heaw good he wur to us when ony on us wer badly.' 'Goo to see him! naw tha connot; tha mun moind wot tha's getten to do; Tom Watson's noan ov a deein' sort; he'll get weel ogeon, I'se warrant; an' as to bein' sorry abeawt me, I'se do weel enuff if yo'll behave yersels; but get to th' wark, lass.' 'Eh, feyther, it's poor wark when th' wages is med owt o'th' badness o' folk; I'se ne'er tak to public-heawse keepin', an' ta wark on a Sunday un o! I'm sick on it.' 'Oh dear a' me! wor ther

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ther ever onybody, so mithered wi' bad childer as I am? Peggy, tha'll mek me lick thee soon; get to th' place this varra minnut, I tell thee! an' moind tha doesn't spill or give th' glasses too full; an' see of tha connot mek thi face a bit moor good tempered, fur tha'rt enuff to freeten folk.'

And now group after group of idlers dropped in: old men with tottering steps and grey hairs, that awoke no reverence; middle-aged men, and some, times their wives, with children whose wasted limbs and wan faces told of want and neglect; young men, and young women who were beginning the downward course by sipping with the young men. It was a melancholy sight. The ribald jest and coarse laugh went round, and girls whose heads ought to have been abased in shame, laughed with the loudest. The minds that ought to have been an unsullied page were blackened and polluted with the influences drink carries in its train. Mothers seemed weary of their children, and shook them roughly when the poor little creatures wailed for fresh air. About eleven o'clock, when most had gone noisily home, and only three men were left, who were disputing on theological matters, and when the millennium was to come, the same little, starved-looking child, who came the day previous, came carrying a tiny, dirty-looking baby in his arms. 'Is my feyther here?' he asked. 'Ay,' said Peggy; 'heaws thi mother, an' is that yo're babby?' 'My mother's varra badly, and this is eawr little Jane; look at it! its only hed a a sup o' milk o' day; will yo gi me a bit mooar tommy?' Peggy got up, and gave him a bit of bread without speaking, and then looked at the baby. 'Poor little thing! tha shouldn't hev it out; it should be i' bed now.' 'We hev no beds; ther o' gone to th' pop-shop,' said the child. 'Then wot is th' mother lyin' on?' asked Peggy. 'Up o' th' floor, an' nowt to cover her but an owd frock; but hoo's sent me for my feyther?' 'Well, he's in theer,' Peggy said, pointing to the door opposite her. The child went in almost staggering under the weight of its light burden. 'Come, feyther,' Peggy heard, 'my mother's sent me for yo to come whoam.' 'Ger away, tha little nowt, I'll larn thee to follow me up an' deawn.' Peggy got up, for she heard a scream and a heavy fall. On going in, she saw the man lying on the floor and the child and baby partly under him; he had fallen in bending forward to strike the child for begging him to come home. Peggy screamed for Ned and her father to come and lift the men up, for one man in trying to help his comrade had fallen partially over him. When they came and lifted him up, the oldest child was not much worse, but the baby was motionless. 'It's killed,' said Peggy. Ned ran for a doctor, whilst the three men stood staring idiotically at the poor little infant in Peggy's arms; the little lad stood with his face hidden in Peggy's gown crying loudly. The doctor came. It was too true! The life so lately given by the Giver of all Life had been crushed out of the baby by the weight of its brutal father. 'Is it dead?' sobbed the little brother; 'oh! what'll my mother say; oh, father! yo've killed it, yo hev!' and many such like expressions the poor frightened lad uttered. But who was to tell the sick mother? Peggy was forced to go with the little boy. When they got to the house there was no light. The drunken father and husband followed partly sobered, and drivelling and crying. 'Is that thee, Charlie?' asked a feeble voice. 'Ay,' said the lad. 'An' who hes ta getten wi thee?' But Peggy went forward a step or two in the dark. 'Au dunno heaw to tell yoa wat's to do as aw'm com'd, but the little babby's getten hort wi' its feyther tumblin' on it—an'—an'—.' 'Its deod, aw know! Oh! gie me my poor little babby, my poor little killed lamb—lay it deawn beside me, an' let me feel its little face.' Peggy put it down beside her, sobbing loudly. 'Ay, cowd! cowd! my little chylt! Oh, this drink! this drink! Oh, heaw aw wish thi mother wur wheer thou art, my poor inicent little chylt, as never harmed nub'dy.' Another woman or two dropped in, for the news soon spread. The father had got away in the confusion. A light was brought, and Peggy saw it was just as the child had told her; the mother was lying on the floor, and an old dress over her; paralysis prevented her rising from the floor, and she was frightfully emaciated. Peggy left as soon as she could, for she could not tell what to do, and she was in terrible grief to see such misery.

There was little sleep for Peggy that night. In the morning a coroner's inquest was held upon the child. A verdict of 'Accidental death' was returned. The

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The father was nowhere to be found; but many days after he was found crushed to death at the bottom of an old stone quarry, some distance from Darley, which he seemed to have fallen into, as he wandered in the dark on the night when another innocent was slaughtered by a more ruthless monster than Herod.

The poor bedridden mother and children were removed to the workhouse, where she lingered several months, then died. So was one more ruined home added to the swollen category.

A year soon passed away, and in that time great changes had come over the Wilsons. Peggy was no longer the rosy-cheeked damsel of old, but a pale, overworked woman. Ned was turning to bad company, and when he could not get money to lay bets on dog-fights or ratting matches, he slily helped himself from the bar-till. Jim Wilson found that with all his striving he was not making money very fast; for twice he had been fined for being open at unlawful hours, and though the men from the foundry did drink hard, they ran up tremendous shots; and, as they often changed places, from drinking habits not being liked by their employers, he often got left in the lurch.

Tom Sparlin remained true to Peggy, and she to him, and though he never came to see her at her father's house, yet they did manage to meet, and he fortified her in her determination to get away from the public-house keeping. If her father would not leave it Tom could marry her soon, and Peggy looked forward to the time as the beginning of happiness for her, and an escape from her father's tyrannical temper. Poor old Tom Wilson had died a few days after Ned's visit to him, and Peggy remembered his good counsels.

About this time her father got married to a woman he had known some time, and home grew so very uncomfortable for Peggy, that she walked out one morning and got married to Tom Sparlin, and went back to Clifton. She would have been quite happy in her little cottage but for one circumstance: Ned had got worse, and was found to be concerned in a robbery with violence on two lonely old women, who lived in an out-of-the-way place, and who were supposed to be possessed of a considerable sum of money. He was tried along with four others, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Peggy went to see him in his prison cell, and found him cursing his *ill luck*, and blaming his father for keeping him so short of money. No remorse for the crime he had committed was expressed by him, and Peggy bade him farewell with an almost broken heart.

Jim Wilson's career after that was not a long one. His second wife proved to be a dissolute, drunken woman, who robbed him at every turn, and finally ruined him. On the day before the furniture, good-will, &c., of 'that well-accustomed public-house, the 'Black Swan,' were to be sold, he was found drowned in the River Darron, and so ended his miserable life.

Ned did not live to return, and Peggy might have lived happy but for the recollections of the horrors related in this story. They are *facts*, and I leave them to give their own warning.

Art. VI.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The first volume, of which two numbers are in our hands, opens with the Gospel of St. Matthew. The author's design is to explain and illustrate the text, and to furnish materials for teaching. He undertakes to supply, not only a manual for Sunday-school teachers, but a commentary complete in itself for those whose books of reference are few, and whose leisure for study is not extensive. In addition, he indicates by references the sources whence what he deems the best additional information may be gained by those who have time and means for further

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further study. 'As regards both classes of readers,' he says, 'I have sought not to supersede, but to encourage the exercise of their own judgment; believing that the highest office of the teacher (whether from the press, from the pulpit, in the school, or in the family) is not to cram the mind with other men's thoughts and words, but to help it to think wisely, justly, independently. Therefore I have given, as far as brevity would suffer, not only opinions, but their grounds; and have endeavoured fairly to state opposite views when worthy of notice.' 'The references are very carefully selected, with the view of making Scripture a commentary on itself.' 'Render the form of a commentary on our authorized English translation, this is, in fact, a close comment on the original, including, therefore, a revised translation.' 'The peculiar plan of this Commentary originated in a series of Sunday-school lessons, carried on through a considerable number of years, forming the basis of uniform teaching, and regular monthly examination of the classes.' 'At the commencement of each chapter, the parallel passages in the other Gospels are indicated, and additions, or apparent disagreements, are carefully noticed. Additional illustrated matter, geographical, historical, controversial, &c., bearing not merely on the passage expounded, but on others; or touching points which could not be passed by, yet which seldom require notice in the usual course of Sunday-school teaching, is now thrown together in the form of additional notes at the end of each chapter.'

As far as we can judge from the sample before us, the design, indicated in the quotations above, is carefully and honestly fulfilled. The work, as far as it goes, is in almost all respects much superior to the popular commentary of Albert Barnes.

Pity the Little Ones. An Appeal on Behalf of the Children of the Intemperate. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A TALE of bitter sorrow turned to lasting joy, by a very simple process. Towards the close occurs the following passage:—

'As I opened the door of the cottage, a ray of sunlight that stole in with me, lighted up an interesting group. The high striped back of the "doctor's assistant" [a nursing chair lent by the writer] first met my gaze, a very familiar and pleasant apparition; half-sitting, half-lying in its wide recess was a pale-faced little figure, enveloped in a blanket. A rough-looking man was kneeling before both, with tears running down his swarthy cheeks, as he tenderly held in his great hands one of the small ones of the child, while the doctor behind, tall and thoughtful, surveyed the two with attentive countenance. My presence was unobserved as I lingered at the threshold unwilling to disturb, and equally unwilling to go away. Was it the father's tears that bound me there? For I scarcely need say that pale-faced child was Ellen, and that kneeling, weeping man was her father. They were no idle tears certainly, but shed from true and deep emotion; and as they followed each other to the ground, lighted up on their course by that same adventurous sun-ray, I thought I had seen many really beautiful smiles in my time that were less pleasant to contemplate. Tears of true repentance are holy things; and these tears, might they not be such? I heard the voice of the rough, scanty-haired father saying, "It was all the drink! I couldn't ha' don't! I wouldn't hurt a hair of thee! Thou knows I wouldn't! An' oh my lass, if thou dost but get well, I'll never drink no more! Say you forgive me, Ellen, my darling, and I'll never drink no more! I *never, never, never will!*" Ellen leaned forward in the chair, and putting her arms round his neck, kissed his rough, tear-stained cheeks, and said, "Oh father! promise that again!" "Do you forgive me, my darling?" "Yes, yes! but promise that again!" He stood up, and looking at her earnestly the while, lifting his hand he exclaimed solemnly, "I *never, never, never will*, so help me God!" "Amen!" said the doctor's deep voice. "And if that

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that be your resolve, God *will* help you! It is only He that can help you, remember that! And if you keep this vow, a happy day will it be for you and your children!"

'He did keep it, and from that day began a new life. It was at first a bitter struggle, but I believe he remembered the good doctor's words, "God *will* help you!" He sought strength from the Giver of strength, and there are none who go to Him that come empty away. Ellen recovered, and was one day brought by the aid of a cart, in company with her friend the "doctor's assistant," to my house, to spend the day with Mrs. Wilson, and to eat sweet pears with Billy and the baby.

'That time next year you would not have known the bright, smiling little maiden who, with neatly brushed hair, clean tidy frock and strong shoes, walked each day to and fro to school, and who answered to the name of Ellen, for the same little Ellen I once met downcast and ragged in the corn-field; nor yet the two healthy children playing by the brook, or swinging in the garden, in the care of the neighbour whom the father can now afford to pay for looking after them while Ellen is at school, for the once feeble Billy, and the wailing baby. Still less would you know the interior of the cottage.

* * * * *

'Saturday night is now a very happy time. There is no swearing, passionate, drunken father coming home; no need to huddle off the two little ones to the care of the next cottage; no need for Ellen to tremble and turn pale. There she sits happy as a queen, perhaps darning her father's stockings, or if these are done, reading some pleasant tale to Billy or singing her little sister to sleep; and when the familiar step draws near the house, both she and Billy go to the door to welcome the coming one, with outstretched hands and a cry of "Here's father!" And the father hears that cry and sees those faces with joy, he draws near and kisses them both, and is soon seated in the arm-chair by the fire, eating his supper with great content; and as he lifts the cup of tea, or glass of water to his mouth, is filled with thankfulness that he has broken the snare of strong drink, and has no more longing for the cup that brings misery and death, the cup that intoxicates and maddens.

"It is true he has his moments of sadness; he remembers—and what pictures does memory bring him! A certain corner of the churchyard, a certain seat by the fire, a look that comes and goes on the face of his little daughters, all remind him of one who used to be at his side in years gone by, of a wife whom he loved and treated well till another love took possession of him, the love of drink; a wife who was always bright-eyed and cheerful till those days when the "Blue Bell" drew him aside from the paths of soberness and wisdom, and whose life ebbed away by slow degress, from disappointment, and neglect, and want. * * * *

'So great an alteration in the father does not pass without remarks in the village. There are some who openly express their pleasure,—some who show their approval by following his example of abstinence; of these there are very few, it is true, but they are a hopeful band, and will, I trust, be ever on the increase; and there are some who laugh at him and attempt to ridicule; these last are the present frequenters of the Blue Bell, the Red Lion, and the Green Dragon. I wish I could see any probability of these "houses of entertainment" being closed, for what is it they entertain? Abundance of swearing and fighting, evil passions, poverty, and misery; these are seen near them by day, and are entertained within them by night. Here the young man first learns to leave the quiet joys of home for the seductive taste of drink and the company of the drinker, the quarreller, the swearer, the boaster, the liar; and here the father of a family loses gradually all sense of moral responsibility, natural affection, and religious feeling. To support one "Blue Bell" or "Red Lion," at least twenty families are pinched and made miserable;

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miserable; to keep up the rosy fire and bright hearth at the "Green Dragon," how many little ones are chilled and starving in dark garrets or bare rooms! In vain will the philanthropist and religious man endeavour to reclaim from sin and wretchedness the *masses* of the low and ignorant, while "houses of entertainment" such as these are allowed to stand open and allure: one drunkard's soul here and there may be delivered, by God's special grace, and man's special efforts, but while these houses of Satan are suffered to entice, the houses of God will be comparatively despised and passed by. In my old bachelor residence I have no wife to cheer, no children to make me glad; and I cannot draw the contrast between their happy faces and those of the half-fed, half-drest, and ill-taught ones I see in my daily walks; but I have human feelings nevertheless, and can *pity the little ones.* And to help these truly, I would have temptation taken out of the path of the fathers, strong drink from the memory of the mothers. I would have schools established for old and young, where are now public-houses, seminaries of virtue and wisdom and love, in place of those hotbeds of vice, and folly, and hate.'

Have we any 'Word of God?' By the author of 'Is the Bible True?' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

UNLIKE the works we are accustomed to see with Mr. Partridge's imprimatur, this is a strongly controversial publication. The writer begins by noticing the alleged fact that the Church of England, with all other Reformed churches, declares her belief in the Divine authorship of the Scriptures; then, turning to the Book itself, he finds assertions of such authorship in every part; afterwards he argues that the internal structure, contents, and general character of the Bible, differ from those of any other book; and that the points of difference are just those which would properly distinguish a work of God from a work of man. The modern doctrine that the Bible is not, but contains the Word of God, is strenuously combatted; certain other objections to the orthodox view of the Scriptures are dealt with; and points taken up by Mr. Goodwin, Bishop Colenso, and Mr. Jowett are replied to. The style is plain and clear, well adapting the book for popular use.

The Critical School and Jesus Christ: A Reply to M. Renan's Life of Jesus. By Edmond de Presseusé, Pastor of the French Evangelical Church, and D.D. of the University of Breslau. Translated by L. Corkran. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A REPLY to M. Renan; brief, vigorous, and to the point. The author is best known, perhaps, by his 'History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church.'

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

WE have a very good word to say for this excellent weekly publication. Mr. Hibberd's talent for conveying instruction is of no mean order; and all he writes about gardening appears to come from a mind full of the requisite knowledge. With this magazine in his hand, the practical gardener requires nothing else to keep him well informed as to all the latest developments of his art.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street.

THIS is the only illustrated temperance serial; and the illustrations are never common-place in character. So adorned, printed so neatly on such good paper, and, above all, so well edited, this magazine deserves a place on the drawing-room table, and to be a welcome guest in all 'Church of England' circles. We never open any number

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number of the magazine without discovering one or more very well written and excellent articles. A new series was commenced last January; and the new shows a marked improvement upon the old.

The Evangelic Theory: or Christianity—Not Theism—Most in Accordance with Moral Development. A Popular Appeal adapted to the Times. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE author, a layman, in his 'Introduction,' pronounces that 'neither High Churchism nor Scepticism commends itself to the practical Saxon mind;' 'but the Evangelism of the pulpit, earnestly addressed to the heart and conscience, always engages popular attention.' Inferring, hence, that it contains elements adapted to attract man's moral nature, he nevertheless charges upon 'Evangelism' that when out of the pulpit, and put into the shape of systematic theology, it is often, by the assertion of moral fictions, made repellant, except to divines of the polemic stamp. The times, he boldly declares, demand the revision of old creeds; he says it has been his object 'to indicate the way in which (with the slightest modification of accustomed phraseology) we, Evangelicals, may bring up our theology to the level of our facts; strip it of the fictitious; clothe it with the real; present it, for intellectual investigation, in a form challenging criticism; fire, rather than quench, its enthusiasm; and, if we may use so high-sounding a word, give to orthodoxy a "philosophy," by reducing it into conformity with the moral laws which govern God's universe, and with which the cultured conscience of humanity is in ever-advancing accord.'

The rationalistic protest against a doctrine of vicarious satisfaction is nowhere so ingeniously met as by the constructor of this 'Evangelic Theory.' We do not doubt but that there are many who stand aloof, and yet might be reconciled to that doctrine with such aid as is here proffered.

Rainy Days; and How To Meet Them. By Emma Marshall, author of 'Lessons of Life,' 'Rose Bryant,' &c., &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS is another of the almost innumerable tales of temperance with which the press now, happily, teems; and one of the best of the smaller description of them. The stoppage of a mill, in the opening of the tale, suddenly overtakes two families; in the one case coming with fright, and with ruin in its wake: in the other alarming, injuring, but not destroying. Differences of character and conduct in the heads of the two families account, of course, for the discrepant results of the same shock.

John Todd; and How he Stirred his Own Broth-pot. A Tale worth Telling. By the Rev. John Allan. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

IN very rough rhyme, but not without humour and good sense, Mr. Allan tells a tale of a tippler who was converted to total abstinence by the wife of a publican. The book is capitally printed and illustrated.

Ephraim Holding's Sunday-school Illustrations. By George Mogridge, now better known as 'Old Humphrey.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A REVISED edition of one of the late George Mogridge's very useful publications. 'Old Humphrey' was always happy in teaching by parable, but he never produced anything more felicitous than these 'Illustrations;' and he would have been delighted could he have seen the excellent manner in which Mr. Partridge has now reproduced them.

The Divine and the Human in Nature, Revelation, Religion, and Life. By Thomas Hughes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

UNDER the above title, the author has grouped seven pulpit discourses, delivered as part of his regular ministration

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tration to his congregation under ordinary conditions and circumstances. 'Some Features in Human Life;' 'The Divine Reciprocating the Human;' 'The Forming of Human Life;' 'Some of the Constituent Elements of the Divine Order;' 'The Great Advent and Its Glory;' 'The Human and the Divine Sides of Trials;' and 'The Gospel Phases;'—such are the titles of the discourses. These are calm and reflective in style; they deal more with the facts of human life and outward nature than with doctrinal intricacies; but they appear to us neither profound enough for immortality, nor sufficiently lively to become popular.

The Wanderer Brought Home. The Life of Colin. An Autobiography reprinted from the *Bristol Temperance Herald.* With Reflections by the Rev. B. Richings, M.A., vicar of Mancetter, Warwickshire. Second edition. London: W.Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE very interesting autobiography before us, was originally printed in the *Bristol Temperance Herald,* at the suggestion of the late excellent Joseph Eaton, of Bristol. In its present form, as a neatly printed volume, it will attain, we hope, a much more extensive notoriety. It is well worthy of perusal. The writer underwent many startling experiences. A life that was intended and adapted for honour and extensive usefulness, became at a very early period warped and turned awry by one all-absorbing appetite which turned poor Colin's glory into shame, severed him from his wife and child for more than twenty years, made him the victim of almost numberless mischances, on many occasions brought him within a hair's breadth of a horrible death, yet was at length completely conquered by means of the temperance pledge in humble reliance on Divine assistance. The man, we understand, is still alive, and the facts of his very remarkable narrative are well authenticated.

Man and Apes: A Lecture delivered at the Croydon Literary and Scientic Institution, Jan. 21st, 1864. By Wm. Boyd Mushet, M.B., London, &c., &c. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE recently much-vexed question of the origin and species of man, the relation of negroes to the rest of the human family, and of this family to the apes, are very learnedly discussed in this pamphlet.

The Patent Question: A Solution of Difficulties by Abolishing or Shortening the Inventor's Monopoly and Instituting National Recompenses. A Paper submitted to the Congress for the Promotion of Social Science, at Edinburgh, October, 1863. By Robert Andrew Macfie, President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. To which are added, Translations of Earnest Contributions to Patent Reform. By M. Chevalier and other Continental Economists. London: W.T. Johnson, 127, Fleet-street.

THE title fully explains the scope of the pamphlet before us. But it does not testify, as we are able to do, to the great ability shown by the writer in working up his materials, and in producing an irresistible argument.

The Children's Party; or, A Day at Upland. by Cousin Helen. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

FIVE original tales, in verse chiefly are ingeniously tied together by the author. They are well planned, and pleasantly told. This is one of the nicest little books for children that we have opened of late.

The Monster Liquor List. Reprinted from the 'Alliance News' of 23rd and 30th January, 1864. *With an Appendix, 'The Slain by Drink in Liverpool.'* Manchester: United Kingdon Alliance. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

IN January of the present year the 'Alliance News' gave a list of cases of crime

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crime and of bodily injury or death, selected from British and Irish newspapers, all of which had been published within one week (Jan. 3rd to Jan. 9th). The cases, as reported in the newspapers, were cut out, arranged under heads, and reprinted in the 'Alliance News;' and they actually filled *fifty-six* columns of that journal. The whole monster list is now reprinted in a pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with a cover, and is sold for fourpence. We subjoin a summary of the cases in this terrible list of a single week's record of the doings of the liquor-traffic.

	CASES.
Drunken, Disorderly, and Riotous Conduct through Drink	140
Violent and Outrageous Assaults stimulated by Drink	53
Public Safety seriously Imperilled by Drunkenness	7
Loss of Employment through Drink	4
Bodily Injury or Peril because of Drink	9
Female Drunkenness and Disorder	24
Drunken Indecent Assaults on Women	9
Brutal Cruelty to Wives and Children excited by Drink	17
Robbery, assisted by Drink	35
Attempted Suicide through Drink	2
Completed Suicide through Drink	9
Stabbing through Drink	9
Cutting and Wounding through Drink	7
Manslaughter and Murder through Drink	8
Other Premature Deaths	91
	418

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Events of the Month: A Magazine of News, Literature, Science, and General Information. London: John and Charles Mozley, 6, Paternoster Row.

The Maine Law Almanac for 1864. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The Teetotallers' Almanac for 1864. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

Buy Your Own Cherries. In Rhyme. Versified from the Prose Narrative, by J. W. Kirton; by the author of 'Dip Your Roll in Your Own Pot.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Sketch of the Life and Labours of Robert Gray Mason, Temperance Advocate. By Wm. Logan, Glasgow, author of 'Sketches of the Temperance Labours of John Dunlop, Wm. Collins, Joseph Livesey, &c.' London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Old Jonathan; or the District and Parish Helper. London: W. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The British Workman. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Financial Reformer. A Monthly Periodical, established by the Council of the Financial Reform Association, July, 1858, to advocate Economical Government, Just and Simple Taxation, and Perfect Freedom of Trade. Liverpool: J. R. Williams and Co., 1, Manesty's Lane.

The Life-boat; or Journal of the National Life-boat Institution. London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

''Tis Buts,' and How To Take Care of Them. By J. W. Kirton, author of 'Buy Your Own Cherries,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Market Pint: A Story for Working Men's Wives. By J. E. Gray. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

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Meliora.

Art. I.—PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the Studies pursued, and the Instruction given therein; with an Appendix and Evidence presented to both Houses of Parliament. 4 Vols. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

MORE than one parallel has been drawn between the years 1854 and 1864. There is a most obvious similarity in the European events of the two years. The agressive hostility of Germany towards Denmark has, in all its stages, offered a counterpart to that of Russia towards Turkey. The crossing of the Eider recalled the passage of the Pruth; the occupation of the Danish Duchies, as a material guarantee, reminded the spectator of the occupation of the Danubian Provinces under a similar pretext. The departure of the Austrian fleet for the North Sea seemed ominously like the entry of the Black Sea by the Russian fleet. The strong Court influence exercised in favour of one of the disputants, the universal national feeling in favour of the other; the tedious diplomacy ending in failure, the increasing irritability of the English people, all these symptoms have marked the European difficulty of 1864 as they had that of 1854. The parallel extended even to incidental minutiæ. In 1854, when England was drifting into war, she was called upon to consider the condition and management of one of her great educational institutions. In 1864, when the current of events seemed to be setting strongly in the same direction, public attention was directed to another of these institutions. In 1854, during the intervals between the anxious debates on the Eastern question, Parliament was called upon to determine a scheme for the better government of our universities. In 1864, the condition of our public schools has been brought forward between two discussions on the Dano-German question. Here, however, the parallel ends.

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The debates of 1854 were excited by an actual measure before Parliament. The bill for reforming the University of Oxford was one of that splendid programme of measures which the Aberdeen Cabinet announced at the beginning of the session. It was one of the few which escaped the sacrifice that was forced upon the Government by the urgency of foreign affairs. The discussion of it occupied nearly a third of the available debating time of the session. But the discussion on public schools has been limited to four speeches, and a portion of one night in the Commons, and to some measure of attention in the Lords. Mr. Gladstone, on behalf of the Palmerston Cabinet, has expressly said that they were unprepared with any measure, and that the question must stand over till next session. But although Mr. Grant Duff's long and not very readable speech, delivered in the House of Commons on the 6th of May, led to no immediate result, it elicited a promise from Mr. Gladstone that the matter should be taken in hand during the recess, and be made the subject of legislation next year. This announcement renders it the more important, that all persons who take an interest in such an important matter as the education of that class whence 'our governing families' are derived, should give it their best consideration, with a view to prepare the way for a useful measure.

The subject has acquired its present prominence through a Royal Commission, which was appointed so long ago as July 18th, 1861, on the motion of Mr. Grant Duff, M.P. for Elgin. The Commissioners were the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Devon, Lord Lyttelton, the Hon. Edward Turner Boyd Twisleton, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart., M.P., the Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, and Mr. Henry Holford Vaughan. The Commissioners had an able and industrious secretary in Mr. Mountague Bernard. They were directed to inquire into the management of nine schools: Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury. They held their first meeting July 20, 1861, and continued sitting at intervals to May 15, 1863, in all 127 times. At the first meetings, a series of printed questions were drawn up, which were subsequently sent to the authorities of the several schools, with a series of tabulated forms which they were requested to fill up, and which were not all returned until a year after the Commission was appointed. Twelve months were occupied in examining witnesses *vivâ voce*. Of these there were 130. Their evidence occupies two thick blue books, containing, together, 970 pages. The replies to the printed questions are

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are given in another blue book, and the report of the Commissioners, which is founded upon all this voluminous evidence, and also upon personal inspection of each school, is in a fourth blue book, the first volume. The four books together contain nearly 2,000 pages, which, not only by their number, but by the admirable analysis with which they are accompanied, testify to the exceeding industry of the noblemen and gentlemen who undertook this onerous task.

It is scarcely necessary in these days to point out the important place which our public schools hold in the social life of this country. It is not merely that some 2,300 boys are being educated at the nine schools above mentioned, it is not that at Eton alone there are nearly 800 scholars, but that this number includes our future statesmen and warriors. The Duke of Wellington declared that the Battle of Waterloo was fought on Eton cricket ground. The memorials which have been erected by the schools to the memory of old scholars who have fallen in battle, shew how large a share these schools have had in forming the men who have helped to make England's history. One of the smallest of these institutions has recorded on its memorial column, in the Broad Sanctuary, a long roll of heroes who died doing their country service on the frozen heights of Sebastopol, or in the scorched plains of India during the mutiny. And as to Eton itself, what would English history be deprived of some dozen of her scholars? Of Chatham, Fox, Cornwallis, Wellesley, the two Cannings, Grey, Ellenborough, Melbourne, Elgin, Lewis, and Gladstone?

Nor is it only that these schools have the making of the men who make our history. It is there that the boys are trained, who, when they become men, will, though they possess no commanding abilities, be the hereditary rulers of the nation. Eton and Harrow especially are almost the appanages of the peerage. 'Our governing families,' the 'upper ten thousand,' are imbued at these schools with the flavour, which, early imparted, will be long retained. It is, moreover, in these, the most aristocratic institutions of the country, that we find the greatest freedom from exclusiveness. Puppyism and flunkeyism meet with no mercy at Eton. The new boy who, on being asked his name, replied Lord Edward Rockingham, got 'three kicks' for the Lord Edward, and three for the too patrician-like name of Rockingham. Youthful aristocracy is essentially democratic, or rather it admits only an aristocracy of worth. It is not exactly as they read in Horace, that the wise man is king, but the clever boy, the boy who knows how to handle the oar and the bat. The commoner is on an equal footing with the young marquis, if he be equally 'good' in

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in the schoolboy use of that adjective. Thus lasting friendships are often formed, tending to promote that intercourse of classes which is so marked a feature of English society.

But, important as these considerations are, they are not of sole importance. Instruction is at least, theoretically, the first object of school-life. It is in this respect that these schools, and especially Eton, fail. There is nothing to prevent an Etonian from spending seven years at his college, and, after costing his father £1,500, leaving it without having learnt anything. It is not here, as in many private schools, that a stupid or a lazy boy gets neglected, while the clever boy is being pushed on to serve as an advertisement for the master. It is that intellectual attainments are at a comparatively low valuation. While the system of teaching offers few incentives to study, public opinion—the schoolboy's public opinion, the opinion of his schoolfellows—places proficiency in sports far above proficiency in learning. The ambitious boy, the boy desirous of winning the approbation of his fellows, will not bend his energies to the translation of an obscure chorus in Æschylus, nor to the solving of a difficult equation, but will strain every nerve to obtain a place in the first eight on the river, in the eleven that shall do battle with the eleven of Harrow at Lord's, on that memorable day of the year when old Etonians and Harrovians of every age are thronging to St. John's Wood to renew, in the feats of these young champions, the memory of their own youthful and vigorous days. So thorough is this elevation of sport into the chief occupation of the Etonian, that the prizes and the exhibitions are nearly always carried off by the foundationers, who are in number to the oppidans as one to twelve. It is the free boys, who have to earn their own bread, who are to be seen a few years later in the chapel which 'the royal saint' built. The reading boy is tolerated at Eton, but he is not esteemed. 'There is nothing that makes work fashionable among the oppidans,' says one of the masters. He adds, 'A boy has no chance of becoming one of the leading boys of the school by work.' 'If he can do anything else, if he can row, or play cricket, or any other athletic game, I do not think,' another master naïvely remarks, 'that he is *thought the worse of* for reading.' Such statements as these will no doubt scandalize the hopeful father who sends his sons to Eton in the belief that, because it is the first school in England, therefore it affords the best education. Nor can this perverse estimate of the merits of book-learning and muscularity be charged to the account of the idle boys. It is to be expected that

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that in a school where the great majority of the scholars have a livelihood assured them without exertion, there will be little display of industry. But for that very reason the authorities of the school should not seem to encourage idleness by their readiness to postpone work to play. At Eton the boys live in an almost perpetual state of half-holiday. We learn from the report, that the number of hours in a regular week during which the boys are in school is between fourteen and fifteen. Besides this, they have their work in pupil-room, and so much as is necessary for the preparation of lessons and exercises. 'But,' add the Commissioners, 'the great number of occasional holidays makes a regular week a very rare thing. We were told that in one particular school term there was not one regular week. Every Saint's day is a holiday, and the eve of every Saint's day a half-holiday; and half-holidays are granted also on many other occasions, such as a birth in the family of a fellow, the appointment of an Etonian to any public office, and the like.'

Such a revelation as this will probably astonish most persons. There is a general belief that the competitive examination system has led to excessive mental toil on the part of boys, to the serious detriment of their physical development. Nothing is more common than the warning that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But at Eton the arrangement is pretty nearly reversed. There is a minimum of work and a maximum of play, and the result is that Jack is by no means dull. On the contrary, he is lively enough, and when he reaches man's estate he will probably be 'very good company.' At the same time he will be very ignorant, and will perhaps look back upon his school days with some compunction, and regret that he did not devote to the dictionary and the grammar a portion of the time that he gave up exclusively to the bat and the oar.

We have spoken thus freely of Eton because it is at once the chief of our public schools, and that at which the faults of public schools are most prominent. That an Etonian will turn out a gentleman may be almost taken for granted. That he will be an adept at the sports in which gentlemen love to excel, and that he will make many desirable friendships is very probable. But the chances are against his becoming a ripe scholar. The father who values the social advantages that are to be derived from the intimacy of his son with the aristocracy, will find the thousand pounds, which four or five years of Eton education cost, not unprofitably invested. But the parent who prefers that his son should trust to his own abilities, rather than to the friendship of

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of the high-born, will get a larger return for a smaller expenditure elsewhere.

Turning to the Commissioners' general report we find the results of their two years' labours condensed into a few pages.

In the first and second of the thirty-two recommendations, which they have drawn up, it is urged that the governing bodies of the several schools should be reformed, and the statutes revised. Eton College was founded in 1441, and as originally constituted it was designed to consist of a provost, 70 scholars, 10 fellows, 10 chaplains, 10 clerks, 16 choristers, 1 head-master, 1 lower master, and 13 bedesmen. In the reign of Edward IV. the number of fellows was reduced to 7. The college now consists of a provost, 7 fellows, 70 scholars, a head and a lower master, 3 conducts or hired chaplains, 10 lay clerks, and 12 choristers, besides 10 servants. The place of the bedesmen is occupied by 10 almswomen. The provost and fellows form the governing body. So many conditions are laid down as necessary to be observed before a man is qualified to become provost, that the number of persons capable of filling that post is always extremely limited, and, on one occasion, when a provost had to be chosen, only eight persons were eligible. The right of electing a provost belongs to the fellows, but the Crown generally nominates, and the fellows elect the Crown's nominee; though, if they were to refuse to do so, there is no law to compel them. Winchester College was founded in 1387. The governing body consisted originally of a warden, 10 fellows, 70 scholars, 1 head-master, 1 second master, 3 chaplains, 3 clerks, and 16 choristers. By an ordinance of the Oxford University Commissioners, the ten fellowships are to be reduced to six, as vacancies occur; with the income thus set at liberty the scholars are to be increased to 100, and 20 exhibitions are to be founded, not tenable with scholarships. At Westminster, the government of the school, so far as relates to the discipline and instruction, belongs to the head-master, subject, as respects the forty foundation boys, to the Dean and Chapter. The governors of Charterhouse are certain eminent statesmen and ecclesiastics, such as Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Russell, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. The Mercers' Company are the governing bodies of St. Paul's School, which was founded by Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's from 1505 to 1519. Merchant Taylors' School was founded by the Merchant Taylors' Company, in 1560, and that body has not only governing authority, but the power to close the school

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school if it pleases. Harrow School was founded by John Lyon, of Harrow, in 1571. The governors are a corporation by charter, consisting of 'six keepers or governors,' who have the power of filling up vacancies as they occur, by electing 'honest and substantial inhabitants of the parish of Harrow.' The founder of Rugby School was Lawrence Sheriff, grocer, of London, who appointed two trustees. These were succeeded by a board of twelve trustees; and after several changes in its constitution, the governing body now consists of twelve gentlemen resident in Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties, who elect as vacancies occur. Shrewsbury is one of the grammar schools founded by Edward VI. The right of management has been the subject of much litigation, and at last an Act of Parliament was passed in 1798, by which the government of the school was vested in a body of twelve trustees, together with the Mayor of Shrewsbury for the time being. These trustees were to be possessed of a certain property qualification, and to be resident in the county of Salop. On the occurrence of a vacancy the trustees were to elect three persons to fill it, and out of these three the corporation was to choose one. The head-master was to be appointed by St. John's College, Cambridge.

The amount of supervision exercised by the governing bodies is as varied as their constitution. At Eton, the power of the fellows is restricted mainly to the management of the revenues. At Winchester, the head-master says that, as regards the mere educational interests of the school, it matters little whether the fellows are continued or not, for, to use his own words, 'I do not feel their presence at all.' At Charterhouse, the fact that the governors are statesmen and divines is sufficient to show that they have little to do with the management of the school. At St. Paul's, the Mercers' Company are supposed to be represented by two surveyors. The Merchant Taylors really, as well as nominally, superintend the management of their schools. At Harrow, the administration of the school is left almost entirely to the head-master, who is appointed by the governors. At Rugby, the trustees have almost unlimited power, but they rarely interfere with the internal arrangements of the school. While suggesting certain special arrangements in each case, to meet the peculiar requirements of each school, the Commissioners recommend that the governors should not be governors in name only, but should have direct control over the property, revenues, and expenditure of the school, the appointment and dismissal of the head-master, the regulation of the boarding-houses, of fees and charges, of masters' stipends, of the times and length of vacations,

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vacations, the supervision and general treatment of the boys, and all arrangements bearing on the sanitary condition of the school. They think that in some of the schools a certain proportion of the governors should be nominated by the Crown. To the head-master they would leave all details respecting the division of classes, the school-hours, and school-books, the appointment of assistant masters, and the measures necessary for maintaining discipline. But they would not allow the head-master to alter the curriculum of study by abandoning one subject or introducing another. The governors, being professional men or men of business, are more likely to know what branches of learning are useful for active life than are the masters, who have had less to do with practical business. What should be taught, and what importance should be given to each subject, are matters for the governing body; how to teach is the province of the master. This separation of duties is, we think, wise. It provides against an undue prominence being given by the master to his favourite branch of study, to the exclusion or subservience of others; and it gives to the master at the same time sufficient freedom of action to enable him to try different modes of teaching, and to maintain his authority over his pupils unimpaired. By way of providing still more for the utmost liberality of instruction, Dr. Arnold's plan of meeting all his assistants for consultation at frequent intervals is strongly commended.

The question of endowments is very fully discussed by the Commissioners. It is one, however, in which the public is but slightly interested. It is of small importance to a parent whether the school to which he sends his sons has a large income from land, as Eton and Winchester have, or from houses, as Charterhouse and Rugby have, or a small endowment, as Harrow has; whether the school, like Shrewsbury, draws its permanent income from tithe-rent charges, or whether it depends upon the goodwill of a society, as Merchant Taylors' does. A far more important matter is the amount of the school charges. These it will be found bear no proportion to the permanent income. Eton is the dearest of all the schools, though it has by far the largest revenues. These, indeed, are most unquestionably diverted from their original purpose. Next to Eton in costliness of education comes Harrow, which has about the smallest revenues. John Lyon, the founder, left certain estates, some in the neighbourhood of London, some in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. The profits of the first were to be devoted to the maintenance of the road between London and Edgeware, and those of the last to the support of Harrow School. In process of time the values of the two properties

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properties have become reversed. In Lyon's time the school estates were worth more than three times the road estates. But London has now extended to Kilburn, and the estates in that neighbourhood are more than three times the value of the property in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire; the latter, indeed, is but about £1,000 a year, and besides this there are dividends which bring up the total endowment of the school to about £1,100 a year, a small sum compared with the more than £20,000 which Eton enjoys. At St. Paul's, where the income from the estates and money left by Dean Colet is over £9,500, the instruction is gratuitous, not to a few boys only, as in the other schools, but to all the 153 boys, the number fixed by the pious Dean in memory of the miraculous draught of fishes recorded in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. Each boy pays the entrance fee of fourpence, on the entering of his name in the school books. The Commissioners have little to say on this point. They make a few recommendations on behalf of the foundationers, but they seem to think that the parents of the other boys are able to take care of themselves, and that if they are disposed to pay £200 a year there is no reason why they should not do so.

The statutes may be considered even more briefly than the endowments. A vast number of the former are obsolete; and though a violation of them is denounced in terms of strong imprecation, common sense has made the convenience of the present generation more weighty than the curses of a generation that lived three or four hundred years ago. The fellows of Eton and Winchester systematically violate the oaths which they take, and justify themselves by stating that they qualify their oaths by a mental reservation to the effect that they will keep them only so far as is practicable. This custom is clearly objectionable. The habit of swearing to fulfil impracticable and often ludicrous provisions, is far too common both at our universities and our public schools, and it would be in the interest of good morals to remove the occasions which give rise to feelings of levity when performing what is really a solemn act.

We now come to the second and more important part of our subject, the system of education pursued at our public schools. There may be the most rigid adherence to the wishes of the founders, there may be the best possible management of the revenues of the schools; but these praiseworthy compliances with the regulations of the schools are of small benefit, unless the education, which is the object for which these institutions were founded, be a good and thorough education. It is of small interest to the public that the fellows of Eton have quietly

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quietly appropriated to their personal use the fines on renewal of college leases. That circumstance alone would never have exposed Eton to the searching investigation of this Royal Commission. Faulty as in many respects is the management of the funds of the schools, it is the deficiencies in the teaching which have given rise to the bulky blue books now before us. The schools were originally intended for the gratuitous education of poor boys. The legal position of the head-master of Eton is that of teacher or 'informator' of sixty indigent boys, while he is actually the head of a school containing nearly eight hundred boys, of whom but about seventy are on the foundation. Harrow School, again, is a village grammar school, intended for the inhabitants of Harrow; but at the present time the foundationers are to the other boys, strangers from a distance, as 33 to 431. Rugby and Brownsover were but villages when Sheriff founded his school. Brownsover is a village still, and Rugby but a small town, yet the school contains about 465 boys, of whom little more than the odd 65 are on the foundation. Manifestly, then, the position of the boys for whom the benevolent founders took thought is very different to what it was in their day. It is to the credit of the schools that the foundation boys have not suffered either pecuniarily or socially from the large influx of boys belonging to a wealthier class. The evidence given before the Commissioners is conclusive on the point that the foundationers are well cared for, far better, indeed, than they were 300 years ago; and that they are not looked down upon by the non-foundationers. It is, indeed, highly satisfactory to find that, although English men are accustomed to set an unduly high estimate on mere rank, English boys are not given to 'flunkeyism.' Mr. Thackeray found snobs in nearly every class of English society, but he did not find them among the schoolboys of Eton and Harrow. Therefore, in spite of the immense change which has come over the foundationers since the time when their scanty numbers made up the whole school, they have no *special* cause of complaint against the tuition of the present day. Such as it is, they share it in common with the boy whose parents pay £200 a year for it. The real cause of complaint is the narrow and imperfect curriculum of the teaching.

Strictly speaking, most of these schools are grammar schools, and the founders had no intention that anything but grammar should be taught in them. But it would not be seemly for the men who habitually, and no doubt wisely, controvert the founders' intentions in other matters, to be very punctilious in this. The progress of society and the increase of human knowledge have rendered an exclusive adherence to

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to one subject of education as absurd as would be the observance of the most antiquated regulations respecting the dress or diet. Nevertheless, the development in the system and subjects of tuition is very far behind the requirements of modern society. We speak now of the subjects which a boy must necessarily take up in his progress through the school. Even at Eton, where the payment is highest, and there is the least return for that payment, a boy may learn everything that boys are taught at the most complete schools. He may learn not only French and German, but Italian; he may learn to sing, to play on the piano, and to draw; but if he do learn he will be a prodigy of self-denial and industry. All these extra subjects are taught in play hours. It may readily be imagined that there are few boys so enthusiastic in their love of knowledge as to give up to accomplishments the hours that belong to the cricket field and the river. At Eton especially, where sports occupy the place of first importance in the minds of the boys, if not of the masters, where a boy's reputation, and the esteem in which he is holden by his fellows, depend upon his athletic and not on his intellectual proficiency, the accomplishments have no chance. Thus the French master at Eton has no recognized position in the school other than that of 'a person holding the privilege to teach French.' He describes himself as 'a mere *objet de luxe*.' The study of French is quite optional, even on the part of the pupils who profess to learn it. If a boy neglects his work, or fails to attend, Mr. Tarver has no remedy, he cannot complain. The present head-master of Eton has done an act to directly discountenance the study of French. In his predecessor's time a boy was allowed, on being examined in fifth form trials, to take up a French paper, and get marks by it. Mr. Balston has discontinued Dr. Goodford's innovation, and the schoolboy who thinks only of his place in the school, and cannot estimate the value of the knowledge of a foreign language in after life, finds that French 'does not pay.' Still, about eighty out of eight hundred boys are French students, probably at the request of their parents. In German there are but twenty to twenty-five students, and in Italian only three. 'Physical science is not taught' at Eton, is the answer to the Commissioners' inquiry; though, on examination, we find that lectures on popular science are given occasionally, and that about one hundred boys attend them. 'Music is not taught.' A few boys take private lessons, but two attempts to form a class under Mr. Hullah have broken down. There is a good drawing master at Eton, but he has only about thirty-five pupils.

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pupils. This is but a poor account of the chief of English public schools, but worse remains to be told. The head-master admitted, in reply to Lord Clarendon's searching examination, that there are absolutely no measures taken to teach English. A boy is expected to acquire a knowledge of his own language by hap-hazard, or, as Mr. Balston says, by learning Thucydides. English grammar, English composition, English history, are to be studied in the works of an author who wrote in a dead tongue the history of a nation long since extinct.

What, then, is taught at Eton? The classics and the mathematics almost exclusively. The classical teaching is, moreover, of the most unsatisfactory kind. Homer, Virgil, and Horace are the staple authors, and until recently were never varied. Now, however, Cicero, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Demosthenes are sometimes read, with occasionally a Greek play. There is much that is censurable in the mode of teaching even the favourite subject. Theoretically, a boy is required to commit to memory the author he construes. Thus he has to repeat eighty lines of Homer and sixty of some other author alternately five days a week. Mr. Balston sets a high value on this exercise of memory as 'an unfailing test of industry,' and as 'a thing which the boys cannot get done for them at any rate.' Practically, they do not undergo this very severe strain upon the memory. Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times*, says that when he was at school, 'a quick boy learned the half-dozen lines or so that he thought he was likely to be called up to say, and got off in that way.' Nor has there been much improvement since Mr. Walter's time. One of the present masters mentioned in his evidence that very few boys in the fifth form learnt the two or three hundred lines a week which they were supposed to learn. They are called up in order, and so each guessed the piece he would have to say, and 'a master would be very unpopular who interfered with that routine.' The introduction of mathematics into Eton is a recent event. Before 1836 there was no mathematical teaching at all; and when it was found expedient to introduce it, it was deemed necessary to grant a pension of £200 a year, by way of compensation, for infringing the vested rights of an old man who, nominally mathematical master, was really capable of teaching only writing and arithmetic. It was not till 1851 that mathematics were imported into the regular work of the school. Nevertheless, even now, the mathematical masters are treated as persons of an inferior position to that enjoyed by the classical masters. They have no authority over the boys out of school, and are, therefore, not looked upon as masters

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masters by the boys. They do not meet the head-master in conferences; they cannot be 'tutors,' and, therefore, although they may be in holy orders, they are not allowed to impart religious instruction; while any young layman, fresh from college, who comes as a classical master, is allowed to do so. Pecuniarily, the mathematical assistant-masters are very poorly off, and their income, even with the fees they obtain from private pupils, is scarcely sufficient to support them. Three hours a week are given to mathematics. In the 'trials,' or examinations for removes, the highest marks in mathematics are allowed only one-fifth of the value assigned to the highest marks in classics. Under these discouragements it is surprising to find that Eton has had as many as seventeen wranglers at Cambridge in the course of ten years.

At Winchester also, the course of study is chiefly classical, but every boy learns both arithmetic and mathematics, one modern language, and recently natural science has been introduced. At Westminster, both mathematics and French form a regular part of the school work, and no extra charge is made for teaching them. At Charterhouse, the ordinary education includes classics, mathematics, writing, geography, history, and divinity. French, German, singing, chemistry, and drilling are extras. At St. Paul's, arithmetic and mathematics are particularly well taught, in spite of the fact that the marks for them are of only one-third the value of marks for classics. At Merchant Taylors', mathematics receive more attention than at any other school, the classics form the staple of education, English literature and ancient and modern history receive a fair share of attention, but physical science is not taught. Hebrew is a *spécialité* of this school, and its scholars have eighteen times carried off Hebrew scholarships at the universities. At Harrow, the study of mathematics has been compulsory since 1837, and the position of the mathematical masters is the same as that of the classical. French and German have been compulsory since 1851. History has been taught recently to the upper sixth form. No direct instruction is given in natural science, though there is a voluntary examination in geology, botany, chemistry, and physical science. Music and drawing are extras. At Rugby, the proportion of hours per week of the compulsory education is seventeen hours for classics, three for mathematics, and two for modern languages. Physical science, history, divinity, drawing, and music are taught in addition. At Shrewsbury, mathematics and French form part of the regular school-work, and German has been introduced. History and geography are taught, but not natural science.

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We have not space to detail the arrangements as to forms or classes which prevail at the several schools. Into these the Commissioners have entered very fully, but they constitute a technical matter in which the masters, rather than the public, are concerned. Far more interesting are the regulations affecting the supervision and the moral training of boys. It is by the moral training more than by the intellectual instruction that a school ought to be tested. It is in this respect that the influence of the head-master is well nigh all-powerful. A Rugbean of the time of Arnold ever cherishes the high model which that great man set before his pupils. His influence is still felt among Rugbeans of the present day. The Commissioners report that 'The moral and religious training of the boys at Rugby is considered by the masters as the end of a Rugby education paramount to all others. The tutors aim at this in their intercourse with their pupils, and the sixth form are looked up to by the younger boys, though still in the character of boys, yet as the guardians of the school's good name. These feelings have been fostered for years, have produced a sound and good public opinion, especially as to trustfulness and the kind treatment of each other.' Dr. Temple is of opinion that deception of a master by the use of a 'key' would be disdained by an 'upper school' boy. A general silence is studiously kept at the moment of private prayer; profane or obscene language is so far disapproved that a sixth form boy would, in a very bad case, report it to the head-master. 'Smoking is generally condemned as affectation, drinking as bravado.' This is very high praise, and it is abundantly confirmed by other witnesses. The good example set by Arnold has been followed by the other schools, and the heads of colleges at the universities declare that there has been a great improvement in the morals of undergraduates 'since Arnold's pupils began to come up.' A boy of religious convictions needs be under no apprehension that he will become the subject of ridicule. The monitors, for instance, preserve silence for a few minutes in the boys' bed-rooms, morning and evening, during which the boys are expected to say their prayers. In addition to the more scholastic training in divinity and the Greek Testament, the pupils are carefully prepared for confirmation. The attendance at the Holy Communion is left optional, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to find that it is very general among the elder boys. There is room for improvement in the religious services at some of the schools, especially at Eton, where there is much slovenliness; so much so, that there is not sufficient room in the chapel

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chapel for all the boys, and a good many of them are drafted off to one of the churches at Windsor, where, of course, they do not enjoy the advantages of that special religious teaching which the boys at most of the public schools receive. There has been a marked improvement in the homiletic literature of our public schools since Arnold preached those sermons to his pupils at Rugby, which have been followed successfully by Dr. Vaughan, at Harrow, and by Dr. Temple, at Rugby. We may also notice as a symptom of the increased sense of religious obligation, on the part of both the teachers and the pupils, that much has been done of late years towards improving and beautifying some of the school chapels. The beautiful chapel at Harrow is a notable instance of this.

In strange contrast with this generally satisfactory moral condition of our public schools, is a most objectionable feature which prevails at Eton. It is known as 'shirking,' a name which implies the condemnation that is certainly deserved. The nominal bounds at Eton are very narrow, but, practically, the boys are permitted to go wherever they please. There is, however, a most offensive condition attached to this freedom. If a boy beyond the nominal bounds meets a master, he is bound to run away, and the omission to perform this ceremony is considered disrespectful to the master, and renders the offender liable to punishment. Worse than this. Boys are strictly forbidden to go to public-houses. There are, nevertheless, two places of this kind, the 'Tap' and the 'Christopher,' to which they do resort in large numbers, and yet are never disturbed. They must avoid being seen entering these houses, but once inside they need fear nothing. Thus the conviction arises in the boys' minds that the first and greatest commandment of the school decalogue is, 'Thou shalt not be found out.' Nor is this the only evil result. If a master sees a boy in what he suspects to be bad company, he naturally wishes to get nearer, and ascertain if the suspicion be well founded. But the boy runs away as usual, and this act is not an admission of guilt, as it would be if the practice of 'shirking' did not prevail. Moreover, it is quite uncertain whether a master will punish the omission to shirk or not. Some masters do, some do not, and thus the disadvantage of chance is added to other evils attendant on this most objectionable practice.

It will lessen the anxieties of tender-hearted mothers to learn that the system known under the ominous term, 'Fagging,' does, on the whole, work to the advantage of the younger boys. At Eton, for instance, it is said that fagging is a popular institution, that it creates a connection which is often

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often an advantage and protection to a young boy, and sometimes leads to lasting friendships. There are, however, objections raised to some of the details of the fag's duties, on the ground that they are of a menial character.' In only one instance, that of Westminster, does the system appear to have given rise to tyranny and cruelty on the part of the elder boys. But, as the Commissioners remark, it is a system that requires constant watching. The improvement in manners that has affected all classes of the present time has, in great measure, influenced the senior boys at our public schools in their behaviour to the juniors; but it is always possible that one or two boys of bad disposition may be the cause of inflicting much unhappiness, and of setting a bad example to the school to which they belong.

The Commissioners, while briefly recapitulating the principal points in which they think amendment is required, bear witness to the great advantages conferred by these schools upon the country. They dwell upon the fact that there has been a great improvement of morals and manners. 'The course of study,' they say, 'has been enlarged, the methods of teaching have been improved; the proportion of masters to boys has been increased; the quantity of work exacted is greater than it was, though still in too many cases less than it ought to be. At the same time the advance in moral and religious training has more than kept pace with that which has been made in intellectual discipline. The old roughness of manners has in great measure disappeared, and with it the petty and thoughtless cruelty and tyranny which were formerly too common, and which used, indeed, to be thought inseparable from the life of a public school. The boys are better lodged and cared for, and more attention is paid to their health and comfort.' The Commissioners also find subject for praise in 'the maintenance of classical literature as the staple of English education, a service which far outweighs the error of having clung to those studies too exclusively.'

But, after all, it is not so much for instruction as for education that these schools are most valuable. We believe that, as regards the former, they are often seriously defective, and especially in that comparative neglect of modern studies for ancient. But no one can deny the wholesome effect of public schools upon the characters of the boys educated in them. The great lessons of order, obedience, self-reliance, self-control, are constantly taught there. The public school is, in fact, the world in microcosm. The boy meets with the same difficulties and temptations that will beset him when he becomes a man. He is not rendered effeminate by officious screening from every

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every sort of hardship. He is not taught to set an unduly high value on learning to the exclusion of manly qualities, such as is commonly the case in private schools, where the master seeks to establish a reputation by turning out a larger number of intellectual prodigies than his professional brethren. In the eloquent concluding words of the Commissioners: 'It is not easy to estimate the degree in which the English people are indebted to these schools for the qualities on which they pique themselves most—for their capacity to govern others and to control themselves, their aptitude for combining freedom with order, their public spirit, their vigour and manliness of character, their strong, but not slavish, respect for public opinion, their love of healthy sports and exercise. These schools have been the chief nurseries of our statesmen; in them, and in schools modelled after them, men of all the various classes that make up English society, destined for every profession and career, have been brought up on a footing of social equality, and have contracted the most enduring friendships and some of the ruling habits of their lives; and they have had, perhaps, the largest share in moulding the character of an English gentleman.'

Art. II.—LABOUR.

'ALL things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear filled with hearing.' Worlds wheel around worlds in endless course. The earth, a globular atom in the circling universe, rolls on, content not to be coalescing with the common mass, but maintaining its individuality by energetic rotation, and bearing on and within it multitudinous forms of action. Its inorganic formations, with their inexpressibly gradual upheaval or subsidence; its organic forms rising and decaying with unvaried constancy; its atmosphere bearing to the appointed place the rain torrent; its rivers rushing to their goals; its mighty ocean resisting not the unseen influences, the tidal flow and ebb, currents and counter-currents, evidencing its subjection to the great and universal law; the myriads of its animated forms; in all these it presents scenes of unceasing activity. Add to these the din of human toil, mingling with all nature's various sounds, with the roar of the cataract, the torrent's rush, the murmurings of many streams, the voices of breeze and storm over all lands, the

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dash of waters on every coast, the deep music of the lone ocean, and the varied sounds of bird and beast in the wilderness and the solitary place. From these ascends a low and never-ceasing hum to the arch of heaven continually.

'Thou shalt labour' is the law of man's life. Ceaselessly, resistlessly, like the great power which works out the stupendous circle of all inanimate labour, operates the mighty principle of human impulsion. Inexorable, it acts through life and will act throughout eternity. In spite of himself man must labour; if he would he cannot rest. Like a planet, he has been launched into existence, possessing a power which he himself cannot annihilate; which, if regulated aright, will make him part of the grand, harmonious, concentric system; if not, will hurry him off at an abrupt tangent till he dash himself to destruction. Like the power of gravitation, drawing down the swollen volume of a great river's waters, or impelling the majestic march of the ocean's tides, this force may for a time be partially resisted; but ever gathering larger weight, it either tosses all obstruction out of its natural course, or sweeping away its impotent object in another direction, involves all in dire ruin, in confusion worse confounded. A mighty and wonderful agent in the hands of the Great Worker has been this principle of human energy acting in the hundreds of generations which have passed as shadows over earth's surface. Although in the great arena of universal labour it has lifted, as it were, but a grain of sand, in helping to work out one of the stupendous plans of the Omnipotent; yet in the sphere of this world's work it has done much. It has become one of the most potent and active of earthly agencies. The last to be introduced, at first isolated and insignificant, it has increased with the increase of the human race, and now forms the complement of the forces carrying out the great cosmical operations; and, dominating and controlling many of the others, it has now assumed its rightful position as chief. By its agency, in part, the glorious amelioration of the material, which shall accompany the advancement of the spiritual world in 'the latter days,' is fast progressing.

But the good God who has appointed to everything, animate and inanimate, its full share of labour, surely intended that, in the performance of it, all His living, and especially His intelligent creatures should find their enjoyment. Labour has this 'profit,' and a valuable one it is in itself. In almost all countries, under almost all climates, we find men thoroughly appreciating it for this, its first reward; with enough of satisfaction in working for their 'mere good pleasure' to induce to active continued exertion.

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It would have been as easy for the 'All Giver' to have provided for us all necessaries, comforts, and luxuries directly, as indirectly through the instrumentality of our own labours, and to have removed from us all instant compulsion to exertion by advancing the operations of nature a single step farther. To fallen man this would have been a curse more bitter than that by the sweat of our brow we must earn our bread. God has wisely given those things as the reward of, and inducement to, that which is itself necessary; has wisely given the objects and furnished the immediate necessity for the exercise of our physical and mental powers. By its own labour everything tends to the perfection of its kind. Besides the simple pleasure in work, for which alone it is often undertaken, and the material value which productive labour creates, our faculties are silently but surely taking to themselves from every action which they perform aright that which is superior to both. When work is finished, when its tangible produce is consumed, and the evanescent joy in the performance of it has vanished, more lasting results still remain with the labourer—more power and superior skill (which is aptitude for performing again the same work more easily and successfully) remain with the members of the body which have been exercised; keener intellect from the exercise of the mental faculties; superior morality with the striving soul. Labour, under whatever name known, is the only means of human improvement. Idleness

Idleness or sloth, the attempt (and it can be no more than an attempt) to evade the universal law of labour, is only a short pause, during which all that is good in humanity is rotting, and evil powers are germinating which will soon spring up and urge to fearful activity; just as the same water, which, when flowing along in its river course an emblem of the beautiful and joyously free, cherishes the noble vegetation of trees and flowers, confers upon its country health and wealth, and bears the gallant ships that pass thereby; when stagnating in the level marsh, seems at first quiescent, then fosters every dank and putrid thing, and spreads unwholesome malarious vapours over earth's surface. Sloth is a part of that sinister bent which pervades the whole character of fallen man, and impels him to act contrary to the laws of his nature. We must admire the goodness which did not leave it at our own option, but forced upon us by the stern compulsion of physical wants to act in accordance with this great law of our being, to comply naturally and easily with the inexorable necessity, to taste the pleasure which the exercise of our faculties confers, to apply this only means for our improvement. All

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All that has been said of the benefits of labour refers to it when temperate and well directed. If there is decreed unto us the inexorable law of labour, most ample provision has been made by our Creator; the whole economy of nature has been adapted to secure to us seasonable rest. Compound man, possessed of many faculties, each and all ready for use, requiring for the formation of the complete man that they shall be used, is not exhausted with the exhaustion of any one of his divers powers, but is prepared and even disposed to exercise the others, and is thus beneficently furnished with recreation—the pleasant, grateful rest of one tired, but not over-fatigued, with the active, delightful employment of his faculties. To it we hope all work shall become more and more assimilated.

The wise man tells us that 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour.' 'Happiness is health.' And not on the workman only, but likewise on his work, does his delight in it act beneficially. It may be laid down as a rule that the highest excellence in any work, whether mental or physical, can only be attained by aid of the workman's pleasure in it. Of mind and body, the best and strongest, most vigorous and graceful efforts are put forth, not under the pressure of overwhelming and harassing tasks, but as the spontaneous, exultant efforts of a system attuned by the ease of nerve and muscle springy and elastic with the latent power, eager for use, stored up in them by rest; of a system permeated with the feeling of joy, or at least calm satisfaction, in exerting itself.

But intemperate labour destroys all the delight which a man should find in his work; instead of improving the faculties exercised by it, it grinds them down, impairs, and prematurely destroys them; instead of giving health and strength, and making bone and sinew active and skilful, instead of developing the mental powers, instead of quickening and exalting the virtues and graces of the soul, it strongly helps to make the body stunted, diseased, and deformed; to superinduce a sleepless, raving insanity, or by softening and enfeebling the brain, imbecility and idiocy. It deadens and corrupts the soul. God only knows how much of refinement and love, how much of all that most truly ennobles man, has been, 'as with an iron nerve, put down;' how much of wit and knowledge and ingenuity and genius annihilated, or altogether subverted; how much of athletic vigour and superb gracefulness changed into feeble deformity by over-exertion; how much of comfort and happiness swept as by an avenging angel from the lot of poor humanity;

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humanity; how many of those good things for which itself was undertaken wasted and lost; how many persons hurried to premature graves; how many more obliged to toil on through their dreary lives without a glimpse of that joy which awaited only the bidding of relaxation to rush in like a flood; how many, endowed with splendid mental powers, have found their light of reason overclouded or wasted down into drivelling idiocy; how many poor toiling wretches have had all their virtue and all their hope crushed out by this, in many cases self-imposed, evil. We are often told—it is one of the practices of our day to write and lecture—of men whose ambitious souls fix upon some great aim, impossible of realization to ordinary wills—dazzling, glorious—the attainment of which, ever before their mind's eye, becomes the one object of their lives; adamantine resolve to succeed, the spring of all their action. We are told that by years of toil, toil from which common mortals would shrink, toil hard, unrelaxing, despotic, they do succeed; but it is seldom revealed to us, it seldom can be revealed, at what heavy, heavy cost the prize has, in many instances, been purchased. The unthinking multitude who see the outward halo of triumph around the heroes' heads, clap hands, and shout well done! well done! The ambitious, toiling far down on that same ladder which has led up to fame and fortune, look up and see them exalted, as they think, near the heavens, among the gods. They take example and encouragement, and seek to imitate by fierce effort. Many who take upon themselves to show to youth the way of 'success in life' point up to where they sit, their labour done, and bid their pupils emulate. The successful themselves often think that they have triumphed gloriously. But if some divine power would raise up in their minds' chamber of imagery the glowing picture of what their lives would have been if moulded by the influence of temperate though earnest labour, contrasting it side by side, step by step, character produced by character produced, with what their lives have been, the steel-nerved men would weep at the contrast, and execrate the poor, worthless shadow of which they have possessed themselves. And if the multitude who cite them as examples, and the fewer who make of them their pattern, could see how many sink to rise no more in their intemperate efforts; how many toil on without success, their too great eagerness marring the very ends at which it aims; how many subvert what would otherwise have been noble lives,—public opinion and practice would be greatly modified. 'Our Creator,' says Dr. Southwood Smith, 'has given us a frame capable of a certain degree of labour—capable of putting forth a certain

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certain degree of energy and no more. If we disregard the limits which He has put to our capability of exertion, that beautiful and delicate mechanism, upon the action of which our life depends, must be deranged—must break.' Dr. James Copland states, 'There is nothing which can be more injurious, both mentally and physically, to the middle and lower classes of society than prolonged labour. I believe that three-fourths of the disease to which human life is liable in the metropolis actually arises from this cause.' R. D. Grainger, Esq., gives the following testimony:—'I would say, without fear of contradiction from any quarter worthy of attention, I would pledge all I know of the constitution of the human frame to the assertion, that protracted labour is nothing else than another term for sickness, suffering, and death. There is no exception to this rule.' Dr. Lankester, of London, says:—'I find that there is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually through the practice of keeping shops open for a greater number of hours than the human constitution can bear. But this is not all. Where a thousand persons die annually from this cause, there are at least eight thousand whose health suffers from it.' Evidence on this point is not scanty. Similar quotations could be extracted from hundreds of sanitary pamphlets and reports. Almost the whole of these have reference, not to pure mental, but to mixed bodily and mental, or altogether manual, labours; but it is well known that all intellectual operations are carried on by aid of physical organs, the brain being the grand instrument of thought, and that this organism is, in a greater degree even than that which enables us to prosecute muscular toil, subject to exhaustion. Intense intellectual is certainly more exhaustive than the most severe physical exertion; and of the two forms of intemperate work—mental and manual—the former is decidedly the more injurious. Its baneful effects are found in the impaired digestion, general physical debility, relaxed will, (and in extreme cases), the softened brain, clouded reason, idiocy, or madness of its devotees. It is well that at the present time so much observation is being bestowed upon these its results by many of the literary and scientific, and that, owing to the melancholy fate of several giant workmen of the mind, directly traceable to this cause, the subject is receiving universal attention.

It is a common fallacy of our age and race, if not openly avowed at least largely acted upon, to suppose that it is impossible to labour too much. Intemperate labour is one of the most prominent and peculiar characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon.

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Saxon. His manly, independent, active temperament, which has mainly contributed to give him his predominating influence in the family of nations, has, to a great extent, impelled him to an excess of industry, injurious and vicious. The position of prime importance which labour, mental as well as physical, occupies in the social structure, and the powerful and essential influences which it exerts on national prosperity, were never before so thoroughly understood and appreciated. The upper classes, more enlightened and refined than their ancestors, now cordially acknowledge the advantages and dignity of labour; and many of them by precept, influence, and example, are urging on and directing the industrial community in its own special pursuits. None are more zealous in diffusing and popularizing the maxims inculcating diligence and perseverance than many of our modern authors, themselves too often setting the example of over-straining toil. Cases are not rare in which men of letters wear down their brains to soft pulp in a few years. Many of our merchants and manufacturers themselves, in their too great haste to be rich, set an example of restless activity, dragging their employés up to a similar pitch of exertion. But of a truth, the workmen, in most instances, need little spurring or dragging. Their own active temperament, and the love of the greater gains which 'over-time' procures, makes them willing coadjutors in the system of long hours. Perhaps, without exception, the Anglo-Saxon workman, whether handicraft, manufacturing, mercantile, professional, or literary, is the hardest-wrought in the world. The tide of over-labour which has swept over this country with desolating effects (wherein the sufferings of the over-wrought children are perhaps most to be deplored), and which, strange to say, has received vast impetus from the introduction of our new machinery and important discoveries in the physical sciences, probably reached its highest mark before the year 1835, when the Factory Act, regulating the hours of work for women and children, was passed; and although since that time there has been improvement, yet there is still urgent need for the prosecution of the nation's work in methods more in accordance with the laws of human physiology. 'The great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, that we manufacture everything there except men.' The Lancashire operative, dwarfed in height, thin, pale, narrow-chested, spindle-shanked, and on the average not living out half his days, is the type of a man produced by the system of labour in the formation of which

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which his own greed has borne an active share, and which, having seized upon him when a mere infant, has kept him working on, with only forced pauses of relaxation, machinery's well-paid slave, whose best friends are glad to see him subjected to the compulsory short time, knowing that only thus will the pale face get a little brighter, the bent form a little straighter, the poor fellow, whose noble endurance of privation has excited the admiration of the nation, a little more like a man; that only thus will his wife find time to attend to her natural duty instead of to the machine, and his children, though worse fed and more scantily clad, yet under a mother's care, and allowed to breathe more of the fresh air, and to bathe more in the healthful sun-light, shall not so much swell those terrible tables of mortality.*

It is undoubtedly splendid physical material which is being thus deteriorated. The British and Americans are certainly the best of any workmen. Slave labour would be deemed mild exercise, and most of the free labour of other countries would be regarded as mere apprentice work by our stalwart working men. The negro on the cotton plantations of the Southern States is quite a delicate employé compared with the sturdy white labourer from Ireland; and for the negro are reserved the lighter tasks of hoeing, picking, planting, and other like operations, connected with the culture of cotton, in preference to the more laborious work of draining, embanking, &c., on which the aristocratic planter employs the more robust Irishman who has, in all likelihood, served his apprenticeship to the turf-cutting trade at the construction of some British railway, canal, or other engineering work, and could bear testimony that the Scot and Englishman, who then wrought on each side of him, were quite as strong and expert with spade and pickaxe as himself. Mr. Edwin Chadwick, at the Social Science Congress held in Glasgow in 1860, said: 'I have been in a position to obtain the impartial testimony of foreign employers to the superior efficiency of the British labourers—that two British labourers do as much work as three modern Norwegians, or three modern Normans, or three modern Danes. Our sanitary engineer, Mr. Rawlinson, who directed works in the Crimea, avers that it would have been economical to have exported British labourers at five shillings a day to have performed the work done by the Easterns at less than one-fifth that rate of wages; and British engineers

* It is a notorious fact, borne out by the present state of affairs in Lancashire, that a stoppage of the mills, although entailing a reduction of food, fuel, and clothing, is invariably attended by a decreased registration of deaths especially of infants' deaths.

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who have conducted works in other parts of the world give similar testimony. The qualities which take the lead in mining and tunnelling take the lead in penetrating forests and clearances for colonization. Volney and other French witnesses acknowledge the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon in this respect.' And this superiority has been immensely supplemented. To us has been delegated a portion of the mighty power which has upheaved the everlasting hills, and the awful nature of whose operations Etna, Chimborazo, and more than two hundred other burning mountains, still manifest to the appalled eye, giving it a glimpse of that which, though now by the beneficent will of its Author confined deep in the vaulted recesses of the earth, was at an earlier period of time in a state of fiercest activity on its surface, and was then employed to open, as with a colossal wedge, some of those deep, extensive valleys which, now covered with vegetation, form the sheltered retreats of the sons of men. The Creator has made over to us, by means of the master-intellect of one or two of His more highly endowed creatures (for every time the rude and ignorant stoker grasps the iron handle by which he unchains the snorting monster, the mighty presiding genius of Watt and Stephenson stands, as it were, by his side, guiding and assisting the more untutored intellect to use aright the giant strength), the control of one of His own most powerful and important material agencies, heat, perhaps the mightiest and most active of that array of stupendous forces by which He carries on the world's work. This terribly energetic agency has been stored up in stupendous quantity in the immense coal fields of the world. 'The coal producing districts of North America embrace an extent of 312,000 square miles. In Europe the surface so occupied does not exceed 15,600 square miles, of which England possesses about 900.' Professor Rogers estimates that 'Each acre of a seam yielding three feet of pure fuel is equal to about 5,000 tons, and possesses a reserve of mechanical strength equal to the labour of 1,600 men during their whole life; and each square mile of the same bed contains 8,600,000 tons of fuel, which is equal to one million of men labouring through twenty years of their ripe strength. The mass of coal in all the coal producing districts of Europe and North America contains a latent force little inferior to that which could be used, during their whole lives, by sixteen milliards of men of average strength.' By means of 'the great wonder and wonder-worker of the age; the greatest mechanical wonder perhaps of all ages that have been since the world began—the steam engine,' this

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this gigantic latent force becomes obediently, tirelessly, active in man's service. 'Nearly one-sixth of the annual produce of our coal mines (10,000,000 tons) is used for the production of mechanical power alone, from which a power equal to that of 66,000,000 men is obtained.' There never was in all the world's past life, there is not amongst its present numerous nations as large a number of the human race united by bonds so strong and many as the population of Great Britain; nor such an example of systematized combined labour as they display. No people has been more ingenious in the inventing and handling of those tools and machines which enable most easily to subdue the material world, nor have any employed to so large an extent the power of this new agency. It has become our universal slave. It ploughs the ground, cuts the crop, thrashes, grinds, and even bakes; it spins the yarn, weaves the cloth, bleaches, prints, and finishes; to its other business has been added that of ocean-carrier; finally, it makes its own harness by beating out the iron and turning the shafts required in the construction of steam machinery. Aided by the electric telegraph it has already shown itself to be one of the most potent physical causes in linking into union yet more united the homogeneous elements of the nation, riveting by its iron rails, interweaving by its river, lake, and sea-going traffic, the separated yet nicely fitting parts into one more compact, firm-knit whole, yea, even stretching out and as with giant sweep bringing all mankind into a mighty commonwealth.

Thus skilled, thus knit into so intimate combination, possessing superior physical energy, and the vast power which a gigantic systematized united labour confers, and aided by this superb force made so deftly applicable to almost every purpose by the instrumentality of the steam engine, that grand tool placed in the hands of our highly developed civilization, which requires not so much the exercise of sheer physical strength as the calm, active, patient, and intelligent supervision so well fitted to be the work of rational man, to what ends have we directed our most extended dominion over the material world? The strength of the whole scientific machinery of this country is not less than that of one hundred millions of men; and of that we have suddenly, easily, and economically obtained an acquisition of power equal to the united strength of sixty-six millions. Might not this acquisition, in many respects, be more wisely and beneficially applied than it has been? In no other way would it do more good than by being allowed to fulfil its primary, natural duty of alleviating and abridging the labours of the industrial community.

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community. Many of the British workmen, at the period of the extensive introduction of steam machinery, who had not time to give the subject any consideration till it advanced in gigantic importance so near as to be seen from but one point of view, could perceive only the most prominent of its probable results magnified by the apprehension of injury to themselves, and were led to predict the almost total superseding of human labour; and there was no lack of better educated and even thoroughly clever men, who, calculating its future influence from the same narrow data, did not hesitate to espouse this idea, and to advance boldly a principle which, if acted upon to the extreme, would have abolished the use of implements altogether. 'Whenever the uses of our scientific machinery in abridging labour are explained to an intelligent Chinese, the first idea that strikes him is the disastrous effect that such a system would work upon his over-peopled country, if suddenly introduced into it; and he never fails to deprecate such an introduction as the most calamitous of visitations.' But one of the primary effects of the introduction of steam machinery has been not to supersede, but aided by other causes, in many cases, to increase human labour, to incite to insane competition between human bone and muscle and the stalwart labourer of the iron limbs, and to foster a system of over-work which has been most prejudicial. Modern civilization has been so proud of her newly-invented and best material tool, so elated with its wonderful results, and charmed by the ease and dexterity with which she can wield it, that, in the first flush of success, flourishing it in her powerful grasp, she has overwrought and racked herself. The use of machinery is equivalent to the more beneficent gifts of nature—such as more fertile soil and genial climate—inasmuch as by it man is enabled to provide necessaries and comforts by a less expenditure of labour, with this difference, that these gifts, having no dependence on human activity, have ministered largely to the indolence and consequent debasement of their possessors, as the histories of many of the most richly-favoured countries of the world abundantly testify; whereas the use of machinery, inasmuch as it is the result of human ingenuity and industry (qualities incompatible with the slothful reposing upon their results), incites to ever advancing civilization. In every case in which steam power has been applied, human labour has been saved, in a two-fold, ten-fold, or hundred-fold ratio. We point with intense satisfaction to the completeness with which, under the guidance of one man, it performs what many labouring earnestly at a similar manual operation

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operation cannot accomplish; we smile triumphantly as we compare our own scientific operations with those, primitive and rude, of half civilized communities, and wonder how the ancient world got on at all without the aid of our new inventions. We complacently compare the Egyptian barge or galley, propelled by scores of rowers and pole-men, with our own river and ocean-going steamers; or the Hottentot's lumbering wagon, drawn along at the rate of two or three miles an hour by twelve or fourteen pairs of oxen, with the long train of elegant, comfortable carriages rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour under the superintendence of only three conductors. The labours of the Spanish armourer sink into insignificance when we stand beside the ponderous steam-hammer fashioning coat of mail for a nation's navy. We deplore the loss of time and waste of the labour of the poor Otaheitan or Marquesan cloth-maker working at his rough mats, when we see power-looms running off easily and exactly miles of finely finished and comfortable fabrics; we pity the dusky Hindoo printer who has as much difficulty in executing one spot of his rude pattern as our cylinders overcome in covering fifty yards of calico with an intricate, many-coloured, and beautiful design. But all this acquisition of power has been used only to increase production. The deck hand on board the British steam vessel, the stoker in her hold, work harder far than the boatmen on the Nile; the Kaffir or Hottentot wagon-driver enjoys a life of calm repose compared with the engine-driver or his assistants; the smith calmly tempering the Toledo blade would look with amazement on the activity and energy of the attendants of the steam-hammer; the South Sea Islander is used to no such long hours as the women and children of our cotton factories; and the listless Hindoo would almost as soon be blown from a cannon's mouth at once as spend his life in the active, intelligent operations of machine-printing. It is curious to think that the extensive application of this labour-saving agency has increased the work for human hands to do, not only to the British, its employers, but to an immense portion of the other peoples besides; the cheap products of steam machinery — the gaudy fabrics, metallic ornaments, cutlery, firearms, &c. (aided by the sturdy canvassing of their vendors, who have advanced from land to land, and penetrated into the most barbarous, running such risks to enlighten the darkened minds of negro, Turcoman, Affghan, Chinaman, and Japanese concerning the merits of our manufactures as missionaries with loftier aim and more valuable merchandize might be proud to emulate), having incited the lazy barbarians

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barbarians to exert themselves in order to procure them. There is no fear of this country settling down into the apathetic indolence of Eastern peoples; it is the other extreme which we have to fear and avoid.

To one great end should all conquest over the material world be applied,—the freer development of the moral, intellectual, and physical life. Let this assistance of one of nature's most powerful forces which has been so liberally bestowed, and by furnishing us with which it seems to be one of the most obvious intentions of the Deity to remit a portion of the curse of labour pronounced on Adam's head, and to give to us, the poor overburdened sons of the bleak and barren North, compensation for the want of the rich soil and genial climate of the sunny lands of the Eastern and Western hemispheres, give larger respite from grinding toil. Let this huge material force, so nicely controlled and applied, do away with the long, protracted hours of children's labour, and give them time to grow up unharassed, unbent, healthy, and educated. Let it lift up in its hard, iron, adamantine arms from off the delicate, easily-crushed body of woman, the heavy or prolonged work which enfeebles and distorts her. Let it take from the shoulders of the more stalwart workman a portion of his heavy load of toil, so that what is left may be borne easily and well. The great bulk of the industrial community is far enough advanced to appreciate and use aright every facility for moral and intellectual improvement. The longer time and greater strength which abridged hours of work must confer would not be abused. The 'half time for children,' 'short time,' and 'early closing' movements are aiming in the right direction.

Art. III.—THE ORIGIN OF TEETOTALISM.

1. *A Letter on the Effects of Wine and Spirits.* By a Physician. Printed for the Dublin Temperance Society: 1829. No. 1. Price 6d.
2. *A Second Letter.* By the Same. 1829. Ibid. No. 2. Price 6d.
3. *Political Evils of Intemperance.* By J. H. Ibid. No. 3. Price 3d.
4. *Remarks on the Evils, Occasions, and Cure of Intemperance.* By W. U. Ibid. No. 4. Price 4d.
5. *The Preston Temperance Advocate.* 1834-8. Edited by Joseph Livesey.
6. *The Standard Temperance Library.* Edited by Dr. F. R. Lees. Douglas, Isle of Man: 1841.

As the abstinence movement is now committed to the care of a second generation of reformers, and is passing from its

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its first or social phase, into its second or political stage of development, the time would seem fitting for the record of a few facts and principles respecting its origin, which might else run the risk of being either forgotten or perverted. In fact, there have already found their way into the columns of some organs of literature, statements that have no ground whatever, save in the imagination of their authors; while within the circle of the reformers themselves, the exaggerations and delusions of egotism have endangered the absolute and impartial truth of history.

We propose to treat the matter in relation, first, to the significance of the name selected for the movement; second, to the doctrine developed and expounded; third, to the chief persons who constituted its early propaganda.

1. Concerning the word 'Teetotal,' there has been much divergent opinion. One of the best of the cheap periodicals has recently devoted a leader to this topic, which may be taken as representative of the errors into which so many of our half-informed and hasty essayists are continually falling.

'The great temperance movement, which was one in the right direction, for we English were desperately hard drinkers, has not only taken away our reproach, but it has added another word to the English language. From it arose, we believe, that extra branch of temperance men, those who would go to extremes—the teetotalers. Their name is the word of which we speak, and possibly no one knows its derivation. We have heard it explained in various ways. Webster calls it a cant word, formed in England from the first two letters of "temperance" and "total," signifying thereby total temperance. We doubt whether he is right. Trench, in his "English, Past and Present," does not mention the word. Other people have said that one who stammered invented it: "t—t—t—total abstinence," he asserted, was what he wanted; but this looks very apocryphal. One asserts, after some consideration and study of words, that it is a mis-spelt word, that it means tea-total abstainer, that is, abstainers to whom tea would be the very strongest stimulant. We do not make words by adding a repetition of a letter to strengthen them; we do not say that a man is dee-dead if he is quite defunct. But the stupid, vulgar, odious word is there; no one can understand it, every scholar must abhor it. Scholars cannot coin words, nor remove them: for fifty years or so the ungainly word will defile our language, and then die out, as hundreds of cant terms have already done. Other scholars thus explain, in their own fashion, the word teetotal. It is simply the word total written with two initial letters, ttotal, ffarranton, &c., a common practice in the counties which formed part of the old Danelagh, or where the Danes, as in Lancashire, held the land. The provincials sound the first *t* slightly, and hence the printers and reporters made it into a separate syllable. The word was so used before the time of Edward IV. [No example, unfortunately, is given.] It is curious that a set of common enthusiasts should have chosen so meaningless, and yet so appropriate a name; but it is characteristic of the English that they did so. Binding themselves under that one foolish but very distinctive appellation, they went to work with a will, and achieved wonders. Probably few modern movements ever did so much real good as teetotalism. Its professors, it is true, shot a great deal lower than their mark; but they reached something.'

It is quite true that the word 'Teetotal' was *applied* by 'Dicky Turner'—one of the first reformed drunkards of Preston—

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Preston—to express total abstinence—that is, abstinence complete and without compromise; but it is a 'vulgar error' to suppose that he either invented the word, or stuttered it forth. The term has been in common use in Ireland and in Lancashire these hundred years, and was familiar to the writer when a lad in that county nearly forty years back. It can be found in the literature of England, long prior to the Preston movement, in application to various things. Banim, the Irish novelist, employs it; Maginn, in 'Maga,' uses it; and De Quincey also, a master of English, who probably acquired it in Lancashire, amidst the idioms of which county he spent his early years. Richard Turner used the word because it had an established meaning. It was one of those designations to which children and uneducated persons sometimes give spontaneous expression; and because it fell in with popular usage and feeling, Mr. Livesey, wisely or unwisely, adopted it as the name of the new society.

2. For the purpose of considering the doctrine which the word 'Temperance' symbolises, and the manner in which its definition is evolved out of the facts of the case, we cite another representative paragraph, from the same journal:—

'The teetotalers, in their endeavours to reform the world, needed a considerable amount of moral courage, nay more, of enthusiasm; and they possessed both in an extraordinary degree. When they began their work of reformation, the world looked upon drunkenness as a manly indulgence, rather indeed as an accomplishment than as a vice. * * *

'When the society first formed itself, it took, as is not unfrequently the case, a wrong name. It was afraid to call itself a sober society, or the sobriety association; but that is what it meant. It talked about temperance; but as that word applies as much to eating as to drinking, to bad language, dress, hot temper, and a dozen other things, our reformers had to spoil a word by restricting it to one sense. What we want is, to see the whole of the sense restored. We do not want people only temperate, but as the catechism teaches us, sober, temperate, and chaste. But this was not the only mistake which the teetotalers made; by their exaggerations, and almost inexhaustible vehemence, they stirred up a sufficient number of opposers to make the movement very popular; for it must be observed that he who has no opponents will have few friends, and that a good opposition will whip up the populace into something like activity of thought. * * *

'The real good and evil of drink,—strong drink, or alcohol,—seems now to be better understood. We do not now class alcohol as food; but we know that it is an agent which generates heat, and that as man continually gives off heat to his hat, coat, the room he is in, the chair he sits upon, or the clothes he wears, he must have, in our climate at least, chilly and changeable as it is, some heat-generating agent, either in alcohol, or food which contains carbon. * This, we presume, even the most intense of teetotalers will allow. On the other hand, society has had all its social vices put so prominently under its nose by the teetotalers, that it sees their enormity and determines to reform; so that the true balance seems to have

* 'Heat' is an essential condition of life in *all* climates, and the blood of man is as hot in one country as another. It is amusing to read—'in our climate at least!'—and equally so to hear the confident assertion that 'we *know* alcohol generates heat,' years after that hypothesis has been utterly exploded amongst scientific minds.

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been arrived at, with this advantage on the side of total abstinence, that the abstinent man may be a philosopher whilst he indulges in his hobby, but the drunkard who indulges in his must be a fool. Satisfactorily as we have arrived at this virtue of liquid temperance, and excellently as we are progressing, it would be very much better if, by any means, we could compass a general temperance,—that temperance in all things which has been laid before us as the perfection of life.'

Upon a web so mixed of sense and nescience, of good design and bad dialectic, of philosophic feeling and foolish philosophy, it is an ungracious task to be critical. Let us suggest, however, that people endowed with such 'moral courage' and 'enthusiasm' could hardly be 'afraid' of calling their association by its proper name; and that a policy which makes a movement 'very popular' and compels to 'activity of thought,' can scarcely be intelligently denominated a 'mistake.' May it not be fairly suspected, indeed, that the people who have overcome such enormous difficulties, overthrown such monstrous and mischievous fashions, and achieved a position so prominent and commanding, knew better what they meant, and how to designate their doctrines and designs, than mere literary critics? If the word 'Temperance' is of wider comprehension than the term 'Abstinence,' as we concede it is,—and if the express purpose of the reformers was, not to remould humanity but simply to stop drunkenness by stopping drinking—then the word 'Teetotal' was at least an unambiguous symbol of their association. In this case, the thing needed was a distinctive, and therefore specific designation, which 'sober' is not, since that term applies equally to body, feeling, and judgment. On the other hand, we do not see on what grounds the general term 'Temperance' may not be claimed as the name of their society, if they choose; just as we may say, at will, 'my servant John,' or 'my servant man.' The major includes the minor, and neither is exclusive of the other. A man may be 'John,' and John is of course a man. Thus Hobbes actually employs both words in his famous definition:—'Temperance is the habit of *abstaining* from things which tend to our destruction.' We do not, besides, see how the use of the generic term can be 'spoiled' by its *application* to the specific things which it is expressly made to cover. Surely 'chop' may be rightly used to denote the specific thing we are enjoying, without spoiling the excellence of our mutton?—or involving us in the conclusion that chop is one thing, and mutton another?

It uniformly happens with great movements in philosophy, morals, religion, politics, and even physical discoveries, that a common thought—the outgrowth of a common tendency, the ripening, as it were, of the human mind—arises and seeks expression

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expression in many places or persons at the same time. Professor Renan has noted this singular fact in an eloquent passage, which we will here transcribe:—

'There is no one so shut in as not to receive some influence from without. The history of the human mind is full of strange coincidences, which cause very remote portions of the human species, without communication with each other, to arrive at the same time at almost identical ideas and imaginations. In the thirteenth century, the Latins, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Jews, and the Mussulmans, adopted scholasticism, from York to Samarcand; in the fourteenth century, every one in Italy, Persia, and India, yielded to the taste for mystical allegory; in the sixteenth century, art was developed in a very similar manner in Italy, at Mount Athos, and at the Court of the Great Moguls, without St. Thomas, Barhebræus, and the Rabbas of Narbonne, or the Motecallémin of Bagdad having known each other; without Dante and Petrarch having seen any *Sofi;* without any pupils of the schools of Perouse or of Florence having been at Delhi. We should say there are great moral influences running through the world like epidemics, without distinction of frontier and of race. The interchange of ideas in the human species does not take place only by book, or by direct instruction.'

It thus happens that Cavendish and Priestley, Bell and Fulton, Stephenson and Hackworth, were contemporaneous, independent discoverers and inventors, not rivals or plagiarists, because they produced the outbirths of a common impulse. So it was with the development of the doctrine, and the actual establishment, of temperance societies. In the first quarter of this century, several societies were founded at various independent points in the United States of North America; and about the year 1826, the conviction and feeling thus indicated became organized at Boston into the American Temperance Society, with a pledge of entire abstinence from spirits.* The actual results may be estimated from the following statement, which appeared in one of the highest literary organs of America, the 'Christian Examiner,' of Boston:—

'The greatest enterprize and the most hopeful omen of the age, perhaps, is the temperance reform. Here is a moral miracle. A nation, a world, fast sinking into the gulf of sensual perdition. How stupendous, almost hopeless, must have seemed to the first reformers, who stretched out their hands to stay that downward course, the work they had undertaken! But they entered upon it; they went forward; and what is the result? Within five years the entire conscience of the world, of the Anglo-Saxon world at least, is penetrated; a new senti-

* *Vide* History of Maine Law in Alliance Prize Argument. Chap. vii.

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ment, a new fear, a new set of moral maxims is wrought into the heart of nations; millions have joined in this work,—for we do not reckon the pledged men alone; new laws have been framed, new legal restraints devised, new domestic usages introduced; and it may be hoped that the plague is stayed. We do not intend, in these remarks, to make ourselves responsible for every proceeding that has been adopted in this reform. What most strikes our attention, and fills us with astonishment, is this,—that such an impression in behalf of morality could have been made upon *whole countries*, in so brief a space of time. It is altogether more surprising than the effect produced by the preaching of Peter the Hermit. The crusades to the Holy Land, which he recommended, were entirely in accordance with the warlike, chivalric, and superstitious spirit of the age. But here our reformers have made head *against* the settled habits, and, often too, the incensed *passions* of the people. If *this* could be done, anything can be done. The success of the temperance cause is a signal and glorious pledge for anything reasonable and just that good men may desire to undertake.'

By the year 1829, many thousands of drunkards had been reclaimed by this movement, based upon a declaration or pledge, and the unwonted intelligence naturally excited great interest amongst the philanthropists of Europe. The consequence was, that in the next two years, or between 1828 and 1830,—chiefly through the earnest efforts of the Rev. G. Carr, of New Ross, the Rev John Edgar, D.D., of Belfast, Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, Mr. W. Collins, of Glasgow, and Mr. Thomas Beaumont, surgeon, of Bradford,—this new agency of reform was introduced into various parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland. A certain amount of good was done, especially amongst grog-drinkers of the middle class, but few drunkards were reclaimed. It was soon perceived, that owing to the fact of English drunkenness arising mainly from *beer*, the American pledge was deficient and nationally inapplicable, besides involving, in the permission of the use of wine, an inconsistency which destroyed the moral power of its advocates. 'The rich can drink their strong wines,' said the people, 'why cannot the poor man enjoy his gin?' It was felt that the pledge must be extended to every agency of enslavement, and include abstinence from spirits, wine, malt-liquor, and cider. This social necessity led to inquiry into the chemistry of the question, and investigation speedily revealed the fact, that 'alcohol' was the real agent of mischief in all these drinks, however disguised under various mixtures, adulterations, and names. Belief in the dietetic virtues of strong drink of course stood in the way of the new doctrine and the practical reform it aimed at, which compelled its advocates to look into the statistics of vitality, as well as into chemistry. Experience rapidly accumulated, demonstrating not only the needlessness of fermented liquors, but the benefit which generally and unexpectedly followed abstinence from them; and search into the opinions of learned men who had written on this point, yielded an

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an astonishing *consensus* of authority in favour of the views which had been erroneously supposed to be novel.* In the list of departed worthies stand prominently the names of Baynard, Cheyne, Darwin, Trotter, Garnett, and Beddoes. The moral, logical, and scientific foundation of the movement was now prepared, and the vague feelings and perceptions of the reformers were methodized and reduced to formula and shape.

In 1829, Joshua Harvey, M.D., of Dublin, requested Dr. John Cheyne, Physician to the Forces in Ireland, to assist him in the formation of a temperance society in that city. On the 15th August, Dr. Cheyne replied in a characteristic letter, which was published anonymously, as 'by a Physician' merely, entitled 'A Statement of Certain Effects to be Apprehended from Temperance Societies.' (Dublin: printed by R. D. Webb. 1829.) We reproduce a few of the most racy passages:—

'My dear Doctor,—How could you suppose me so great a simpleton as your letter would imply? To enlist in a crusade against intemperance, indeed! Why, if an end were put to the drinking of port, punch, and porter, there would be an end to my worldly prosperity; I should be obliged to sell my house in [Merrion] Square, to pay off my coachman, and once more become a pedestrian. Nay, the whole profession, if we except the accoucheurs, would suffer. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries would be ruined; the Medical Halls would be stripped of their splendour; and disease becoming comparatively rare, simple, and manageable, the clinical physician would lose the benefit of teaching, and the student the opportunity of learning his profession, in our flourishing hospitals. * * * *

'Have you no *esprit de corps*? Why, this would seem to be a case in which our College of Physicians, in their capacity of guardians of the interests of the medical profession, might with propriety interfere, and put a stop to your rash proceedings.

'It would be a sad thing for us were it generally known how much injury may be done by an habitual consumption of even a small quantity of strong liquor. John Hunter's experiment shows the effect on the constitution of a child, of the daily exhibition of wine. * * * *

'The observation of twenty years in this city has convinced me that, were *ten young men*, on their twenty-first birthday, to begin to drink *one glass* (equal to two ounces) of ardent spirits, or a pint of port wine, or sherry, and were they to drink this *supposed moderate* quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of *eight* out of the *ten* would be abridged by *twelve or fifteen years*. * * * *

'There may be said to be three stages of productive disease arising from intemperance. The first stage I have just alluded to. Many individuals who belong to this commit excess through mere ignorance, and would abandon the use of strong liquors were they aware of their deleterious effect; not so those of the second class, who are the three and four tumbler men, *very* temperate also, only they find they must have an additional tumbler before going to bed, *pretty stiff*, to enable them to sleep soundly. * * * *

'Those who are interested in the prosperity of the *liberal* professions, ought not to overlook the importance of intemperance as a source of disease and crime. But ought we to confine ourselves to so narrow and selfish a view of the subject? *Humani nihil alienum*. We ought rather, in the spirit of philanthropy, to consider the multitude belonging to other callings who must fall into poverty, when this

* *Vide* the sixth work at the head of our article, containing valuable reprints from medical authors of the last century.

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great change in the habits of men shall take place. Distillers, revenue officers, officers of the police of every denomination, pawnbrokers, publicans, their wives, children, and retainers—and these, by the way, are almost the only bodies in this city who are, at present, in a thriving condition.'

The Dublin Temperance Society being formed, issued a series of admirable tracts, whose title we have prefixed to this article. The first letter of Dr. Cheyne thus commences:—

'It would appear to me that those who wish to encourage temperate habits ought to aim at three things.

'First. To disabuse all sorts and conditions of men with respect to the harmlessness of fermented liquors.

'Second. To show the advantage, in point of economy, of laying them aside.

'Thirdly. To prove that to use them for their own sake is irreconcilable with religious principle.'

As a physician he proposed to treat of the first proposition, and most admirably he did so. He says:—

'I mean in this letter to apply myself calmly to examine some of those deeply-rooted partialities which exist in favour of strong liquors, and attempt to prove that they are prejudices unworthy of any rational creature. This part of the subject especially belongs to the faculty, inasmuch as we are, in some measure, accountable for opinions very generally held relative to the innocuousness of wine and ardent spirits. The benefits which have been *supposed* to flow from their liberal use in medicine, and especially in those diseases which were once universally, and are still vulgarly, supposed to depend upon mere weakness, have *invested these agents with attributes to which they have no claim*; and hence, as we physicians no longer employ them as we were wont to do, we ought not to rest satisfied with a mere acknowledgment of error; but we ought also to make every retribution in our power, for having so long upheld one of the most fatal delusions which ever took possession of the human mind. * * With many an unfortunate patient, the immediate cause of death was not the fever, but intoxication during fever, while all who escaped were *supposed* to owe their recovery to wine. * * *

'The common interpretation of this practice is, that wine is given during fever *to keep up* the patient's strength, and hence, in the natural extension of error, it is supposed that as strong liquors *sustain* those debilitated by disease, much more will they add to natural vigour, and support a healthy man during an exertion of body under which his unassisted powers of constitution would sink.

'I had once the opportunity of inquiring into the habits of the workmen of a large glass factory; they generally wrought for 24 or 36 hours at a time, according as the furnace continued in a proper state, and I found, during this time, which was technically called "a journey," that to supply the waste caused by perspiration they drank a large quantity of water, in the quality of which they were very curious. It was the purest and softest water in the district, and was brought from a distance of three miles. There were three men, out of more than a hundred, who drank nothing but water, the rest porter or ardent spirits, as men of the lower class usually do when they are not under any religious constraint; the three water drinkers *appeared to be of their proper age*, while the rest, with scarcely an exception, seemed ten or twelve years older than they proved to be. * * *

'Nervous people generally entertain a notion that when strength is exhausted by want of sleep, it may best be *recruited* by wine; but this is a strong delusion, as I was first led to suspect by the result of a long journey which I once made in the mail coach, while in a state of great anxiety.

'I travelled nearly seven hundred miles almost without stopping, having been five nights out of six in the coach, during which time I could not have slept half as much as usual, and the sleep I obtained was unsound and interrupted. During the whole time I lived chiefly on bread and tea, with a small portion of animal food twice a day. I drank no malt-liquor, wine, or spirits. At the end of my expedition, I was scarcely more exhausted than when I set out. * * *

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'Numerous observations enable me to affirm, that a great number of persons, and certainly all who have not injured their stomachs by excess, will materially add to their comfort, by laying aside *the use* of fermented liquors. * * I have known many individuals who have repeatedly tried to drink wine, but were obliged to desist, as half a glass at any time would throw them into a fever, which would last for several hours, and *cause great languor* on the following day.

'A gentleman of a fair complexion, and rather delicate frame, who laboured under severe pain of a periodic nature, which depended on an inflammation of the periosteum of the right tibia, noticed a circumstance with respect to the influence of fermented liquor on this affection, which, says Mr. Crampton, appears to be of considerable importance, as illustrative of the effects of very small quantities of alcohol in diseases of an inflammatory nature. He observed at first that the pain invariably recurred within an hour after dinner, at whatever time he might have taken that meal, and whether the food had been animal or vegetable. Suspecting that this might be connected with the nature of the liquid, rather than the solid matter which he took into his stomach, he kept off fermented liquors; on the first day after he made the change the pain did not return till he had been an hour in bed. This led him to institute a number of experiments upon the influence of different kinds of fermented liquors, in different quantities; the result was, that the pain could with certainty be excited within an hour by drinking a glass of any kind of fermented liquor, however weak, and a single dram by measure of port wine, diluted with four ounces of water, acted with equal energy as a glass of the undiluted wine.

'I have been engaged upwards of thirty years in medical practice, a great part of the time extensively, and all this while I have been attentively observing men who lived in all respects alike, save in the quantity of liquors which they drank, and I can conscientiously affirm, that longevity is more resisted by excess in that respect, than by all the other hurtful influences which prematurely extinguish the lamp of life; insomuch, that were an *allegorical personification* of the various vices by which men shorten their lives to be honestly painted, drunkenness would appear as a bloated giant, while the rest might be represented as obscene and deformed pigmies.'

It will be seen that Dr. Cheyne was far in advance of his profession with regard to the medical use of alcohol; and yet he was not singular in that respect, for, even at that very time, Mr. Higginbottom, F.R.S., a surgeon, of Nottingham, was carrying on an extensive practice without the use of alcohol.

Dr. Cheyne's second letter commences with an attack upon the traffic. The enemy, he says, has 'Arsenals in most of our cities, for the manufacture and distribution of his ammunition, well garrisoned fortresses in every town and village, and emissaries all over the land, who are unceasingly active in establishing his usurpation.' He states also a principle which well-meaning people are apt to forget:—'With mankind in general, those arguments against vicious habits prove the most cogent, which show that such habits are incompatible with sensual enjoyment.' He proves, by examples, that heat and cold, and enormous pedestrian exercise, are best sustained under abstinence from strong drink; and states that in his own family, which had been a little temperance society, his belief of the utility of abstinence had been confirmed by the observation of many years.

If Nos. 1—2 of the Dublin Tracts thus satisfactorily enunciate

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ciate the new doctrine of the reformation, the formula and philosophy of the remedy were not less explicitly and admirably put forth in No. 4, by W. U. Reticence as regards names is now no longer needful, and, therefore, we may speak of W. U. as the Rev. W. Urwick, D.D., a celebrated and highly esteemed Congregational minister, of Dublin, and one of the vice-presidents of the United Kingdom Alliance. His tract was dated 'Nov. 9th, 1829,' and dedicated to Dr. Cheyne. It is at once the earliest and clearest statement of the new prophylactic that we have been able to discover. After a graphic description of the evils, he further proceeds to consider the causes, including (1) misconceptions of the nature of the liquor as good for health, and as an aid to thought or conversation, under which he asserts that after the use of wine 'our modes of thinking will not be marked by either depth or accuracy: we shall be incapable of that balancing of facts inseparable from real wisdom.' (2) The desire to relieve care, or abate anxiety, by numbing the sensibilities. (3) The fashions of hospitality. (4) The gratification of appetite engendered by strong drink. (5) Evil modes of recreation associated with drinking. (6) Excesses of the table, leading to the use of alcohol as an anæsthetic to make one feel comfortable, by disguising the disease, by silencing the monitors of the nervous system. (7) The example of apparent impunity in a few, who serve as decoy ducks to ensnare the less strong and cautious drinkers, who perhaps have finer susceptibilities, and warmer temperaments. Dr. Urwick then proceeds, the italics being his:—'The prescription I have to offer is simple, within the reach of all, and invariably efficacious, if it be applied. *It is the total, prompt, and persevering abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.* It has been proposed by some to change the kind, or to diminish the quantity, or to lessen the frequency of their use. But the probability, I had almost said the certainty, is, that if indulgence in them be allowed at all, the sensation produced by them will continue, the desire for them will be sustained, and the door yet left open by which temptation may return, and again lead the half-emancipated victim captive.'

Such, then, was the broad, original programme of the later temperance movement, both as to the necessity of abstinence as preventive and remedial, as to the injuriousness of all alcoholic liquors, and as to the social and legal hindrances requiring to be removed.

3. It is of more moment to the world, however, that it should have apostles, pioneers, and missionaries of the truths by which it is to be saved or ameliorated, than that it should give

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give birth to men who barely perceive the thing that awaits the doing, or the truth that needs dissemination; and they who do the work, who realize the thought, and who, by their skill, courage, combinations, and fidelity, fight and overcome the giants, are those on whom the greatest weight of glory must eventually descend.

The idea of temperance associations founded on the abstinence pledge, arose, without concert, in several distinct regions about the same period. We have seen how Dr. Urwick arrived at his formula, but this awaited extension, organization, action—in fine, a propaganda. In 1830, at Dunfermline, Mr. John Davie drew up a pledge of abstinence;* and not long afterwards the idea was again expressed in Berwickshire. In January, 1832, Mr. Richmond, surgeon, of Paisley, in conjunction with others, framed a pledge of a similar character. A little later we find an association in Nova Scotia, united on the same basis. None of these, however, became the centre of the movement. The fire and force needful to the working of the machinery—that moral and social steam which men name 'enthusiasm'—had not yet been generated, though its elements were being slowly but surely collected, in a district, and amongst a class of persons, best of all suited for the work to be done. Or to change the figure for one equally apt, the torch of truth which had faintly burned in isolated places, unsustained by a free and fitting atmosphere, and therefore radiating no steady wide-spread effects, was about to be relighted in the midst of an intense social life and activity, and to be fed and fanned into an unwonted glow by the breath of the people. The union of the subjective and the objective, of the thought and the circumstance, the condition of all social advancement, was on the eve of being accomplished.

Early in 1832, the committee of the Bristol and Clifton Temperance Society forwarded a number of queries to their medical men. Dr. Carrick, senior physician to the Infirmary, in answer to the question, 'Is it safe to break off the use of intoxicating drinks by entire abstinence?' replied as follows:

'In general, perfectly safe. There may be a few exceptions; but very few, greatly fewer than the fears and fancies, or pretended fears, of the world would have it believed.

'Mankind are vastly ingenious in discovering apologies or objections for or against what they like or dislike. In the course of more than forty years practice, I have never met with an instance, so far as I recollect, of injury arising from having cut at once and entirely with the baneful habit, wherever it could be effected. When an habitual drunkard is seized with an apopletic fit, or meets with a serious accident, a broken rib or limb, there is no hesitation in abstracting at once his wonted potations.

* See Report of proceedings of International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, 1862.

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'I would here beg leave to remark that, although spirits are the most pernicious liquors, being the strongest and most concentrated poison, *all other liquors, wine, beer, cider, &c., are injurious in proportion to their strength, or the quantity of alcohol they contain.* The wines we usually drink, Madeira, sherry, and port, are vastly stronger than is commonly supposed. By accurate analysis, they are proved to contain nearly, if not quite, half their bulk of brandy. The man who drinks his bottle of wine is not, of course, aware that he drinks a pint of brandy, and the lady who takes two or three glasses of wine at dinner, would, no doubt, feel alarmed to be told that she swallowed half a glass of brandy in each of them. Such, however, is the fact. And here I would further observe, that the vulgar notion that by diluting or mixing spirits, or other strong liquors, their injurious qualities are obviated, or essentially diminished, is a most dangerous error. It is true so far as this: Were a person to swallow, all at once, a pint of brandy undiluted, it would probably kill him instantly by the violence and suddenness of the stimulus, whereas, a pint of brandy diluted with a pint of water, or a bottle of wine, which in this point of view is nearly the same thing, would not be so likely to prove immediately fatal; but were the spirits, or the wine, or the punch to be taken slowly, and at intervals, the difference as to the injury would not be material, as the quantity of spirits is, in either case, the same. I am induced to advert to this circumstance from hearing it every day alleged, by persons who are anxious to persuade themselves that such indulgences are not hurtful, "I always take water with the brandy, or with the wine." They forget, as my old and respected friend, Dr. Drummond, was wont to say, "A bear is a bear, muzzled or unmuzzled."

'To conclude: It will, I fear, be found difficult to persuade the working classes that strong liquors, of some sort or other, are not absolutely necessary to the performance of their labour. An anchorsmith, a sawyer, or a coalheaver, would deem it impossible to do without them. This, however, is not true. *There are whole nations where spirituous or fermented liquors are unknown and unused;* yet in these nations there are laborious occupations, and strong and healthy people—AN IRRESISTIBLE PROOF THAT SUCH LIQUORS ARE NOT NECESSARY TO MAN. * * * * * The fact is plainly this: Although the smith, the glassblower, or the coalheaver, may somewhat sooner get through a brush of work, may be able to do more work in a short and given time, as the space of an hour or two, by force of liquor, he would be able to work more hours in the day, and more days in the year without it; would have done more work by the end of the year, and certainly would live more years to work; and not only live, but live in the enjoyment of comparative health, and wealth, and comfort. The unnatural excitement of the muscular actions by means of strong liquors occasions a proportionate exhaustion of the vital powers, a diminished capacity for subsequent exertion, a premature old age, a life of suffering, and an early grave.'

These sentiments of the Bristol physician—who had perhaps listened to similar observations from the great Dr. Beddoes, once a resident of that city—were printed and circulated by a few quiet, wealthy 'Friends,' who had joined the temperance society in that neighbourhood; and very shortly they found their way to Preston, in Lancashire, where things were ripening to a head. Here lived a well-known local Franklin, Mr. Joseph Livesey, who, risen by self-denial, culture, and industry from the ranks of the working classes, sought to extend the blessings of education, and of social and moral reform, to the people. With keen Saxon insight, he perceived the evil in their midst, and with cautious, persevering common sense sought to apply the cure. He was a well-to-do tradesman, and by-and-by the proprietor of a printing press, and the conductor

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conductor of a little periodical called 'The Moral Reformer,' and it was no wonder that the seeds of truth, falling into such genial soil, should speedily germinate into power and fruitfulness.

'So shocked have I been,' says Mr. Livesey, in 'The Moral Reformer,' 'with the effects of intemperance, and so convinced of the evil effects of *moderate* drinking, that, since the commencement of 1831, I have never tasted ale, wine, or ardent spirits.' In the number for May, 1832, the same doctrine is advocated, and the experience of Dr. Franklin given at large.

Meanwhile (on the 1st January, 1832), a temperance society had been formed amongst some young men in connection with a school which Mr. Livesey had established for their gratuitous instruction. Mr. Thomas Swindlehurst had procured some of the Bradford tracts, which were in circulation along with the Bristol one. Conversation and discussion rapidly ripened opinion within the little band of reformers, who at last took courage to constitute a provisional committee and call a public meeting. This came off on the 22nd March, when Mr. W. Pollard, of Manchester, an effective and humorous speaker, explained the machinery of action, and at the close Edward Dickinson signed the pledge of abstinence from spirits. But, as might have been expected, this was soon found to be too short and too narrow for a state of society wherein the use of fermented liquors was the chief source of the evil; and hence, with the mental and social preparation going on, the next step was at once easy, natural, and inevitable.

Many of the earnest men of Preston, in fact, were already abstaining from every kind of alcoholic liquor; as were individuals in various other parts of the country. Several of the Preston men had already advocated the doctrine in the meetings, and even Mr. Livesey, and Mr. Harrison, surgeon, had written in favour of it in the public papers. Who first advocated it in the public meetings, it is now utterly impossible to say—or at any rate to prove—though we can very confidently negative the claim to originality that any particular person might unwisely put forth. Messrs. Bradley, Dearden, Livesey, Stephenson, Swindlehurst, Teare, Toulmin, and others, are found in a glorious fraternal fellowship in the good work that was destined to spread so fast and far, and achieve such blessings for the nation, by stemming the advance and resisting the encroachments of the direst and most potent of all the foes of civilization.

The 23rd of August, 1832, is memorable on account of an abstinence pledge drawn out and signed by Joseph Livesey and John King, both of whom have faithfully adhered to it, and who are still hale and hearty living examples of its virtue.

On

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On the 1st September, a second and similar pledge was subscribed by Joseph Livesey, John King, and five others. The famous 'Dicky Turner' was reclaimed from drunkenness about this time, and he it was who, a year later, first applied the word 'Teetotal' to express that entire abstinence which had been proved to be so necessary to his own safety and that of his class. On the 23rd March, 1833, the new pledge was added to the old one, as an *alternative* pledge, and part of the constitution of the Temperance Society—a plan afterwards adopted in many parts of England, until, in due time, this Aaron's rod bourgeoned and overshadowed the original declaration. In a few years, indeed, the old societies had altogether disappeared, having only been kept alive, in a painful and lingering state, by the efforts of one man—the late Rev. Owen Clarke, who was at once 'secretary' and everything else, of 'the British and Foreign Temperance Society'—an association which, once patronized by royalty, and sustained by bishops, lords, admirals, and generals, had too little practical truth within it for the needs of the populace and the necessities of the times.

In April, 1834, the more 'ardent spirits' of the movement—if the figure may be allowed in such a connection—established an exclusively Abstinence Youths' Society. Here we meet with the names of Messieurs G. Toulmin, E. Grubb, H. Bradley, W. Livesey, etc. At the first meeting, about one hundred persons signed the pledge, a fact which indicates the enthusiasm that was growing up.

In 1833-4 an active missionary spirit was brought into play; the Preston friends making raids into the towns and villages round about them, with the most astonishing success. Everywhere the working men thronged around these apostolic men. For the work of this pregnant time, should be honourably distinguished, in addition to their prudent leader and adviser, Henry Anderton, a brilliant orator and a popular poet; Thomas Swindlehurst, 'the King of the Reformed Drunkards,' a man of true power; James Teare, a native of the Isle of Man, residing at Preston; Edward Grubb, an ardent tribune of the people; Edward Morris, afterwards so usefully associated with the cause in Glasgow; and last, not least, John Finch, to whom both Ireland and Scotland owe the early introduction of teetotalism by popular advocacy.

The Preston men, zealously engaged in a momentous practical reform, never troubled themselves with the senseless refinements of a later school concerning 'moral suasion,' but using the weapon of persuasion already within their reach, zealously sought every other lawful agency whereby to remove the

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the real obstacles to progress out of their path, amongst which, badly and boldly prëeminent, stood the traffic in strong liquors, propped, approved, and privileged by mistaken law.

We are not, however, attempting a history of this unique movement, so pregnant with issues which no human foresight could discern; we have merely designed to indicate a few leading facts concerning its origin. We cannot now detail the hard and often dangerous work of its first fearless advocates—that task we leave to the future historian of the enterprize: we must close, for the present, with a sketch of two or three of its most striking figures.

Foremost amongst the men of the time and occasion, as chief and propagandist, whether measured by character or influence, stands Joseph Livesey. It was he who, by his admirable lecture on 'The Great Delusion,' and his plain, Saxon speech, first planted the teetotal standard in London, and in the great towns, such as Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Darlington, Newcastle, and Sunderland. It was he who, through the might of the press, firmly fixed the new ideas in the intelligence of thoughtful disciples throughout the empire, and who laid those goodly foundations on which many later minds have built noble structures of art, eloquence, and science. Of the name bestowed upon him by a disciple,—that of 'the Patriarch of the Movement,'—he is surely most worthy.

Pages might be occupied in describing the labours of the first missionaries. After the year 1835, one comes prominently into view, who has continued in the field to the present day—'honest James Teare,' so called, we presume, from his consistent, courageous, and uncompromising advocacy, characterized by great ethical plainness and sound argumentative sense. He has visited almost all parts of England and Wales, some of them repeatedly; planted teetotalism in many obscure and distant places; defended it where it had been assailed, or asserted it where it had been betrayed; and this with an earnestness and devotion that may well cover any slight failings of judgment, and earn his country's warmest gratitude.

Another of the original Preston men especially claims the tribute of our admiration—one who was associated in an early tour of propagandism with Mr. Teare—we mean Edward Grubb, the friend and biographer of the poet Anderton. A man of peculiar insight and accomplishments, of undoubted honesty, of dauntless courage, and gifted with a singularly fervid eloquence, he seems to have been providentially fitted for the work which he so ably performed in the first days of the agitation.

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agitation. Over a wide surface—in fact, from Cornwall to Caithness—his labours have extended (latterly at intervals too wide), imparting to thousands of youthful souls something of his own fire, energy, and truthfulness.

With this brief but sincere recognition of the early temperance reformers we must close. If Preston did not originate the doctrine, it had the great and unquestioned honour of being the cradle and nurse of Teetotalism—of that living child of truth and virtue which has grown into the strong giant that now treads with assured steps the pathway that leads to conquest and victory.

Art IV.—AMELIA SIEVEKING.

1. *Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking.* London: Longman and Co. 1863.

2. *Englishwoman's Journal.* 1860.

'IF I were to write my own life, I should call it the "Memoirs of a Happy Old Maid,"' Miss Sieveking once remarked; and it is not to be doubted that, besides being eminently useful, her life was very happy. Yet she had no peculiar advantages for enjoyment. She laboured almost without intermission from the time when she partly supported herself at fifteen until the last stage of her mortal illness at the age of sixty-four. Though she was sprung from a good family in Hamburg, her income was always narrow; and her shy and reserved disposition in her girlhood prevented her taking pleasure in the amusements natural to her age. She says of herself, 'I never was young,' but, it may be justly added, 'she never was old.' Nevertheless Miss Sieveking had one great advantage, *i.e.*, the power of finding her happiness in promoting the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, perhaps, one of the first among that glorious band of women who have made this century memorable by the willing devotion of their lives to some great and good work. These, as is often the case with the leaders of any great movement, had to encounter the prejudices of opponents, who imagined that a woman could not be actively philanthropic without degrading her womanhood; that contact with or even knowledge of the sin to be crushed, or the ignorance to be enlightened, must of necessity harden her character, or lower the tone of her mind. If these dangers were by any chance avoided, then it was averred that home

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home duties could not fail to be neglected, and 'charity begins at home,' was the cry. In fact, a female philanthropist must be, they said, either a Mrs. Pardiggle or a Mrs. Jellaby. Nor did some fail to insinuate that these women were actuated by base motives, the desire for notoriety, or for undue influence, instead of a determination to do the work which, in their belief, was plainly set before them.

Let us give them all honour by 'whose patience in well doing' prejudice has been disarmed, and an easier path opened for those who follow in their steps. Indeed, opinion has now so changed that it is quite customary for a lady to devote some part of her time to philanthropic pursuits, and though mistakes occur, which are sometimes serious, and often ridiculous, yet women are better employed in working out these social problems for themselves, with a due appreciation of their importance, than in the trifling employments to which the other sex would have formerly condemned them.

The biography from which we chiefly draw our materials is written by a German lady, the personal friend of Miss Sieveking, and has been admirably translated, partly by Miss Catherine Winkworth, and partly by a lady under her superintendence. It is a valuable addition to our literature, and is supplemented by a volume containing Miss Sieveking's reports, and extracts from her writings.

Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, the only daughter among five children, was born in Hamburg, July 25, 1794. She seems to have been a shy, reserved, and most sensitive child, endowed with considerable powers of imagination; but she was quick and peevish in temper, which we attribute, in great part, to the want of maternal care (her mother dying when she was but five years old), and to her weakly state of health, for she suffered much in early life from some disease in the bones of the hand. Her constitution, however, strengthened as she grew older, and when she reached adult age, she seemed to be able to endure with impunity any amount of fatigue, and any neglect of even the commonest rules of health.

From various causes her childhood was passed devoid of most of the recreations natural to that state, so that she had recourse to other means of amusement; and essays, tales, and plays, full of startling incidents and wonderful adventures, flowed from her prolific pen, and were recounted to her brothers during play hours. The vacant maternal place among the Sievekings was supplied by a young cousin, Miss Hosch, earnest and zealous, indeed, but hasty and inexperienced. One little anecdote plainly shows what was wanting to satisfy the affectionate little girl. Amelia was found crying piteously one day,

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day, and on being asked what was the matter, she said, 'There is no one to love me and call me Malchen.'

This stage of her life was cut short by the death of her father, and the consequent separation of the family, whose means were very small. Of her two surviving brothers, the elder obtained a clerkship in London, and the younger was sent to a boarding-house for boys, while Amelia and Miss Hosch went to reside with a Miss Dimpfel.

Miss Sieveking was now fifteen, and she was considered old enough to do something towards her own support. She, therefore, spent many hours in embroidering muslin. Though troubled with no false pride, she particularly disliked this task, feeling, perhaps, that her time might have been spent in a more worthy manner. 'It is something frightful,' she says, 'to have toiled as hard as I can for a whole day, and know at the end that the only thing I have accomplished is that some one will possess an embroidered pillow-case who would sleep just as well on a plain one.' This labour, humble and distasteful as it was, doubtless had its use in giving her early habits of steady industry, and helping to eradicate a disposition to indolence, which she often deplores in her letters, though, to tell the truth, we can see but slight indications of it. She was now developing into womanhood, and was of a deeply earnest and thoughtful character. She could adopt nothing merely on the recommendation of others, or until she had thoroughly worked the question out for herself. The embroidery, while it employed her fingers, left her mind free to brood over subjects which, though intensely interesting, were as yet too deep for it; while neither from her former instructions, nor from her present companions, could she obtain the help which she so greatly needed. Consequently, for several years, she appears to have been in an unsettled state of feeling, as to how far she could conscientiously subscribe to the tenets of the Lutheran faith, which she afterwards thoroughly embraced. This lasted until her mind became fully occupied in her teaching; then her doubts melted completely away, to be succeeded by a happy, trusting spirit, constantly breaking forth into expressions of gratitude to the Almighty.

A little niece of Miss Dimpfel lived in the same house, and, being thoroughly spoilt, gave a great deal of trouble. Amelia took her in hand, and, by gentle but firm control, soon reduced her to obedience. Indeed, Amelia was gifted with a peculiar talent for the management of children; and from this time she carried on to the very end of her life a course of instruction for little girls, having a class of about six or eight of the same age, training

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training them up to the epoch of their confirmation,—a most important rite in the Lutheran Church, not only in a religious, but in a social point of view. For instance, no servant can obtain a hiring without a certificate of confirmation. The course being then terminated, she commenced with a fresh number, while in several instances continuing to give occasional instruction for some years to the former classes. Indeed, at one time she undertook a class of younger children as well as of elder; but finding that this was more than she could accomplish with her other occupations, she was compelled to relinquish the younger one. She would never receive any payment for her services, though it was often pressed upon her by the parents of her pupils, looking as she did upon her teaching as the chief recreation and delight of her life.

Having herself been subjected to preceptors whose lessons were tedious to the last degree, she was impressed with the necessity of making her instructions interesting, and she therefore generally passed several hours before her lessons in careful preparation, both regarding what was to be taught, and as to how the teaching should be conducted; considering the latter duty fully as important as the former. We cannot do better than give in her own words her method of imparting English to her pupils, which we quote from a letter to her brother in 1849. Her plan consisted in making

'So minute an analysis that sometimes a single phrase of an English writer will occupy us during a whole lesson. First, we fix the exact meaning of every expression. I require the analysis of the commoner words, such as *weather*, for instance, the explanation of which is often more difficult than that of more precisely scientific expressions. Then we search for synonymes, or for words of the exactly opposite signification; we examine the word in its various senses, both literal and figurative, search out its derivation, or its combination with others, &c. You will easily understand that this method requires very careful preparation on my part, and that I should be quite at a loss without Webster's excellent dictionary.'

Nor did she confine her instructions merely to the minds of her pupils. Both by precept and example she inculcated their moral duties, avoiding, however, set phrases or hard texts. She entered upon her Scriptural lessons with a sense of great responsibility, and with earnest thought and prayer that she might not lead her children astray; but, determining to have no concealment with them, in her first years, when religious difficulties stood in her way, after reading a passage she gave the usual explanation frankly, adding at the same time that her own opinion differed from that which she had set before them.

Feeling the importance of her undertaking,

'I must take care,' she says, 'that, in the ardour of my occupation, I never forget the lovingness with which it should be carried on.' 'A loving heart is far more necessary to the children than knowledge.' 'It has always seemed to me that nothing

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so lowers our influence over children, and the respect they have for us, as temper and that calmness and a kindliness which shines through her most serious reproofs are those qualities which a teacher must most strive to attain.'

And, speaking of her labour in preparation, she says:—

'That with all this my method remains *most* imperfect I feel vividly; at least in my better moments, and if, as I confess not seldom happens, vanity and self-complacency for a while conceal these numerous deficiencies from me, my faithful Heavenly Teacher takes care ere long to point them clearly out anew through humbling failures.'

Her intercourse with her pupils was a never-failing source of happiness. She speaks of it continually in her letters, during a period of more than forty years, and always in the same enthusiastic terms.

On beginning a fresh class she says:—

'I cannot tell you with what delight I picture to myself my work with this new set of children; and yet the one which now surrounds me has grown very dear to me, and I wish heartily I need not yet part from it. Is not my life, in truth, over rich? What a rare happiness do I not possess, if only in this one point of having a vocation whose daily exercise opens to me daily new sources of enjoyment.' 'A few days before Easter I dismissed, as being now ready for confirmation, the set of girls to whose instruction for the last eight years I have devoted so large a part of my time and strength; but I have no idea of giving up this branch of my employments. No, that would deprive me of an essential part of the happiness of my life. * * I shall return with quickened zeal to the circle of little ones which I have formed around me, and devote myself with fresh love and interest to their education. My spirit rejoices in the thought of it, and I think to be a child again among the children.'

Before dismissing this topic we must quote an extract from a letter to her brother in 1816, as it evinces how truly she desired not to run counter to the prejudices of others, and shows how diffident she was of her own judgment when in opposition to those around her. She refers to the formation of her classes:—

'For some time past my mind has been troubled by a most disquieting doubt whether my present occupation might not be leading me too much away from my proper sphere as a woman. I felt that there was much to be said on both sides, and the conflict of opposing thoughts troubled me greatly; for, above all things, it is necessary to my peace to have a clear and satisfactory conception of my whole life before my mind's eye. At last I have attained it. I am peaceful and happy again, and I owe this to a solitary hour, when I took a courageous resolve to think over my whole position without reserve, from which I had always recoiled before—and then to take my stand on whatever I might come to see to be my duty.' Then, after speaking of home obligations, she goes on, 'The education of children—in which light, and not as mere instruction, I wish my occupation to be regarded—belongs of right, according to my ideas, to the proper sphere of woman; still it forms only a portion of her sphere, and perhaps I devote too much time in proportion to this part of the whole.'

She decides that she knows enough of housekeeping to be able to undertake the duty, should it be needful; also how to make and mend her clothes:—

'But it is not merely in particular acts, but in the whole manner and feeling, true

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that true, gentle womanliness should manifest itself; and might not my present employment, which necessitates some occupation with books and scientific knowledge, have an injurious influence in this respect? I feel, indeed, that there is need to be on my guard here; but, in earnest prayer to God, I have attained the conviction that honest endeavour and watchfulness will not be in vain.'

Few women would be troubled with such scruples at the present day.

The dispersion of her family was a severe trial to Miss Sieveking. Gustavus had, indeed, remained in Hamburg, but he died in 1817, just when he had entered upon the duties of a clergyman. His loss was one of the greatest griefs his sister ever endured. He was the nearest to her in age, and had been at once her companion and friend, sharing her pursuits with the same noble-hearted spirit as herself. She was able, however, occasionally to pay a short visit to her brother in London, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence, receiving from him much valuable help and counsel. Her letters, together with those addressed to Miss Hosch, for whom she entertained a sincere friendship, are very pleasant evidences of the intimacy which existed among them. Unconsciously she gives us a vivid picture of herself. She was still the same impetuous and enthusiastic person (though her peevishness had long since passed away); impatient of contradiction, but sensitive with the feelings of others; endowed with clear judgment and consummate tact; desirous for the truth at all hazards, yet awed with a reverence for sacred things; and, above all, imbued with a most loving nature, that delighted to pour forth its sunny influence upon all around her. In all her doings she was eminently thorough, content to work out, slowly and steadily, the best methods. Her ardour was insatiable, and her capacity for endurance inexhaustible, for years it being her custom to rise at five, and continue her labours with little intermission until eleven at night.

Her inability to enter into the amusements of society as a girl was a serious distress to her; and she made strenuous attempts 'to look like other people,' even learning to dance for that sole purpose. These efforts were, perhaps, not without their reward, for in after years she greatly enjoyed social converse, and willingly spared some of her evenings for this recreation, feeling that she became thereby more competent for the tasks of the succeeding day. In music she could make no progess, notwithstanding her sedulous practice on the pianoforte under the anxious instructions of her brother Gustavus, an accomplished musician. Her intellectual acquirements appear to have been considerable, her reading extensive, and this, together with the intercourse she held with

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many distinguished men, gave her considerable facility in composition, as evidenced in the books which she published from time to time. They are chiefly on devotional subjects.

In about her eighteenth year she received an offer of a home from Madame Brünnemann, a distant relation. She was to assist in nursing Madame B.'s only son, who was incurably afflicted. On his death, which soon occurred, Amelia had so endeared herself to the bereaved mother, by her devoted care of the invalid, that Madame B. adopted her as a daughter, and thenceforward received from her the attentions due to an aged parent. These ministrations were continued during a long period of blindness and sickness, until 1839, when Madame Brünnemann died.

We have not yet mentioned the chief aspiration of Miss Sieveking's life, which had its origin while she was yet a girl, and had taken fast hold of her mind, growing with her growth and strengthening with her strength. She yearned after the formation of a sisterhood for the purpose of succouring the poor. To this end she perpetually directed her thoughts, and was solaced in the midst of her daily labours by the belief that they were qualifying her for what she held to be the exalted duties attached to the headship of such an institution. For years she pondered over and thoroughly worked out her plan, she consulted with many eminent men concerning the theory and the details; and yet, when the power of carrying her long-cherished design into effect came into her hands, her wonderful self-control enabled her to resign the purpose of her life without a murmur, because she had then recognized that, although in many points the plan was excellent, yet, on the other hand, many valid objections could not be overcome.

In 1831 Europe was first visited by the cholera, and as the disease was new, and the remedies were undiscovered, its coming was awaited with a terror and dismay such as now we can scarcely realize.

In Hamburg a hospital was set apart, and a staff of medical men appointed, to succour the victims of this fearful epidemic. Miss Sieveking offered her services as nurse, after having publicly called upon others to join her in this work. Her appeal met with no response! Amelia Sieveking, the forerunner of Florence Nightingale, was assailed with the same opposition and misconstruction from her fellow-citizens as the latter encountered on setting out for the Eastern hospitals. This devotion was, in fact, but the natural result of Amelia's former life; and, unmoved by clamours, she entered upon her duties at the hospital with the arrival of the first female patient on the 13th of October, 1831. Here she soon found

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found how much was to be done. At first she limited herself to nursing and taking the management of the female wards, for which task she seems to have been well fitted by her iron constitution, her winning manners, her great powers of organization, and the absence of all repugnance to the minutiæ of her task. The poor victims came in in throngs at first, only to die, and although in particular instances they might have resisted a removal from their homes, yet 'no lord could be better looked after than they were,' was their saying when they experienced the comforts of the hospital. The physicians laboured manfully (as they always do), and though they had only reluctantly given their consent to Miss Sieveking's offer of her services, they soon entertained a very high opinion of her capacity, and begged her to undertake, in addition, the entire superintendence of the men's ward.

'I objected at first,' she says, 'that the men would probably refuse to submit to my authority, but the physicians replied that they would take care of that. The ten attendants were then presented to me, and so expressly commanded to obey my orders, that I think I need not fear any open resistance.' Further on she says, 'I do not rule my kingdom with a rod of iron, however; I should not know how to manage it if I wished, and should not if I could. My orders are generally given as requests, and for myself I make as few demands as possible, that I may be able the more authoritatively to demand all I need for the patients. Any neglect of them, of course, I never overlook; but, on the other hand, I am always glad to lighten the work of the attendants, and show myself ready to meet their wishes. In this way I have succeeded so far in maintaining a good understanding with them all, and not one has caused me any annoyance by opposition to my orders.'

Her duties were manifold.

'In the morning I have to see that before the physician's visit all the wards are cleaned, the beds made, and that everything is in proper order. Three times a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, I visit the sick beds in company with the physician, the surgeon, and the apothecary, when Dr. Siemssen gives to each the directions belonging to our respective departments.

'In the women's ward, of course, I have to pay particular attention to all the medical orders, as I am responsible there for their exact fulfilment.

'In the men's wards, my special duty is only to observe what diet is prescribed, according to which I draw up the daily bill of fare for the housekeeper. Not unfrequently, too, I have to send the necessary notice of his admission to the relatives of the sick man, as the patients are often brought in unknown to their family. The linen of the wards is also under my charge. At present I also occasionally take part, where I see any need for it, in the actual nursing of the men; but if the number of our patients should greatly increase, I should be obliged to do less of this even in the women's ward, as the general superintendence would be of more importance, and would give me full occupation; but it would then be of great use to me that I have thus acquired experience in the treatment of the patients.'

'Last night I had no need to sit up, but I rose twice to make the round of the wards, and see that the night attendants were doing their duty.' * * * * * October 15th: 'The nurse in the women's ward has already had enough of this work, and this afternoon gave up her post, so that I am now quite alone. This evening another woman is coming, for if any very severe case is brought in during the night, it is absolutely necessary to have two nurses on the spot to do what is required.'—October 17th: 'I share the night watching with the two nurses and find very little inconvenience from it.'—October 21st: 'In order not to carry the watching too far, however, I have now arranged that I sit up till half-past twelve,

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twelve, then lie down till three, when I am called to make a round of the men's wards; this takes about an hour or more, according to circumstances, and then I go to bed again till six.'

She was obliged to lie down for an hour in the course of the day, and with this slight respite she underwent for several weeks the labour she so graphically describes. On October 29th she says:—

'The day before yesterday we dismissed the first convalescents from the female wards, two servant maids, who took leave of me with tears in their eyes.'

Happily the worst was now passed, and the notices of recovery increased. Still for the present there was scarcely any diminution in Miss Sieveking's labours.

'Thus last night (November 2nd), when a sick woman was brought in who required close attendance, I did not get to bed till four o'clock in the morning; at half-past six I had to rise again.'

Besides her duties in the wards, Miss Sieveking extended her help to many during their convalescence; and she was entrusted by the officials of the hospital with the duty of making inquiries into the condition, and of supplying the wants, of the relatives of the dead. Though she had passed through many sad experiences during her sojourn at the hospital, and had met with many of the lowest class of women, drunkards and prostitutes, to whom she had faithfully performed her duties, she can say:—

'Yet there may be a great advantage, I think, in seeing our common nature for once on its darker side. It could not enter my thoughts to assume the office of a judge over these poor fallen creatures, when I contrast the unfavourable circumstances in which they have grown up with those wherein I have been placed in the free grace of my God.'

We may charitably hope, and happily experience teaches us that our hope is not without foundation, that these poor creatures would receive an indelible impression of what pure womanhood is from the patience and devotion with which they were tended by Miss Sieveking and her pious fellow-nurses. Few of them had ever before come in contact with a gentlewoman, and assuredly such ministrations would assist them in forming a conception of the Master of whom she was the avowed and lowly servant.

On the 6th of December Miss Sieveking returned to her home, and the next day resumed her classes as the sweetest and most soothing of recreations after her toils and danger. But now she saw an opening for the introduction of her long-cherished scheme in a modified form, and abandoning, as we have said, the sisterhood, she formed, within a short time from her leaving the hospital, an Association for visiting the sick and

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and poor. At first only a few ladies joined with her, but soon, partly perhaps owing to her personal influence, no doubt greatly enhanced by the esteem and confidence she must now have won from her countrywomen, numbers flocked around her, and she was obliged to find some larger building for the weekly meetings than her own house. The purpose of the intended visitings was, that there might be a closer supervision of the sick and poor 'than is possible for the General Poor's Board, with care to promote order and cleanliness, and whatever else may be helpful to them in body or in soul.' There were many difficulties in the way, and objections arose on every side. It was desirable not to lessen the helpfulness of the poor towards one another, or to make them dependent henceforward on the Association. The nurses must not supplant the doctor; and it was necessary also that the services performed for the Association should not interfere with the home duties of its members. One by one these objections were overcome by Miss Sieveking's tact and good common sense. She always yielded when she could, resisting only where a principle was involved. By these means the Association was soon firmly rooted as one of the institutions of Hamburg. Before the ladies joined her she says :—

'I had chiefly in view the co-operation of women of the lower middle class, because, repelled by the disapprobation I had met with among the higher classes, I did not venture to approach them. I also thought that this class of persons were nearer to the poor, and could better judge of their necessities. Originally I had several of these in the association, yet there is much to be said against such a plan, because, as a rule, higher cultivation creates a sounder judgment, which is often wanting in this middle class; nevertheless, no institution of the kind should be without some of these women, and the mixture of ranks appears to me to make it more truly a type of a real Christian community. My scheme at that time required of the members of the association, that they should take part with their own hands in cleaning and setting in order the dwellings of the poor when it should seem desirable; that they should undertake to watch by the sick, &c., &c. In practice, these things took another shape. The first principles of the plan however remained the same, personal intercourse with the poor, and the exhibition of a love towards them, manifested by action and rooted in faith, nor do I believe that a work founded on any other principles could endure.'

Speaking of the effect upon the members, she says :—

'They cannot, indeed, fail to perceive that a great blessing does rest on personal visiting of the dwellings of misery, and this quite as much for ourselves as for the poor and suffering persons to whom we bring the little helps and alleviations at our command. These are, indeed, in a much higher sense, real benefits than many of the richest gifts which people lavish, without making themselves acquainted with the actual condition of the needy, or caring about the disposal of the money they give.'

As president, Miss Sieveking wrote the annual report of the society, mentioning the progress made and the difficulties surmounted.

She

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She had been accustomed to pare down her comforts on all sides, in order to squeeze out money for her charities, walking many miles in the course of the day, to save the expense of a vehicle, and often dining on 'a slice of bread and butter, a hard boiled egg, or a bit of cold meat, generally eaten standing.' Her brother, fearing the effect upon her health, for she had suffered once or twice from gastric fever, sent her in 1846 a sum of money to be spent in luxuries for herself, promising a subscription to her Association if she should have spent it before a certain time. She writes, 'Although I have used it to pay my doctor's bill, and had an egg for breakfast every day (besides riding in omnibuses), there are still, alas, about thirty-two marks,* and how to get through it before the first of August I really cannot see.' A novel subject of lamentation!

Miss Sieveking was now so well known throughout Northern Germany as a practical and earnest philanthropist, that she received several solicitations to become the head of institutions either already existing or about to be established. Pastor Fliedner, the excellent founder of Kaisersworth, invited her to become the directress of the nursing department of his institution. Here was, in fact, a Protestant sisterhood, and she was strongly tempted to accept his offer, being restrained alone by the difficulty of finding a successor to her presidency of the Hamburg Association.

When her native city mourned under the terrible calamity of the great fire of 1842, Miss Sieveking lent her energies to relieve the distress. Fully perceiving the dangers, she also saw the way to avoid them. Many of the poorer quarters were destroyed, and the workmen, besides being burnt out, had lost their tools in the fire; so that the principal object of the Relief Association, of which Miss Sieveking was a member, was to procure tools, that there might be the least possible amount of gratuitous relief, which is so apt to demoralize the poor. Miss Sieveking's own house was not destroyed, but when at one time it was considered in danger, her goods were eagerly conveyed to a place of safety by her 'poor people.' She also received a very gratifying proof of the influence she had silently exercised over many of her German sisters:—contributions were sent to her as marks of personal affection from similar associations to her own in seventeen towns, and it was thus she first learned the existence of several of them.

Her account of the fire is contained in a letter to the late Queen of Denmark, who had entered into cordial friendship with Amelia, which remained undisturbed until the Queen's

* £1. 12s. 2d.

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death. A similar happy connection existed between Miss Sieveking and the Queen of Prussia, and had a like duration. The former she visited at her palace at Sorgenfrei, near Copenhagen, where she spent her time very pleasantly in conversations with Her Majesty, and in visiting the various institutions of the neighbourhood which were calculated to interest her.

In 1855 Miss Sieveking caught a severe cold while on a visit to her brother, in England, and from that time her health gradually gave way, weakened as it must have been by the fatigues she had undergone. For a time she rallied, and for a still longer time delayed giving up her usual occupations, but they told fearfully on her exhausted frame. She conscientiously followed the prescriptions of her physicians, in the attempt to restore her health, visiting, at their request, different German Spas. But it was all in vain. Her cough and weakness steadily increased throughout the winter of 1858-9. She occupied herself with settling her worldly affairs, leaving the management of the Association in the hands of five of her assistants, of whom one was to be chief, so that there might be a recognized head in its dealings with other bodies.

She continued her lessons almost to the last, taking leave of her children on the 5th of March, 1859. From that time till her death, on the first of the succeeding month, her sufferings were extreme. The privilege of nursing her was greatly prized by those who were permitted to do so, while many whom she had benefited vied with each other in anticipating her every want. Her funeral, by her own request, resembled strictly that of a pauper, but it was followed by a stream of mourners of all ranks and both sexes, desirous to pay a last mark of respect to one who had poured out her love upon them when living, and now that she was departed would ever dwell in their memory as a most beloved and lamented friend.

Never have sixty-four years of life been better spent than those of Amelia Sieveking. Her standard of personal excellence was lofty, and she attained its summit by labours which exalted her spiritual being in exact proportion to their beneficent effects on her fellow-creatures. Her noble aspirations, under the guidance and control of a pure and humble spirit, accomplished great objects. Her success has, by the consent of all, enlarged the bounds of female usefulness, and her sex may well regard her as one of the foundresses of their moral and intellectual freedom.

SOCIAL

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SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

LIFE IN ENGLAND IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' Professor J. E. T. Rogers has a carefully written paper on a Continuous Price of Wheat for 105 years, from 1380 to 1484. At the end, he gives the following inferences from the facts under consideration.

Our forefathers were far from ignorant of the advantages of laborious adaptation, and of the value of agricultural improvements. They ploughed their land repeatedly, were alive to the profit of sheep dressing, manured the soil diligently, drained and ditched it regularly, marled it when needed, and used lime largely to destroy weeds and divide stiff clays. They spent much labour in hoeing their crops, and, as is evidenced by the wages paid to sowers, and the rate of seed per acre, had a full sense of the significance of agricultural economy. Half of their land was left, however, to unproductive fallow. Not that the arable acreage was probably much less than at present. No doubt some soil which is now under the plough was in those times poor pasture. But, on the other hand, some land which has been for time out of mind only poor upland pasture was in past days brought under cultivation. I have seen myself on some of the Hampshire and Sussex downs the evidence of ancient culture. The arts of peace leave more durable signs on the surface of the earth than those of war, and the marks of the plough may still be traced on spots which tradition only declares to have been the scene of battle and destruction.

But the produce was very scanty. The seed was invariably or almost invariably two bushels to the acre, the produce rarely exceeded twelve bushels, even in the best years, and this, it may be concluded, is nearly the limit of unscientific—to use a phrase applicable to modern improvements—and uninstructed agriculture. Cicero tells us that eightfold was a good rate in Sicily, in his time the granary of Rome.* A crop of thirty-five bushels on average land under modern culture is by no means excessive. Land under tillage then, at the present time, yields 2½ times more than it did in the days of our forefathers.

But though much land was tilled then, very little was productive. Half the soil was in fallow, and the fallow was ploughed over and over again that it might recover its vigour. Add to the amount under fallow that which has been rendered available for crops at the present time, the downs, for instance, at Brighton and Eastbourne, and similar places, and we shall find that there is now probably 2½ times more wheat-bearing land than at that period.

But this is not all. Our forefathers had no winter roots, no artificial grasses. Turnips, carrots, parsnips, and I need not mention beet and potatoes, were things of the future. They had coarse cabbage and the unimproved kinds of onions. They flavoured their poor soups with 'Jack-by-the-hedge,' a weed known to most of us by its spike of white flowers, and coarse alliaceous smell. In spring they sold their nettles which grew in their gardens. It is said that nettles are wholesome and pleasant spring food; such an impression must be historical. They were, perhaps, in those days of salt meat, six months of herbless winter, and endemic scurvy. But the eagerness with which our forefathers gathered nettles and such wild herbs reminds one of the danger which the owners of those pastures run where

* Cicero in Verrem; iii., 47.

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the autumn crocus grows profusely, when their cattle fed all the winter on hay are turned loose among the spring meadows. Potatoes, the great remedy for scurvy, have occurred to me as priced in 1590, when they were bought at 2s. 6d. a pound for Queen Elizabeth's table.

Clover, too, and the best of other artificial grasses were unknown. I am not botanist enough to determine what are the natural grasses of our country, but entertain a strong suspicion that they are of the least nutritive kind. It is not too much, at any rate, to think that the absence of these modern but familiar conveniences diminished the rate of production by 2½ times more.

Lastly. Cattle and sheep were poor, small, and long coming to perfection. Stunted by the winter's privation, they took double time to be eatable. We have often laughed at the story of the Irishman's plan of making his bacon streaked, by alternate starvation and plenty in the diet of his pig. With our forefathers the variation was a permanent necessity. I have before me the weights of oxen purchased by the Comptroller of Edward VI., and find that the average of thirty oxen was about 4 cwts. Besides, fat was six times the price of meat. Such causes may fairly diminish the rate of production by another unit. I am disposed, therefore, to conclude that the rate of production was about one-eighth of that which is customary at present. Now the population of England and Wales is about, in round numbers, at present twenty millions, of whom about fifteen millions are maintained on the agricultural produce of this country. If to those diminishing forces in population be added the insecurity of some regions, and the relatively backward state of others, as the condition of the Welsh and Scotch marches, and that generally of the Principality, especially during the time of Owen Glendower, there is no great rashness, it may be conceded, in fixing the miximum of population in the fifteenth century, and indeed long after, at from one and a half to two millions, and in inclining to the less rather than to the greater number. * * * *

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the ordinary rent of arable land was from 4d. to 6d. the acre. The rioters of Blackheath demanded, and by the charter (afterwards annulled in 1381) procured, that the rent of land should not exceed 4d. an acre. It has been stated that our forefathers, as far as manual labour went, employed most of the modern arts of agriculture; that is, they developed the artificial fertilities of the soil. But the rent of the same parcels of land in purely agricultural districts, and where no virtual improvement has been induced, or what may be called the merely mechanical junctions of the earth, has risen eighty or one hundred times since the period which this paper deals with. * * * *

The labour of procuring the means of subsistence then, with the appliances which the agriculture of the fifteeenth century afforded, was so great that the rent of land, except under the compulsory service of villenage, absorbed but a small portion of the produce. But the continual recurrence of dearths and pestilences proves, among other evidence, that population pressed closely on the means of subsistence.

Villenage still subsisted; but the course of time, and the disposition of the law towards those persons who were held to predial servitude, but who were free to all others except their lords, had greatly mitigated the earlier theory of the bondsman's obligations and liabilities. Their tenure was secured on the terms of labour. Such labour, however, as was extorted from them was, as might be expected, unprofitable, as the labour of serfs was unprofitable in Russia. Hence it was the interest of the landlord to exempt them from personal labour on the payment of money rents, the incidents of villenage, valuable as liable to escheat, being retained. This commutation of service for payment begins very early, and, I imagine, spread very rapidly. By the middle of Henry VI.'s reign, that is about 1440,

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1440, labour rents had, I am convinced, altogether ceased, and some of the claims of the rioters of Blackheath were silently accorded to the operations of economical causes. In so unnoticed a change as this, which transformed a great part of the community from serfs to occupiers of land held to low fee-farm rents, we must not, I am convinced, look for any exceptional cause. The most natural and sufficient reason for the change was the greater convenience of fixed payments compared with a service or labour rent. Of the same stock with the small landowner near them, engaged in similar occupations, and possessed, except in the single particular of personal dependence, of the same rights with freemen, there was no room for the antipathies of race, or the discredit which enforced labour brings on labour itself.

It was certainly during this time that the class of small freeholders arose. The fact is traceable, not only in the suggestions of legislation and history, but in the change made by the owners of land in the management of their estates. In the fourteenth century the landlord invariably cultivated his own estate by a bailiff. It is from the numerous records of such farming, the account being presented annually to the employer, that the greater part of the facts which I have gathered about prices in the early part of the middle ages are derived. Between the last thirty years of the fourteenth and the first forty of the fifteenth centuries this practice is almost universally abandoned. The landlord ceases to cultivate his own land, and two persons appear on his estate, one a collector of rents from the tenants, free and copyhold, the other, a farmer who cultivates the soil for his own profit, at a fixed rate, sometimes for a long term, but with his landlord's stock, which he is pledged to restore, or its equivalent in money (the amount of such liabilities being annually endorsed on the account rendered at the expiration of his tenancy). After a short time, however, this practice ceases; the tenant finds stock himself, and occupies an estate, either under a lease or very often by purchase. In the estates with which I am most familiar it was not to be expected that those who held to their successors would finally alienate their lands, but it was the case beyond doubt with those who had lay tenures.

That the tenant, at will or on lease, should become an owner in fee, could, I think, only take place under such favourable circumstances as those which affected the great mass of society at this time. Food, during the greater part of the period before me, was more abundant and cheap than it had been before, or than it was afterwards, except at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when, as is well known, there was a long succession of abundant harvests. And the exigencies of the great lords who were involved in the civil wars of the period must have disposed them to part with portions of their lands to husbandmen on advantageous terms. The Wars of the Roses almost exterminated the nobility, but hardly affected the great mass of the community. In the accounts of the fifteenth centuries, hundreds of which it has been my fortune to consult, I have never yet met with the least allusion to the strife which was raging, or with any complaint of loss from the ravages of war. The violence of the storm burst in a region far above the heads of the people, and did not generally affect them except as a means for fertilizing their labour. The barons and their retainers were worsted in the struggle, and the husbandmen reaped the profit of his exceptional position.

THE ENGLISH NON-RESTRAINT TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.

A communication to the 'Journal of Mental Science,' from Baron Mundy shows that the humane English system of treating lunatics without restraint is

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is at length beginning to establish itself upon the European continent. Baron Mundy says:—

Dr. Ludwig Meyer, of Hamburg, has had the courage to defend the non-restraint system in Germany, and also himself to practise it in the Hamburg Asylum with the best success. It is true that Dr. Meyer had previously visited England, and examined with careful eyes, impartial goodwill, and practical mind, the non-restraint system. * * * *

'More than a quarter of a century has passed,' writes Dr. Meyer, 'since the English asylums undertook to do away with the last remnants of imprisonment and restraint. The immense importance of this idea is shown by the magnitude of the opposition raised by the alienists of England. The enthusiasm of Conolly and his adherents was not less than the bitter excitement of his opponents. When the former made the abolition of mechanical restraints—the chief aim and test of the efforts of alienists—when they saw, in these restraints which then in English (and still in many French and German) asylums, were regarded in the light of therapeutical agents, only the embodiment of all the gross mismanagements which had so often raised a storm of public indignation against these institutions, their opponents were not slow to declare the results of the so-called new system mere delusions, chiefly intended to lead public opinion astray, and to aggravate the unhappy lot of the patients. The harmless strait-jacket was, they said, only exchanged for the rough hands of the warders, and they added, "Is this the success of the new system that violent patients are deprived of fresh air, and exchange the movements of the whole body for the narrow limits of the padded-cell merely to abolish the strait-jacket, which for the moment protects the useless limbs better than fetters?" * * * *

'The condition of the Hamburg Asylum has acquired a kind of celebrity more from the philanthropy than the professional reports published. However much exaggeration and falsehood these descriptions contain, they at all events prevent the necessity of my mentioning the insurmountable difficulties which would stand in the way of removing the restraint system and introducing a new arrangement based on Conolly's ideas. The physicians of the asylum themselves, although all of them persuaded of the propriety of the non-restraint system, would have rejected any plan for its introduction, three years ago, as perfectly Utopian, but for two years past the application of restraint to the male patients has been unnecessary; in the female department, which contains 100 more patients than the male, it has occasionally been found necessary to apply the foot or chest straps to some of the patients to prevent their disturbing the peace of the dormitory. For a number of 330 female patients, there are only at disposal four isolated rooms (and these only to be had with difficulty) for protecting the quietness of the night's rest, and restraint, therefore, must assist when this scanty accommodation does not suffice. There were rarely more than two patients restrained, never more than four; the period of restraint was generally from four to five hours, no patient being ever restrained for an entire day. These cases of restraint were of so mild a character that disciplinarians would have resorted to more violent means. These cases of restraint, however, stand in no relation to our question, and in all essential points we may consider the introduction of non-restraint in our asylums as established. The abolition of restraint in this position, surrounded by local difficulties, has been highly instructive, and the result, therefore, is so much more striking.

'I have no hesitation (adds Dr. Meyer) in fully bearing out the maxim of the English physicians, that the abolition of restraint has a beneficial influence on the temper of all the insane, and disposes them to submit more willingly to the wishes of the physicians.

'The number of really raving maniacs has in a department of 230 males so completely diminished, that many weeks often pass without the four isolated

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isolated rooms being used at all. Since the introduction of non-restraint among females, no case of regular furious mania has occurred among 500 lunatics, no bodily injury of any moment to the insane or the attendants, and no continued refusal of food. The number of workers is continually increasing, and that of the sick diminishing. The accidents and escapes have not increased, though the opportunity for both is not wanting, considering the situation of our asylum, the garden, which is cultivated by patients, lying between a deep town moat and two frequented streets, from which it is merely separated by a light railing. With the introduction of the non-restraint system, we feel the local difficulties less, which oppose a consistent psychiatric treatment, whilst the insane endure their painful position with more patience, and at times even with gaiety. Facts are stronger than the will of any individual! As long as the German asylums must waste all their best energies on the care and discipline of the miserable and neglected insane, so long will they be unable to bring forward their experience for or against the question of non-restraint; and the often cited words of Conolly, "Restraint is neglect," receive their full signification when applied to the condition of the insane in certain countries.'

Thus writes and acts Dr. L. Meyer, of Hamburg; can any one judge more simply, truly, and honestly of the non-restraint system, or write more rationally concerning its merits than this distinguished German physician does?

ROTTERDAM.

In a Report of a Visit to the Continental Temperance Congress at Hanover, by Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, a recent number of the 'Bromley Lecture Hall Chronicle' gives the following account of things seen in Rotterdam.

To those who see Holland for the first time, this fine town, characteristically Dutch, appears very entertaining. There are as many canals as streets, all flanked by good quays, covered with merchandize, and planted with rows of trees. The streets and promenades thus beautified, and the sight of their fresh verdure in the heart of this busy town, give to it an indescribable charm; while the combination of streets, water, bridges, trees and masts, forms a sight at once novel and picturesque. * * *

In addition to the canals before referred to,—lined with houses, bordered with trees, and crossed by innumerable drawbridges,—I was particularly interested in noticing the tall, red, quaint buildings, with variegated tiles and variously pointed gables facing the street, and often considerably overhanging the foundation; the houses and shops so faultlessly clean; the shoes of the horses sounding as if they were pattened; the angular mirrors projecting in front of the windows of the houses, by which the inmates may see all that passes in the street; the comely figures of the buxom little Dutchwomen, in their Sunday attire; the picturesque barges gliding to and fro with their gilt prows, round sterns, and painted sides, looking as bright and shining as if they had come fresh from the painters' brush; the brass milkpails of the dairymaids, glistening like polished armour; and the rude busts of the 'Gapers' or Moors' heads, formed with the mouth gaping, the eyes protruding, and the whole countenance expressive of agony, placed as a sign in front of the druggists' shops. I observed, also, that the lower classes here wore clumsy *sabots*, pipe-clayed outside, in which they moved along with wonderful dexterity. There were no beggars abroad about the time of divine service, but every one seemed to possess an expression of genuine good nature and unsophisticated kindness, which did one's heart good to see.

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It was curious at first to observe the costumes of the women, so prim, neat, and picturesque. The females of the lower classes are certainly better looking than in any country I ever visited; having excellent features, beautiful complexions, and plump tidy figures, with generally a good-natured smile on their face. They indulge in most singular head-dresses. All the females, even down to little girls, wear caps; and these caps are marvels of plaiting, trimming, and curious needlework, and are as white as the driven snow. The women have a great taste for jewellery, and wear large, heavy, and long ear-drops and ear-rings of different patterns; heavy glittering breast-pins; strings of showy beads, sometimes fastened by a monstrous clasp in front; and forehead-bands of gilt brass, which span the skull from ear to ear. The dress generally worn is a long jacket, made of clear cotton print, worn over a red or black petticoat; and these jackets, which are often made of elegant patterns, set off their comely figures to great advantage, and are really at once becoming and picturesque.

The cleanliness of the town was something marvellous. It is not an exaggeration to say that the streets, even along the quays and busiest parts of the town, were so clean that one might almost eat his food from them. I had previously been informed that the passion for cleanliness is carried to excess in Holland, and was therefore prepared to see everything bright and shining, and possessing an air of freshness and purification. It would seem that every day the housemaids are seen hard at work, scrubbing away 'with a will.' You may see them running across the streets to the canal, dipping their brightly-painted, brass-hooped pails into the water by means of a long pole and hook, and off they run to wash the paint or scrub the windows with the most assiduous industry. By means of brushes, attached to poles about twenty feet long, they attack dirt-spots which lie beyond the reach of their hands; and ever and anon they squirt the water over the windows and house-fronts with a pump, similar to those used at home for watering gardens.

But it is on Saturdays, I learned, that a most extraordinary cleaning, or '*schoonmaken*' takes place. 'Every house-door then presents a scene of most energetic activity; the brushing and mopping, the scrubbing and scraping, are not confined to steps and doorways; the pavement, wall, windows,—however guiltless of impurity they may be,—are all equally subjected to the same course of ablution.' Within doors equal purity and precision reign; and the mop or the broom itself, however worn out or old, is subjected to a similar process of cleansing. It may safely be affirmed that spiders stand a worse chance in Holland than in any country of the globe. This rage for cleanliness is carried to such an extent throughout the whole country, that even the cows' tails, proverbial in other countries for growing downwards, are here made to grow upwards; for with the view of promoting the cleanliness of the animal while in the stall, the tail is tied up to a ring in he roof of the stable. In some cow-houses it is managed by a pulley, with a weight at one end of a line, the other being fastened to the end of a cow's tail. The cleanliness of their dairies is notorious; in the country, the family of the dairy-keeper often make one end of the cow-house their sitting-room, having a fire-place at one end, and always at least one comfortable bed for a labourer or servant, who sleeps in the cow-house.

OZONE.

An interesting article in the 'Social Science Review,' by Dr. T. Wood, F.C.S., recites the history and describes the properties of ozone.

The discovery of ozone is attributed to Professor Schœnbein, of Bazil, who in the year 1839-40, while decomposing water by means of electricity, observed

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observed that the liberated oxygen possessed a peculiar odour similar to the one generated by the action of a common electrical machine: he commenced a series of experiments to determine the cause of this electrical odour, which experiments have led us to our present knowledge of the uses, nature, and manufacture of ozone. It must not be supposed that the smell emitted from the electrical machine when in action had never been noticed before the year 1839; it had been noticed, and Priestly had especially remarked on the phosphorescent smell of the electrical spark; but to Professor Schœnbein is due the honour of bringing this smell prominently before the scientific world, and giving it a name, the one it now bears, ozone (from *ozu*, I smell), on account of its peculiar odour, the well-known smell of the air of the deep blue sea. * * * *

From the dissimilarity between oxygen and ozone, and the peculiar way in which the latter acted, it was not long before the idea was suggested that ozone might be a new and distinct body, belonging to the same class as chlorine, bromine, and iodine, which it much resembles both in smell and in its property of uniting with hydrogen and the metals.

Fiercely has the point been discussed in miles of print whether ozone contained hydrogen and had the composition HO_3: it is, however, now generally admitted that both ozone and antozone are but modifications of oxygen. Ozone is now supposed to be oxygen negatively electrified, while another body called antozone is oxygen positively electrified, and just as opposite electricities neutralize one another, so ozone and antozone when they come together, neutralize one another and produce common oxygen gas. Antozone has its head-quarters in the peroxide of hydrogen, while ozone is contained in the peroxide of lead and many other bodies. * * *

Ordinary oxygen is slightly soluble in water, but ozone appears to be quite insoluble in that medium, which fact in a great measure contributes to the continued presence of ozone in sea air, there being on the sea no foul odours or steaming alleys filled with human beings and the filth of all kinds that is constantly generated and collected wherever man makes his home, to remove it. Its presence or absence in the air may be determined by its peculiar action on a chemical substance called iodide of potassium: strips of blotting paper are dipped in a very dilute solution of this body in which has been boiled a small quantity of starch. The ozone has the power of turning such paper blue by liberating iodine. Ozone is not always to be found in the air, as it is frequently removed as quickly as formed by the many decomposing bodies which emit compounds to the atmosphere fatal to the existence of the substance. So active and energetic is ozone that in warm weather the presence of feathers, old straw, or any fusty body, will prevent it from being detected, even while it is being artificially produced and passed over them, until they are sweetened, then the ozone will pass through them untouched, as there is nothing now to destroy it. When breathed, the effect of ozone is at first pleasant and refreshing, but if large quantities are present in the inspired air, a disagreeable sensation of pricking of the nose and a sense of tightness at the chest, with a fearful headache, are the first symptoms noticed. On continuing the breathing of ozone, as was noticed with a guinea-pig and a rat, the pricking sensation of the nose appeared to increase, from the violent way in which they scratched that organ; the breathing became quick and laboured, and death ensued in about one hour. On a *post mortem* examination the heart and lungs were found be quite full, and the blood so thick and clotted as to impede its circulation. * * * *

The antiseptic properties of ozone are peculiar. Meat that has once been well ozonized will keep longer than a piece not thus operated on. A snipe, whose smell was anything but that of myrrh, removed all smell of ozone from four quarts of strongly ozonized air, but, put into the fifth quart, the ozone

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ozone was no longer removed. The bird was now hung up by the side of an offensive fellow bird, and remained so for three or four days, when the exigencies of the cook put an end to the experiment. On the feathers being then removed from the two birds, the ozonized bird was still nearly fresh and sweet, while a lively green pervaded the back of the bird not ozonized, not to mention the presence of a powerful perfume. When sent to table, the difference between the two birds was apparent from the greater sweetness and freshness of the disinfected animal. A safe, supplied with ozone, in which the butcher could hang rumps of beef in summer until they were tender, would be a great boon to the community at large.

Ozone, although nothing practical has been done with it during the twenty-five years that it has been known, is destined to prove as important as oxygen. By the discovery of oxygen the old ideas of 'phlogiston' or hidden fire were exploded. It was the discovery of oxygen that enabled Priestly to prove beyond doubt that such bodies as the candle when burnt yielded products that weighed heavier than before, and that they did not give out phlogiston, and lose in weight, as was supposed. This was a great fact gained for science. And when ozone can be produced at will, at an expense that will enable it to be used generally, we shall have made a discovery not less useful for sanitary science, the advantages of which will be as remarkable as beneficent.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B.

The honorarium of Twenty Thousand Pounds awarded at length by the Queen and Parliament to Sir Rowland Hill, in recognition of his immense services to the nation, and, indeed, to the whole civilized world, comes somewhat tardily, in addition to a pension, to smooth the declining years of a great benefactor of his race; but there is some comfort in the thought that it does come whilst yet it is possible to be of service to one who has merited so well, and who would only have shared the lot of most of his honourable class had he passed away from a world too ungrateful to reward him except by a tombstone or a statue.

At this juncture, we turn back with renewed interest to an interesting sketch of Sir Rowland Hill's earlier life and labours, which appeared a few years ago in 'Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich,' a valuable work edited by the Recorder of Birmingham, and with a preface by Lord Brougham.* As the learned Recorder is brother to the eminent postal reformer, the correctness of the facts detailed may be thoroughly relied upon.

Rowland Hill, the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, and Sarah his wife, was born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795. In the year 1802 his father succeeded to a boarding-school at Birmingham, and here Rowland was educated.

To an observant eye indications of his future distinction were not wanting, even in his childhood, although his progress in the usual acquirements of our early years was somewhat retarded by debility and precarious health. He ever displayed a perseverance not to be wearied in the pursuit of any object on which he had fixed his mind; bearing delay and disappointment with calmness, but never remitting his endeavours, or relinquishing his hopes. As his body grew stronger, and his mind developed itself, he evinced abundant fertility of resource for the attainment of his ends. His faculty of mechanical invention was great and precocious; and his love for

*London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

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its exercise urged him to the acquirement of proficiency in the use of tools. Thus he promptly surrounded himself with apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy, not fabricated according to pattern, but adapted by his ingenuity to his particular purposes, and modified by his limited command of pocket-money. Among these constructions was one with which, by the aid of his electrical machine, made by himself at twelve years old, he produced a vivid representation of the heavenly bodies of the southern sky—invisible to us in the north—stars, nebulæ, and all, and caused them to rise and set. He became expert in drawing, and at thirteen gained the first prize for excellence in that art against the youth of all England. These prizes were offered by Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher of the 'School Magazine,' a work long since extinct. For the mathematics he had a very remarkable gift, but he was debarred from availing himself of it in its full amplitude by the demands upon his time, which arose from his becoming a teacher in his father's school, at an age when boys are generally mere learners. Teaching, however, as a means of learning, is not to be disparaged. Yet restricted as his application to the mathematics thus became, he carried his inventive powers into that region also; and often surprised and gratified his father by striking out original and improved methods of solving problems of no slight difficulty. He made himself an adept in land surveying. Possessing only a small theodolite, he hit upon a way of using it which endowed it with the accuracy of Borda's Repeating Circle; and so employing his instrument, he was enabled to effect a somewhat extensive trigonometrical survey of Birmingham and its neighbourhood, on a base line very carefully measured, according to the plan (a little changed) pursued by Colonel Mudge on Hounslow Heath, the first step towards the great trigonometrical survey of the British Islands, which has been in progress now for more than half a century. After he had grown up, he felt that he had too much neglected demonstrative geometry, and, availing himself of a Christmas vacation, he went through the whole of Simpson's Euclid in a month, demonstrating every proposition in each book to his father, as if he had been a schoolboy.

His faculty of invention in what may be called physical mechanics, was accompanied by a similar talent for moral mechanism. He devised and framed a constitution for his father's school, which, through the intervention of a committee of the pupils chosen by the whole body, aided greatly in developing their powers of self-government. The little community in 1819 (the year following its constitutional epoch) was moved into the country, a short distance from Birmingham; and established in a large and convenient house built for the purpose, from Rowland's designs. From this site, which was calléd Hazelwood, the school was eventually removed to Bruce Castle, at Tottenham, near London.

In 1833, Mr. Rowland Hill, finding his place in the school well supplied by a younger brother, turned his attention to other pursuits; the profession of a teacher never having been one to which he felt any strong vocation, notwithstanding his success in it.

Shortly afterwards he associated himself with a small number of gentlemen desirous of reducing to practice a scheme of colonization then lately promulgated by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. * * *

The association which Mr. Rowland Hill joined obtained in the year 1834 an Act of Parliament for establishing the colony of South Australia, now containing a population of 120,000. * * *

South Australia was at first managed by royal commissioners, who appointed Mr. Rowland Hill their secretary; and, of course, upon him fell the principal charge of framing the rules for conducting the colonial affairs, regulating the emigration of labourers, &c.; and, in short, of carrying into action the whole scheme, so far as it could be guided from the seat of Government at home. Such of the emigrants as were selected for transit at the

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the expense of the colony were, upon their landing, at liberty to hire themselves to any employers who chose to engage them; indeed, they were free to work for others or themselves, according to their own option or their resources. The success of the experiment has completely verified the soundness of Mr. Wakefield's principle, and has led to its adoption in other Australian colonies. No small portion of that success may, with perfect justice to the other labourers in the cause, be claimed for Rowland Hill.

Although the formation of a new settlement demanded great exertion on the part of all engaged in the enterprize, and especially on that of the secretary, yet the business of colonization did not absorb his whole time and attention. He was a member of the committee of the celebrated Society, founded in 1826 by Lord Brougham, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The rapidly-extending demand for cheap literature—of which he became cognizant while taking part in the labours of the society—suggested to his mind the pressing need for some apparatus which should outstrip the printing machine of that day; and, ultimately, he attempted himself to supply the desideratum. He invented a machine, the characteristic of which was that it printed by the revolution of a cylinder armed with type, under which the paper was passed in long sheets. Having, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Edwin Hill, the inventor of the envelope-folding machine, perfected this invention, he took out a patent for it; but his machine, although it printed with great velocity, and although the impressions were beautifully executed, yet never came into use. * * * *

A short experience convinced him that he had better turn his thoughts in some other direction. In no wise cast down by his disappointment, he abandoned physical mechanics, and turned his mind to what we have called moral mechanism. From childhood he had often heard his father express an opinion that the rate of postage was too high, not only for the comfort and convenience of the people at large, but for the productiveness of the revenue. This remark was repeated so frequently as to produce a permanent impression on the minds of his children, and the evils of dear postage were for years a topic of conversation in the family circle. Rowland Hill now determined to enter upon a laborious investigation of the subject, and to make himself, so far as opportunity served, fully acquainted with that intricate and multifarious department—the Post-office. Seeing that he had never, either in town or village, penetrated more deeply into postal mysteries than could be accomplished by a momentary glance through the half-opened little door which suffices for a somewhat uncomfortable communication between earnest and, perhaps, loquacious inquirers without and the reticent postmaster within, this was to inaugurate a labour of Herculean magnitude. The hope of obtaining information by personal interviews with the possessors of postal knowledge was but faint. Whether by nature or art, or by the force of the *esprit de corps*, taciturnity seems in all countries to be a virtue largely shed upon the order of which we are speaking. We have carried on our researches in various parts of Europe, but we never met with a postmaster or his deputy who did not remind us of the verses repeatedly uttered by the prophetess in Gray's 'Descent of Odin:'—

> 'Now my weary lips I close,
> Leave me, leave me to repose.'

Fortunately, however, the means of knowledge were not confined to oral communications. For many years the Post-office had been a favourite subject for inquiry through parliamentary committees and royal commissions; and thus a pile of blue books had been brought into existence, in which a huge mass of facts, embedded in a still more enormous heap of rubbish, was to be obtained by the due application of labour and skill. Mattock in hand, Rowland Hill set himself to work, and, in a few months, had not only won the ore,

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ore, but had smelted it, and cast away the dross. Still on some points he was in doubt. He put his queries into writing, and, through the introduction of friends who had influence at St. Martin's-le-Grand, he succeeded in obtaining answers to some of his questions; but the amount of information he was able to procure was neither abundant nor accurate. For instance, it was very desirable, and, indeed, essential, that he should ascertain within certain limits the number of chargeable letters passing through the British post-offices in each year; but no satisfactory information on this head could be obtained. Employing the best data he was able, in the first instance, to procure, he computed the annual number at about eighty-eight millions and a half; but, after some time, having succeeded in obtaining additional information, he revised his estimate, which he finally settled at seventy-nine millions and a half. About the same time, the Postmaster-General of that day gravely stated in the House of Lords that the true number was only forty-two or forty-three millions! Towards the close of the year 1837, the House of Commons appointed a committee to investigate the merits of penny postage. In the course of the inquiry, which continued throughout the session of 1838, the gentlemen of the Post-office submitted an amended estimate of the number of letters, which brought it up to fifty-eight millions. These figures being sifted, were soon shown to be fallacious, and the Post-office again amended their return, bringing up the amount to nearly sixty-seven millions, and finally advanced it to seventy millions. But the committee, after a most laborious and searching scrutiny, conducted with untiring zeal, and with a degree of ability which cannot be too highly appreciated, arrived at the conclusion that the real number passing through the British post-offices was seventy-seven millions and a half. Eventually, the number was fixed by the Post-office itself at seventy-six millions.

We have a little disturbed the chronology of our narrative, in our attempt to give the reader a glimpse of the difficulties which encompassed Rowland Hill in his task of acquiring that thorough insight into the state of the Post-office which he justly felt to be necessary before he could presume to frame a new system. His preliminary labour being brought to a close, his mind fastened on the leading facts upon which his plan is founded. The cost of a letter to the Post-office, he saw, was divisible into three branches. First, that of receiving the letter, and preparing it for its journey, which, under the old *régime*, was troublesome enough, as the postage varied first in proportion to the distance it had to travel; and, again, according as it was composed of one, two, or three sheets of paper, each item of charge being exorbitant. For instance, a letter from London to Edinburgh, if single, was rated at 1s. 1½d.; if double, at 2s. 3d.; and, if treble, at 3s. 4½d.; any—the minutest—enclosure being treated as an additional sheet. The duty of taxing letters, or writing upon each of them its postage, thus became a complicated transaction, occupying much time, and employing the labour of many clerks. This, and other duties, which we will not stop to specify, comprised the first of the three branches of expense which each letter imposed on the office. The second was the cost of transit from post-office to post-office. And this expense, even for so great a distance as from London to Edinburgh, proved, upon careful examination, to be no more than the ninth part of a farthing! The third branch was that of delivering the letter and receiving the postage, letters being, for the most part, sent away unpaid. Rowland Hill saw that, although a considerable reduction of postage might and ought to be made, even if the change rested there, yet, that if he could cheapen the cost to the Post-office, the reduction to the public could be carried very much further, without entailing on the revenue any ultimate loss of serious amount. He therefore addressed himself to the simplification of the various processes. If, instead of charging according to the number of sheets or scraps of paper, a weight should be fixed, below which a letter, whatever

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whatever might be its contents, should only bear a single charge, much trouble to the office would be spared, while an unjust mode of taxation would be abolished. For, certainly, a double letter did not impose double cost, nor a treble letter threefold cost upon the Post-office. But, if the alteration had rested there, a great source of labour to the office would have remained; because postage would still have been augmented upon each letter in proportion to the distance it had to travel. In the absence of knowledge as to the very minute cost of mere transit, such an arrangement would appear just; or, to place the question in another light, it would seem unjust to charge as much for delivering a letter at the distance of a mile from the office at which it was posted, as for delivering a letter at Edinburgh transmitted from London. But when Rowland Hill had, by his investigation, ascertained that the difference between the cost of transit in the one instance and the other was an insignificant fraction of a farthing, it became obvious that it was a nearer approximation to perfect justice to pass over this petty inequality than to tax it even to the amount of the smallest coin of the realm. With regard to the third head, all that could be done for lessening the cost attendant on delivering the letters from house to house, was to devise some plan of prepayment which should be acceptable to the public (so long accustomed to throw the cost of correspondence on the receiver of a letter, instead of the sender), and which, at the same time, should not transfer the task of collection to the receiving-office, while it relieved the letter-carriers attached to the distributing-office; otherwise, comparatively little would have been gained by the change. This led to the proposal for prepayment by stamped labels, whereby the Post-office is altogether relieved from the duty of collecting postage. Thus, one by one, were the impediments all removed to the accomplishment of a grand object, uniformity of postage throughout the British Isles.

The facile attainment of this end being thus demonstrated, it became easy to reduce the rate of postage to an enormous extent. And such reduction giving, as it did, so large a boon to commerce and the correspondence of all classes, particularly that which stands lowest in the social scale, reconciled every one to the changes of habit and usage, which would have presented a series of obstacles to the adoption of the scheme, had the advantages been less manifest or of inferior magnitude.

The discovery of Mr. Rowland Hill that uniformity is the necessary condition of extreme cheapness, and that when the various items of cost to the Post-office connected with receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter were thoroughly analysed, none of them presented any insuperable difficulty to the establishment of a uniform rate, appears, now it is made, to be extremely simple. But it is exactly that union of importance with simplicity which is the true stamp of discoveries destined to take their place in the highest rank of mental achievements. * * *

In the year 1837, Rowland Hill published his plan, which he explained to his countrymen in a brief but lucid pamphlet. The splendid project overran the three kingdoms like wildfire. Party spirit, then strong and bitter, was for a time silenced. It stood rebuked in the presence of this noble benefaction. But neither the Ministry nor the Opposition were its friends. It was an object too large for the tiny grasp of party; and it would inevitably have fallen to the ground, had not the unanimous voice of the people called on Parliament to register its edict that Penny Postage should become the law of the land. And promptly was that voice obeyed.

Here, then, our narrative draws to its close. The development of a system of cheap and uniform postage within our own shores is part of the history of England. Yet our shores do not form the limits of its extension. It has spread itself over the whole civilized world; and its progress belongs to the history of civilization itself. The

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The labours, the discouragements, and, we must add, the persecutions of its author, were, however, far from ceasing on the adoption of these plans. The Whig Government which was in office in 1839, the epoch of the Penny Postage Act, although they had yielded to his project with reluctance, treated Mr. Hill with justice, gave him their confidence, brought him into the Treasury, and aided him, in perfect good faith, to work out his measure. After a time, however, they were displaced; and their Tory substitutes, while acknowledging the great ability with which its author had carried his scheme into execution, discovered that he had done his work, and that his services were no longer wanted! Therefore, amidst a profusion of compliments, they bowed him into the street, and shut the door of office in his face. They left him, it is true, the consolation which the famous old Spartan, Pedaretus, drew from the loss of his election into "The three hundred," he was glad, he said, to find that his country possessed three hundred men better than himself. Rowland Hill had even greater cause for self-gratulation than Pedaretus. Among the thousands of appointments which compose our civil service, no vacancy could be found which an abler and more deserving public servant than the author of Penny Postage was not ready to fill! Happy England, so redundant in merit; but, alas! we must add, ignorant or ungrateful country, not to know, or knowing, not to avow its wonderful good fortune! Yet such was the benighted state of the English mind, that the treatment of Rowland Hill, which the perspicacity, moral and mental, of our rulers, adjudged to be right and expedient, was condemned, nevertheless, by all but that sagacious few, as flagrant ingratitude towards him, and a contempt of the public interest as regarded the nation. And they ended by taking the matter into their own hands. To restore him to office was beyond their power; but they would not suffer him to depart from Downing-street empty-handed; on the contrary, by a munificent subscription of fifteen thousand pounds, they at once rewarded their benefactor, and marked his dismissal with a stigma never to be effaced.

Thrust out of office, Rowland Hill sought a new occupation, sustained in his bitter disappointment by the hope that another Government would permit him to complete the plan he had been only able to commence. He became a director of the Brighton Railway Company, and was soon chosen their chairman. Under his superintendence the business of that body was conducted with a precision to which no other railway company had then attained. As usual, his habit of persevering and minute investigation accomplished its objects. For instance, finding that the signals employed along the lines to communicate with the engine-driver were sometimes mistaken by the men, he placed himself on the engine to journey to and fro between London and Brighton, until he had discovered the cause which led to error, and soon found that it lay in an arrangement by which the same signal did not uniformly express the same meaning; so that the mind of the driver, while engaged in his anxious duties, was taxed, and sometimes his memory confounded, by these absurd inconsistencies.

In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, they invited Rowland Hill to take an appointment in the Post-office. Resigning his chairmanship, he accepted their invitation, and in a short time the public had cause to know that the futility of the reasons given for his dismissal was not less manifest than the meanness which could devise and publish them. Since his return to office improvement has thickened upon improvement; and measures are yet in progress for still further ameliorations of our postal system. These we cannot find room even to enumerate. One change, however, is so striking in its effects, and can be told in so few words, that we will not omit to specify it. We all know the benefits resulting from the establishment of the Money-Order Office. In 1847, Mr. Rowland Hill found its arrangements in a state of complication which most unnecessarily swelled its cost; its

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its expenses exceeding its income by an annually increasing sum, which then amounted to £10,000 a-year. He took it in hand. It quickly became self-supporting, then profitable, and it now clears a net produce of £29,115 per annum, making a difference to the State of £39,115. But, as every year is more profitable than its predecessor, it is to be expected that even this sum will hereafter be far exceeded. This great saving is attributable solely to the simplification of the arrangements commenced by Mr. Rowland Hill, but extended by his youngest brother, Mr. Frederick Hill, who, in 1851, mainly with a view of relieving Rowland of part of his excessive toil, resigned his office of Inspector of Prisons, and undertook the far more laborious duties of Assistant-Secretary to the Post-office. Nor is this the only assistance which Rowland Hill has received from his family. It may be doubted if he would have found it possible to bear up for so many years under his never-ending labours, but for the cheerful and intelligent aid rendered by his wife, whenever the nature of his task admitted of her co-operation, and but for her watchful care of his health, at all times easily deranged.

When Mr. Rowland Hill returned to office in 1846, he was made Secretary to the Postmaster-General, and was, in effect, joint-secretary with Colonel Maberly; but, in 1854, the latter gentleman having become one of the Commissioners of Audit, Lord Aberdeen's Government appointed Mr. Rowland Hill Secretary to the Post-office. It is but common justice to state that the Conservative Ministries which have come into office since his restoration have shown, by their treatment of the author of Penny Postage, that they have no sympathy with their Tory predecessors who dismissed him. In the present year, 1860, the Queen has been graciously pleased to invest Mr. Rowland Hill with the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

From an address, recently read at a large and influential towns' meeting at Liverpool assembled to recognize Sir R. Hill's public services, and signed by the Mayor of Liverpool on behalf of the municipality, we extract the following justly appreciative passage.

Occasional attempts have been made to dispute your just claims to originality in the suggestion of a uniform rate of one penny for all ordinary letters. We believe these attempts to have been as unfair as they have been ineffectual. They have mainly rested on the fact that a penny rate had been previously suggested, and even adopted within very limited distances. But we regard this as widely different from your suggestion of a uniform low rate per letter for every distance, and that justified by the fact, which you then developed for the first time, that the average cost of transit for a single letter within the limits of the United Kingdom hardly exceeded one-third of a penny, and was much more dependent upon the number of letters than the distance they were carried. We remember also your other suggestions of charging letters only by weight, instead of by single sheets, and making the lowest rate depend upon prepayment by means of the stamp. To these essential arrangements are perhaps owing, to a very large extent, the brilliant success of your scheme. We desire, therefore, thus publicly and formally to record our belief in the entire originality of your plans for postal reform. It is a proud tribute to their excellence that they have been adopted more or less in their integrity by every country in Europe and America. The revenue derivable from the Post-office department should always be regarded as a very secondary consideration. The advantages arising from frequent, punctual, and cheap means of communication by more efficiently maintaining that industry which must be the permanent source of all taxation, would, in our opinion, certainly compensate for any diminution of the amount previously derived

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derived from that source. But all those advantages have been secured, not only without diminution, but with an actual increase. For twenty-four years previous to the adoption of your plan, the number of letters passing through the Post-office, and the revenue derived therefrom, had been something less than stationary, but every year since has witnessed an increase in the number of letters—from 76,000,000 in 1838 to 642,000,000 in 1863—while the revenue has not only recovered its first loss, but now stands higher than ever. It is difficult to over-estimate the benefit which so vast an increase in the correspondence of the country must have secured to every interest comprehended within our national life and policy. Nor would we forget that, under your able direction, the money-order system has been developed into a most important branch of the public service; that it has been extended to nearly all our colonies; and that the total amount passed through that department has risen from £313,000 in 1839 to nearly £16,000,000 in 1862, or upwards of fiftyfold. The Post-office has been made available also for the transmission of books, packets of newspapers, and of samples, to an enormous extent, with corresponding advantages to both literature and commerce.

To the foregoing we need only add that in the present year, 1864, Sir Rowland Hill, from failing health, resigned his connection with the Post-office; and that a sum of £20,000 has been awarded by the nation in acknowledgment, rather than in payment, of his signal services.

FLOWER SHOWS BY THE POOR IN TOWNS.

The following extract is from 'Window Gardens for the People,' a recent publication of the Rev. S. Hadden Parkes, noticed amongst our 'Reviews of Books.'

The district in which it has been my privilege to work is one narrow street about ninety yards long, with six courts, all *cul-de-sacs*, running right and left at right angles with the street, and containing a population of about 1,700 persons. The condition of these people as a class is as distressed and as low as any in London. The policeman on the beat has informed me that it is the most likely place in the neighbourhood in which to find any who were 'wanted.' When I state that it is an offshoot from the well-known 'Rookery' in St. Giles, which was demolished at the time that the improvements were made in New Oxford-street, it will give a tolerably fair idea of the general character of the people. * * *

The houses in which these persons generally dwell contain six or eight rooms, each of which is occupied by one family. Some of these houses are in a fair state of repair, but the majority are in a very unhealthy and dilapidated condition. The cellars are almost invariably inhabited, and in some instances there are families residing in both the front and back cellar or kitchen.

Their occupations are various. Some have no recognized calling, others are washers, *i.e.*, men who wash the cabs; these have generally been cabmen themselves, but have lost their license through misconduct or crime. Others are overworked and underpaid sempstresses, eking out a wretched hand-to-mouth existence by army work, straw-bonnet-making, and shoe-binding; while the largest and most aristocratic are costermongers, under which division I place those who sell fruit, flowers, water-cresses, dried fish, and cat's meat in baskets and barrows, and those who make and sell penny toys.

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It was in this place and among these people that first the flower show, and then the clean-and-tidy-room experiment was tried. * * *

A few handbills announcing the proposed show were printed and placed in the various shop windows in the district. In these bills, the conditions upon which plants would be allowed to compete, and the amount of the prizes, were announced. The conditions were simply that none but those living in Little Coram-street and the courts adjacent would be permitted to exhibit; that all plants intended for exhibition be registered at a shop in the street, at least four weeks before the show, and remain in the exhibitor's possession until the show; and that the prizes would be given for the best plants of any description provided they had fulfilled the above conditions.

Of course it would be desirable for the poor to retain the plants in their possession for a much longer period, but as this was the first experiment, I thought it better to avoid all extremes than to risk the consequences of a failure. I felt therefore that, for a first show, four weeks would be a period long enough to test the value of the experiment, and not too long to try the patience and perseverance of the poor. By causing them to register the plants, with their names and addresses, a kind of security was given, though not in all points a satisfactory one, that the plants had been in the exhibitor's possession in the street for the required time. To increase this security, an inspector went round, ostensibly to see how the plants were progressing, but in reality to see that the registered plants were actually in existence and in the exhibitor's possession. This precaution was found absolutely necessary, not only to guard against deception, but also to protect the more honourable exhibitors. If this had not been done, I should not have been certain that the plants had not been purchased a few days before the show. * * *

No effort was made to induce the poor to register the plants. At once they felt an interest and a pleasure in the scheme, and without hesitation or solicitation they came forward spontaneously to register their plants. The result was that about 140 plants were registered for exhibition; but, as some of them died, and others flowered too soon, and others not at all, the number was reduced to ninety-four actual exhibitors.

The exhibition was held in the Bible Mission Room, to which we endeavoured to give a flower-show aspect, by arranging the forms in tiers around the walls of the room, and then covering them with green tissue-paper, thus making them look like first-rate flower-stands. The day of exhibition was one of no small excitement among the poor. Each exhibitor delivered his own plant in person, with a card attached, upon which was written his name and address.

It was indeed a pleasing sight, and an instructive one too, to see the flowers which had grown and the failures which had been made, in the homes of these wretchedly poor people. The pride and pleasure with which they showed the plants which they had reared and trained, proved that every human feeling had not yet been banished from their hearts, notwithstanding the sin-hardening process through which they had passed. But perhaps the most amusing sight in the whole exhibition was the different domestic articles which had been made to do duty for the day as flower-pots. There were old cracked tea-pots, of the most approved antique pattern, which doubtless years before had brewed the refreshing Bohea in the drawing-room of the neighbouring squares. There were jugs with dilapidated noses, which doubtless had paid regular visits to the public-houses. There were even washing basins and other articles of domestic use, the makers of which could never have dreamed that they would ever be put to such singular uses.

Nearly all the flower-pots and quasi flower-pots were either freshly raddled or tastefully adorned with old scraps of gaily coloured paper-hanging.

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ing. The flowers, of course, were not such as are to be seen at the Botanical Gardens, but yet, considering the bad atmosphere in which they had been reared, the badly ventilated rooms in which they had lived, and the little experience which their owners possessed, it was a marvel to all that there should be any flowers at all.

The important office of judge was undertaken by a local gardener, assisted by Walter H. Bosanquet, Esq., who has largely helped to secure the success of all the Bloomsbury shows. It was no easy matter to judge fairly which were the best plants among so many, and such various kinds; and there were some dissatisfied persons who ventured, with little grace and less judgment, to dispute the decision which had been made; but a few kind words put this matter in a different light, and all acquiesced in the selection which had been made. Those who had exhibited were admitted free, while those not exhibitors paid—adults one penny, children one half-penny—for admission to the show. And some test of the interest which the non-exhibitors took in the scheme may be gathered from the fact that upwards of two pounds were taken at the door for admissions.

In the evening the successful competitors were gathered together, when the Rev. E. Bayley presented the prizes. And thus our first experiment proved a success, not only in reaching the lowest class of our population, and in affording a common interest for both minister and people, but also in being self-supporting, the money taken at the doors being found sufficient to cover all the expenses. * * *

The prizes offered were only for fuchsias, geraniums, and annuals. Competition was confined to these, because they are inexpensive to purchase and easy to rear. * * *

The day of the [second] show was one of unusual excitement. Under a spacious tent, well shaded by trees, were arranged in various classes, according to the order of the published handbill, 547 plants, the property of 274 exhibitors. The tent, decorated with flags of all nations and with various devices, with the flowers ranged on tables on either side, presented a most pleasing effect. Of course, within this tent there were no new plants from China or Japan, no large and fragrant roses like those of Paul, no wondrous masses of pelargonium bloom like those of Fraser; but there was that which was more remarkable still, for there were plants grown in areas by domestic servants; in the mews by the wives and children of stablemen; in the garrets by poor sempstresses; in kitchens by water-cress girls; in first and second floors by costermongers; in any imaginable nook and corner by the children of National and Ragged Schools, and one even in the sick ward of the parish workhouse.

Of course, the blight of London smoke was upon many of the plants, and the dinginess of the rooms in which they had been reared was but too evident, but all bore signs of care and attention, and, as was repeatedly said, all the specimens were very creditable, considering the quarters whence they had come; while some of them were fit to be exhibited at shows of far loftier pretensions.

The frequenters of more fashionable shows, perhaps, would have been amused to hear so much praise lavished upon such unpretending floral specimens. 'There's my little girl's fuchsia got the second prize! well, I never expected it.' 'See how fine Billy's geranium looks yonder!' and similar exclamations of pleasure and pride were heard in all parts of the tent; and the eyes of a pale little fellow with a crutch attained a brightness almost painful at the discovery that some marvellous honour had befallen the pot of annuals which he had seen his sister watering so carefully, morning and evening, for many a week.

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CLEAN-AND-TIDY-ROOM PRIZES.

From the same interesting little publication, we select the following illustration of philanthropic effort in another direction.

Eighty-six sent in their names as candidates for the prizes, and it was not a little singular that some of the rooms were the dirtiest in the whole street. So soon as the last day for registration had arrived, it was necessary for the work of inspection to begin. And here there was no little difficulty in determining upon what plan the inspection should be carried out, so as to prove satisfactory to us and also to the poor. At one time we thought of entrusting the work to several ladies, and then going round at last ourselves and making our final adjudication, based partly upon the report of the ladies and partly on our own inspection. But this scheme fell through, in consequence of the ladies who were invited being unwilling to take the responsibility; and then the work devolved upon Mr. Bayley and myself. We thought of giving marks one to twenty to the various rooms, according to their condition; but this plan was rejected on the ground that it would be impossible to decide whether a room was, for example, five or six, or fourteen or fifteen. The line was too fine for us accurately to draw it. At last I determined simply to mark the rooms in our lists A, B, C, D, respectively, as descriptive of their condition at the time of inspection.

A	represented	clean and tidy.
B	„	tidy, but not clean.
C	„	clean, but not tidy.
D	„	dirty.

This system of marking, simple as it seems, is not without its difficulties. It is not easy, when called upon to judge and decide, to give the right mark, for there are so many small circumstances, such as the order and arrangement of the furniture, ornaments, &c., as well as cleanliness, which have to be taken into account, and which cannot be comprehended in any general rules. But a similar difficulty will be encountered upon any plan, and I am inclined to think that this is the best that I have heard of, and, on the whole, will work well. * * *

The work of inspection was undertaken by Mr. Bayley and myself, each of us taking alternate weeks, and visiting the whole of the rooms during one week. In the first week we went together, and determined the A and D standard, so that when we went alone our judgments might agree. We went at all kinds of odd times, and when we were not expected, and frequently caught the poor, often the children, in the act of scrubbing the floors of their rooms. One poor child, about nine years old, whom we thus caught, expressed her distress at the disorder of the room, saying, 'Please, mother's out; didn't expect you to-day. Please, the room was all ready yesterday, and now I am putting things to rights, and cleaning up a bit for you.'

At the conclusion of our inspection, Mr. Smithies met Mr. Bayley and myself, and we all three went together to the best rooms to decide which should have the prizes awarded to them. The 'best rooms' we defined to be those which had the greatest number of marks. In arriving at certainty on this point, I caused A to represent four, and B and C each two, and D 0; then by adding up these together, we arrived at almost an absolute certainty as to those rooms which had been the best during the whole of the inspection.

After he had visited together the thirty best rooms, and each made our own notes, we met in my rooms for the final adjudication. As regards the first, second, and third prizes, the most important to decide, it was very pleasant

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pleasant and satisfactory to find that our opinions agreed. After a little discussion we were equally agreed in reference to the others. Mr. Smithies was so gratified with the result of his inspection, that he agreed to divide another £5 among the best of the unsuccessful ones. This unexpected gift was distributed in 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. prizes, the award being made according to the marks the rooms had received during the whole of the inspection, and especially in reference to their state at the time of our last visit.

I have made an analysis of the marks given, because it will enable others to gain some idea of the result which was attained.

7 began with A, *i.e.*, clean and tidy, and continued to receive the same mark all throughout the inspection.
3 began D, *i.e.*, dirty, and continued the same all throughout the inspection.
4 began D and ended A.
10 began D and ended either B or C.
6 began B and ended A.
7 began C and ended A.

From this tabular statement it will be seen that among the eighty-six competitors, thirty-one of them made real progress in cleanliness and tidiness of their rooms; while only three remained in the same state as that in which they began.

If the character of the people and the nature of their occupation be considered, and allowance made for sickness and other causes, I think every one will agree that this gain for the poor themselves is very great indeed. I have since visited, only recently, a number of the rooms which received prizes, and some of them continue in the same state, are a credit to their owners; but others, and I fear I must add the majority, have relapsed into their old habits. This only brings out more forcibly, what all will be prepared to allow, that these new habits cannot be fixed except by repeating again and again the experiment we have made. We cannot expect to change habits so deeply seated and so long continued in by an experiment of a few weeks; and it therefore only remains for us to repeat again this year the plan of last year, and so on again and again until we have in lieu of these dirty and desolate homes clean and tidy rooms.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

The subjoined very striking illustration of the power of Christian sympathy is taken from a report of a speech delivered in Exeter Hall by the Rev. Stenton Eardley.

'I will give you another example, for I could occupy four hours in giving a rapid narrative of cases in which I have been engaged. Some time ago a gentleman of large influence and large wealth called upon me, and said, "I wish to see you respecting a relation of mine, who has run through £10,000." I said, "Send him here on Monday morning." "Oh," he said, "I do not think you will get him to speak to you—he is very reserved." I said, "Let me try." On the Monday morning the young man came, a young buck about eight-and-twenty. He made a bow down to the last joint of his vertebræ to me, as much as to say, "I am here, but if you think I am going to kiss your shoes you are very much mistaken." I think God has taught me a way that I have of taking to lay hold of the fellows, to touch them, and I said, "Sir, let us sit down," and I got him by the hand, and we sat down together. I put my face right up to his, so that it nearly touched, and I said, "I know exactly where you are; it is despair. You break out, and

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and you are angry, and denounce others, and so on, and get into a rage when we speak to you. The real fact is you are in despair; you have fought your battle, you have fought ten thousand battles, and it has always been too strong for you; you have resolved, and you have struggled and vowed, but when the moment has come you have been carried away." I saw it was impressing him—the feeling that I understood him—sympathy, that is all, that is the only weapon we have, it is the mightiest power in the world. I saw the tears begin to gather in his face, and when I went on to describe that it was possible for him, by taking a prescription which I was going to give him soon, but which I had not given him yet, and said, "Under the influence of that prescription it is possible for you to stand and look me in the face, and smile upon all the world, and say, 'I am a free man.'" He bounded up from that sofa, clasped his hands with agony, and cried out, "My God! it is too precious to be true." What interest it gives one to help poor agonized souls like these to go healing their wounds. For an hour and a half in that room it was just this: I was endeavouring to persuade this man, in some way or another, to get the belief into him through the power of my own warm, prayerful sympathy and brotherly love towards him, that he had never conquered it, because he had never looked to the stronger than the strong man armed. Sir, it was like a hand to hand battle of man and devil in my dining-room for an hour and a half. Down we went upon our knees. I said, "Now, try to pray." "I cannot pray," he said. I said, "I will pray for you, now try and pray," and again and again I saw the strong man armed, the giant keeping his palace and his goods in peace; there was no danger of his coming forth—he was too strong. And then we got to the stronger than he coming down upon him, taking his armour from him wherein he trusted, and dividing the spoils, and I said, "You shall not perish at twenty-eight years old, you shall be redeemed yet by the power of Jesus Christ!" The poor fellow trembled under it all, for one gets earnest—I admit I get passionately in earnest about these poor fellows, and cannot let them go. What did I find? Again and again I saw that young man, and heard the whole story of his life. When he first came to me he would lay his trembling hands upon me, and I felt he was in my hands like a bit of plastic clay, and I believe he loved me as a brother, and he would say to me sometimes, "You are the truest friend I have got upon this earth." It is very simple, is it not? At length I took this man home to his wife. We went in a splendid carriage. We had many miles from London to drive, for the house had been broken up. He showed evident excitement before we got there. When we arrived I was introduced to a most sweet and gracious young thing of twenty-four, and four little children, and I was bringing these together again. Imagine what a scene it was! I thought I must now go to the very bottom of the hearts of both these people if I am to reconstitute these together, and bring this holy bond into all its beautiful sweetness in which it was at first; because you know hearts were torn asunder, heart from heart. I sat down between them, and I took her hand, and I said, "Let me speak to you as a father." I took his hand, and I said, "I wonder whether his neglect of you, and his scorn of you, has crushed all the love that you once had for him out of your heart;" and when I went on thus speaking, she sprang to her feet and clasped him in her arms and covered him over with kisses, as if there was not a man on earth worth looking at besides her own husband; and then I asked her, there was a little bit of craft about this, "Be good enough to let me have the children in." The eldest little chap came in, and I took the little fellow on my knee, and he looked at me with comical gravity, and I began to talk to the father through the child. "Oh," I said, "when thou growest up to be a man, will it ever shame thee, to say 'Father?' Will there ever be some dark place where thy young feet may stand and look and say, 'He lies here?' and the poor fellow laid his hand on his shoulder, and

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and was sobbing his heart out. He said, "Do forbear." I said, "Can you come together again?" and before me, hand to hand, and face to face, I believe that as pure a kiss did he implant upon her face, and she on his, as ever was given by man to woman and woman to man. Then down we fell at that table, and I could hardly speak, and they could not speak. After an hour and a half I left that house and saw them standing at the window whilst I got into the carriage, he with his arm about her neck, and she with her arm about his waist, and so the home was reconstituted. Did not I, as I sank back, almost overcome with emotion, lift my heart in a joy that none of you have ever felt that have not been abstainers, and bless God that I was one.'

IVY COTTAGE; OR, THE SORROWS OF A FRIEND.

IT was becoming twilight. I was walking backwards and forwards on the railway platform at G————, waiting for my train. I had yet an hour to remain, and with the impatience of a traveller who wishes to be at his journey's end as speedily as possible, was wiling away the weary moments, as best I could, among the various attractions and distractions that a second class station presents; neither too many nor too exhilarating, as my very tired feelings assured me.

The day had been fine, and the journey, part of it at least, very pleasant, for it had led me through varied and agreeable scenery. I had seen, near or far away, more than one or two grand ranges of hills, their purple sides dight with masses of flowering gorse, and their heads sunburnt and brown, upreared boldly beneath the morning sky; and distant mountains cutting the grey horizon-clouds, clear and sharp with perfect line, their mass one dark blur, till the sun lit them up at occasional moments, and revealed salient features, sharp spur and cliff, and angle and watercourse. Many a quiet hamlet and village had I seen also, with quaint tree-bosomed church in the midst, with ruddy cottages, rows of moss-grown apple trees, farmhouses crowned with ancient thatch, and farmyards with immense dove-cotes, and barns and cow-sheds; and in the near pastures and orchards, slumbering or half-awake animals, lifting lazy eyes from their resting places at the well-known train whirring on with its human captives through the heat in an insane way, not half so sensible a pastime as their own cud-chewing and tail-whisking one, stretched upon beds of buttercups and daisies and flowering grasses. I gained quick glances at the squire's house, large and prosperous looking, the clergyman's modestly fixed behind its holly and privet hedge, the churchyard with its gravestones of all sizes and at all angles, the winding lane, the field-path also winding among mowing grass and growing corn, curves being dear to the eyes of our forefathers, as straight lines are, perhaps, too much with us; and then all had vanished—farmhouses, church, cottages, clergyman's house and winding lanes—the whole village had fled away as quickly as a morning dream, and the open, houseless, moorland, or woodland, or meadowland alone remained. Anon, came a cutting through beds of greasy blue clay and marl, or great blocks of gritstone, and with eyes shrinking from the constant pricking of sharp pointed fragments, or with a half headache at the near proximity of dull fatnesses of sweltering clay, I reclined back on my seat, to be roused again in awhile by the sight of another nameless village (the wilderness cutting being happily passed through), charmingly like, yet different to the last, and to be seized by another enthusiastic fit; for the sun now shone out, and threw delicious bits of shadow upon the earth, clear and bold, if from a building; tremulous and shifting, if from a tree, but always lovely and transparent. And the warm vermillion of the cottages, the purple and gold of the mossy roofs, the

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the rich reds and browns of the ploughed meadow behind, the glowing colour of the pinks and roses in the garden, the inimitable thousand-tinted greens of trees, and fields, and hedges,—how enchanting, how perfect was the delight with which I viewed these! But rapidly as they had made their appearance, as rapidly they passed by, and, bit by bit, went behind me the village and its details of form and colour; and I lost it, as every night our horizon loses the sun, by swift motion; always, however, to find a new morning dawn, a new beauty succeed; and the railway journey, with its leaps over rivers, its passings by of villages and towns, its stoppages, its noisy drivings through cuttings and tunnels, and windings over embankments, and its hasty changing of views across the country, had brought with it many pleasures and many exhaustions.

Therefore it was that I was specially anxious to be back to the repose of my home, and therefore it was that another hour's delay at the station was a weary look-out for me. But it was my doom, and among boxes, and porters, and trucks, and pre-occupied passengers, to whom my presence or absence was of course a matter of the supremest indifference, I had to remain and glean what comfort I could. But an hour is not so very long a period after all; so, checking my impatient feelings, I placed myself upon one of the long platform benches, and watched, with as much curiosity as I could command, the usual *émeute* attendant upon a newly arrived train. Porters ran to their places, a bell was rung in the darkling distance of the further end of the station, and two fiery red eyes approached slowly, the visuals of the great dragon of commerce (we had heard the monster's fearful scream the moment before), and panting and snorting the creature dragged itself beneath our roof of glass, and disgorged its heaps of passengers from twenty mouths, while they all, unterrified and with unnatural and inappropriate nonchalance, stood beside its bulky length, or sought out for boxes, and parcels, and portmanteaus that its stingless tail had just deposited.

With some interest I surveyed the busy, much-engaged new-comers; men, and women, and children, all arrived from some unknown *whence*, and bound to some equally unknown *whither;* all as great strangers to me as though they had been dwellers in the moon, just come down for an evening's trip to our mighty earth. That stout gentleman, with the great crimson rug and black leather case, who was buttoned up as warmly as though it were a December night instead of a June one (it may be the lunar world, like the antipodal, has opposite seasons to ours), and who walked with a slight halt on both legs, as from tight boots or cramp:—that tall thin lady, with the poke bonnet of immense height to add to her stature, and the short limp veil, and the kid gloves, that must have consumed at least a quarter of an hour's precious time in the getting on, so skin-tight were they, and with the much ornamented dress-skirt, who rustled past me with eyes fixed steadily in advance:—those little boys in knickerbockers and high-heeled boots, and immense cravats, and pale faces, who walked beside papa, a gentleman with huge whiskers flowing on to his shirt-collar, and no beard; his white, well-shaved circular chin, an oasis in the hairy desert, suggesting a full-grown ring-worm;—were all moon-people, quite foreign, utterly unknown. To what part of our planet were they bound? How should I know? While I looked at them, like the hills and villages of my journey, they passed by and were lost, and fresh, ever fresh faces and people streamed by me, to be lost also. And to particularize again that lady who made her way towards me with no luggage to encumber her, unless the small travelling bag hanging from her arm could be called such, who was dressed in black, with a deep crape veil to her bonnet, that might or might not be meant for widow's mourning, who was she? From what valley or lonely mountain side in those upper regions of silver was she come?

The gaslight fell upon her face as she passed close to me. I regarded her earnestly. Surely that was no strange moon-face. It was older, thinner, paler than of old, the hair laid plain that used to be in ringlets, the eyes sunken and sad, but a something, a peculiar yet most familiar something, lay over the whole, undefinable but well remembered, *there* sure enough, yet somehow like the face, older, sadder, and greyer. Who was she? Where had I seen her before? I advanced, just as she was about to pass me, put out my hand, and exclaimed, 'Maria Benham, do you not know me?'

I must have startled her, and no wonder,

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wonder, for she stepped back and threw upon me a quick half-alarmed glance. Then a flush came into her pale cheeks, another expression to her eyes, and she took my offered hand with a warm pressure, replying by another question, 'Is it you, Patty, is it really you?'

'Really and truly. How strange to meet you after all these years! How glad I am. Are you staying here?'

'No,' and she hesitated; 'I have not made up my mind exactly, but I had half intended to proceed by the next train to Clinton.' 'How fortunate, the very train I go by. We can travel together and talk of old times.' And I led her into the ladies' room, where, out of the immediate bustle of the newly arrived, we could sit in comparative quiet and talk at our ease. And we did talk, hard and fast. What to us were the frequent entrances and exits, the ladies who swept by us in silk and satin and full blown magnificence of crinoline, the young Eugénie-haired demoiselles, with bright drawn-back tresses, and cool bare outline of well moulded cheek; the children even, with their pretty innocent faces, and abundance of petticoats? We two middle-aged women, in third rate fashion of attire, and sixth rate, perhaps, of form and feature, admired and distinguished as flowers of parsley and rosemary would be amongst beds of tulips and narcissi, had our own world of life and conversation and quick-coming remembrances to abide in, and felt rich as the richest, and far too absorbed in our own individualities to notice those of any others. If our present was not so brilliant, over the past we could throw rainbow tints that made ample amends.

'You look just the same as ever,' said Maria, at length, with a half smile on her melancholy face.

'Do I?' I questioned, remembering what that *same* used to be considered at school, when I was told that I looked like nobody else (a fault I did not know how to appreciate), and my personal appearance was the reverse of flattering. 'Queer—little—cross-looking thing,' (I defy any one to say I *was* cross!) were the epithets bestowed upon me, not ill-naturedly, but pityingly. And I looked the same still, did I?

I could not return the compliment, which would have been a real compliment in her case, as she had been reckoned the beauty of the school, with her brilliant eyes, tall, elegant figure, and ringlets of luxuriant length and softness, and with her youthful roses and fair skin. But what beauty looks so well at forty as at sixteen?

Time went quickly by, and as the period approached for us to take our seats in the Clinton train, I said, 'You are travelling my way, why not get out at the same station with me, and spend the night at my cottage? Or am I asking an impossibility? Is there any one waiting for you elsewhere?'

How I ventured to ask this I scarcely know. In most cases it would have been absurd to expect that a traveller like Maria should not have friends awaiting her, to whom her absence might cause serious alarm; but I had almost unconsciously come to the conviction that she was lonely and of little account in the world, and that my invitation would not be refused.

'No,' was her answer, with a half-suppressed sigh; 'I am not expected anywhere, and if you really desire it, it will be to me a great pleasure to go with you.' And so it was settled.

The night was dark, and I saw little of my companion on the journey, for the feeble glimmer of the carriage lamp did not penetrate to much purpose beneath her crape. At the station where we alighted the pony carriage was in waiting, and Thomas stood beside it expecting me. 'Let down the back seat, Thomas, there are two of us to accommodate,' I said, and he obeyed with a little grumble that was only audible to me who expected it and listened for it. It was only his way of uttering a protest against a surprise, whether good or bad. My friend refused the front seat under plea of nervousness, I therefore took it, first seeing her placed as comfortably as possible behind, and away the pony started, right glad to use his impatient little legs on the level road. The five miles were soon completed; we drove through the large village of Elmhurst, and at the further end, among lilacs and rhododendrons, stood Ivy Cottage, my home, with the door already opened wide, and ancient Janet on the steps, ready to receive us and our cloaks and packages. Our dismounting was quickly done, and then how cheery looked the little cottage, how pleasant the parlour with its lighted lamp, and the tea-table ready set out, and what a joyful home feeling possessed me, as I entered my white curtained bed-room, and disrobed myself

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self of shawl, and bonnet, and gloves, and introduced my guest into a similar room, with dimity hangings. And when, on returning again to the parlour, Pincher jumped and clambered about me, having only just discovered my advent, endeavouring thus to express his joy in his own awkward fashion, I sank back into my easy chair, it may be imagined I was neither very discontented nor very unhappy. Soon Maria joined me, and tea began, Pincher sitting at my feet, with upturned face. 'So then you are not married?' observed my friend, as we were seated at the meal, on either side the table. 'And you have had a quiet, happy life, no doubt?'

'Pretty well. Not at all too quiet till lately. Had you met me five years ago, you would have found me in the midst of a large boarding-school, of sixty young ladies, or more. But all that is past, and I am quiet enough at present.'

'Made your fortune, I suppose?'

'If it be my fortune to live here, I suppose I have. But I don't know yet what is my fortune. What made you think I was not married?'

Maria glanced meaningly at my left hand, on which certainly was no plain gold ring. 'That is no decided proof,' was my answer; 'many married ladies go without rings.'

'Well then, for corroboration, I have your face, with not one married line in it. There is something about it which says—disengaged, free!'

'A label, you mean—such as we see on empty houses—"This house to let." I am much obliged to you.' And I laughed.

Perhaps my laugh puzzled her, and shook her faith in her own physiognomical powers, for she asked more seriously, 'Tell me truly, is there or is there not a master to this house? and if there is, who is he?'

Pincher was at that moment near my friend, and was becoming rather too eager in his attentions.

'Come here, Pin, you great simpleton! tease those who love you,' was my reply, 'and tell the lady who is the master of this house?' Pincher looked sagacious, pricked up his short ears (I regret to say he was not a handsome dog), and was evidently aware something important was expected from him, but his tongue remained silent. He looked at me, however, with eyes of fixed and loving brightness.

'Pincher says,' I began, taking up the office of interpreter,

'That *you* are master and mistress too. Yes, it must be so. Don't deny it. You are not married, and I suppose never have been.'

'I have never had that honour, certainly. I am still Patience Hastings, neither more or less. Patience Hastings, at your service.'

'Happy for you!' exclaimed Maria.

'Why?'

'Why? Can you ask? You have a home, are independent of the world, with no one to interfere with you, or bring sorrow upon you.'

'And no one to love.'

'That is your own fault, if it be so, but I know it is not. Think of *my* case. Look at me, and tell me if I am much happier for having been married. Do *I* look as if life had all been a summer's day? No. Again I say, happy for you that you have never been married!' And Maria played nervously with her handkerchief.

'See how different people are! When I visit Mrs. Scott, my neighbour, a very cheerful, active little woman, I hear quite a different tale. She calls me "Poor thing," and pities me amazingly that I have no husband. Nay, she is so anxious to find me one, that she has herself proposed to me on behalf of three or four friends of hers. I forget whether she had the gentlemen's leave first, but rather think not; and she is much annoyed that I still remain absolute owner of Ivy Cottage and Pincher.'

'You joke about it,' responded Maria, 'but I am in sad earnest. My life has for years been an unhappy one, and I don't think it has been an exceptional one; I have heard of so many unhappy marriages. And you too must know of many. Though mine might have been tolerably happy but for one thing. And I also have been much to blame.' As she spoke the tears started into her eyes, but she wiped them away hastily.

I longed to ask her the particular causes of her grief, that I might, if possible, sympathize with and comfort her; but thinking she seemed anxious to conceal them, I sent away the tea-tray, talked on indifferent subjects, and in awhile repaired to the piano, playing to her some old school tunes we had once thought delightful, and getting from her at last a smile, as I recalled one odd circumstance after another

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another connected in my memory with those jingling tunes. Maria played also, and gave me some beautiful airs of Mendelssohn's, well rendered. I listened with half-shut eyes, and found her music, fine as it was, almost as melancholy as her voice.

We both retired to rest early, for we were both weary with our journey. In the morning, according to my usual custom, I walked in the garden before breakfast. How sweet and fresh was the air! How odorous were the newly awakened flowers! They thanked God with perfumed voices as I did with a glad heart, and as the birds did with twitter and chirp and warble, while the morning mist rolled gradually from off the eastern hill, and with gold and crimson touches the sun-artist painted his great cloud canvas. What was I? Ah, what was I, that I should be there under the wide heaven, wandering about among God's trees and flowers, with so many beauties and blessings around me? I could not answer. I could only keep joyful, humble silence.

Entering into the parlour by the French window, to a prospect of breakfast ready-prepared, I found my friend already seated near the white tablecloth. By the clear morning light she looked even more faded than at night, and amongst her braids of hair many white lines were lying. Her dress did not help her appearance, it was rusty and faded like herself, and had neglected wrinkles about it, suggesting want of care and attention. But she had a smile at command with which to answer mine.

'I saw you in the garden—merry as a lark among your flowers, but felt too languid to come out to you. Do you know, you haven't grown an inch since we were at school? you are just as little as ever.'

'Yes, I fear I am. But you shouldn't tell me so. I'm not very philosophical even yet, though I have attained the necessary age for that accomplishment—forty. However, I mustn't keep you here fainting without your breakfast. Will you have coffee or tea?'

'Coffee, thank you. But, let me tell you, you shouldn't feel at all disappointed at your height. I like little people best, and I know many others who do.'

'But I am so very little.'

'Yes, four feet ten exactly. You see I remember! Dear, dear, it seems only the other day when we were all young together. I wonder what has become of that walking maypole, Hannah Ball? and Lydia Evans, and Kitty Warner, and Hester Jackson? What *does* become of all one's schoolfellows, Patty? I feel as if I had dug *you* up from the grave, almost.'

'No, it was I that dug you up. You would have passed me by without a look, if I hadn't put out my hand and spoken.'

'So I should—you are right. Ah me, and I must part from you as soon as met, almost!'

'You are not obliged to go away today, I hope?'

'Obliged? No. But I may as well tell you, Patty, how it is with me. I am out seeking employment, and the sooner I can find it the better for me.'

'What sort of employment?'

'Just the old advertisement sort. "A lady accustomed to tuition wishes for another engagement, where she can undertake the education of young ladies," &c., or, "would not object to act as companion to a lady." I can't say, "salary no object!" for I really need salary, as my poor much-used clothes testify,' and she glanced at the rusty, frayed crape flounces of her gown.

'Then you have been out before?'

'Oh, yes, in several places.'

'Should you feel competent to undertake the care of two young ladies of from ten to fourteen years of age, we'll say? Accomplishments will be expected, of course; but I know you are a good musician, and understand French. Anything else?'

'The rudiments of German and Italian. A little notion of some of the "ologies;" and, as for English, I suppose I am quite equal there to the average of teachers.'

'That would do very well. I can speak for your lady-like manners to my friends; for by asking you these questions you may imagine I have a particular motive. I know of a place that I think is just suited to you. It is with very particular people, however, and they would expect testimonials.'

There was a short silence. I looked at my friend. She was playing with her teaspoon with a trembling hand, and the expression on her face spoke of disappointment and indecision. At length, with a kind of desperate energy, she exclaimed, 'But I have none to give!'

Surprised,

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Surprised, I asked, 'Not from any of your recent places?'

'I fear not from one.'

A species of uncomfortable wonder possessed me. Of Maria's late life I knew little or nothing. That her parents had been highly respectable I was well aware at school. That she had had an unhappy life since, she had told me in general terms, but I knew no particulars. Was this unhappiness something more than the result of misfortune? Still, her frank acknowledgment was favourable to her. Had she been very guilty, or conscious of moral wrong, I thought she would not so freely have avowed her position.

'And you really cannot obtain testimonials at all?'

She looked distressed. 'I do not know that I have a friend in the world to whom I could apply.'

'That is very unfortunate; so unfortunate, that I fear I cannot hold out to you the prospect of the situation. Of your ability there can be no doubt, but it would be absolutely necessary to produce some credentials as to character and moral fitness. Had I known you recently, Maria, my word would have been enough; but twenty-eight years is a long gap. *Do* think again, and bring out some half-forgotten friend who is willing to testify.'

A shake of the head was the only answer I obtained. Janet's entrance to remove the breakfast things put an end to our conversation for a time. But when afterwards I had seated myself somewhat sorrowfully to a little work, and there had been a stillness in my little room for a ten minutes' space or so, Maria rose, and putting her hand upon mine, said with tremulous voice, 'Will you hear the confessions of a miserable woman, Patty? I feel that I must tell you my story, and, though it will be to my shame, I shall be glad to unburden my trouble to any one who will have patience to listen. Then you will be able to tell me if you can help me, or if I must let this last chance go by, and sink at once into—into—despair.'

Her face was flushed the deepest red, but she turned it away from me, not wishing I should see too much of her emotion. Much affected, I pressed her feverish hand in mine, and said with energy, 'No—you shall not sink into despair if I can assist you. Tell me all—do not be afraid. I will listen, and if it be possible, help you.'

I led her to her seat, and tried to calm her, for she was very much excited, but she gently pushed me from her. 'Wait,' she said, 'wait till you have heard all—for I mean to tell you *all*. I lay awake last night many hours, thinking all things over, and determining to do what I am now about to do—unbosom myself to you. For I am come to such a pass, and am so hedged up, that I know not how to get on without the help or advice of some friend, and till I saw your face last night I did not know I had one on the wide earth. It seems strange to you no doubt, to hear a person of my age talk thus. But all I say is true. My best friends, my parents, died long ago. I never had a brother, and my only sister is married, and would not speak to me if I were dying. I had abundance of friends when I was young, but they are all parted from me by death, or alienation quite as effectual in sundering. But I will pass by all that. Do you remember my talking at school of my cousin Robert? (I did remember it, and said so.) He was very handsome then, and for years afterwards; just six years older than myself, and had been mine and my sister's playmate from very early days. Afterwards, when we were grown up, no companion was more liked than our cousin Robert. By and by, how it came about I scarcely know, he found that he loved me, and I, when he told me this, was glad to believe that I also loved him. We kept our mutual love a secret from my parents for some time, for I had strong misgivings that my father would not approve of any engagement between us. And my misgivings were not without foundation, for, when he did know, he at first refused utterly to give his consent, and strove hard to make me see with him the propriety of saying "*No*." His principal objection to my cousin lay in the fact that he was a commercial traveller. "He can seldom be at home; nine months of the year you must be as a widow, if you marry him; and who knows the companions he may associate with when away from you? A traveller's life is a life full of temptations, such a life, in fact, as I should not wish for my daughter's husband. Very few travellers indeed are really sober, steady men." Such were my father's words. But I thought him unreasonably suspicious and unkind towards Robert, and refused to see

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see the propriety of his reasoning. I was inclined to be angry with my kind father for hinting at any probability of *his* falling into evil habits. I was obstinate in my preference, and in a while my father gave a reluctant consent, and we were married. I had wished to live in the same town with my friends, as I must of necessity have so many lonely days, but Robert from the first objected to this. He could get a pretty house for much less money at Danesby than at Horton, he said, and it would be more central for him, so that he should be able more frequently to see me. So to Danesby we went, and my married life began in a town I had never seen before, and among entire strangers. Still, at first, I was quite content. I had many letters from my husband, full of affection; and now and again he made hurried visits, at unexpected times, travelling night and day, that he might give me a joyful surprise. Another companion came in a while, one that was always with me, a baby, and my lonely house brightened up wonderfully for me. How can I describe to you my baby, Patty? He was a beautiful boy, my joy, my pride, and every month his beauty seemed to increase, and my love with it. Robert, too, was very fond of our baby—every one admired him, and I seemed to have nothing left to wish for. Of course I knew little of Robert's habits when he was away from me. When he was at home the wine merchant's bill was a consideration, but then he was so seldom at home, and it seemed right he should have every indulgence *then*. I know I did not grudge him a single penny of it all, nor did I strive to restrict him from a single glass. Why should I? I had never seen him tipsy, and if at times he was a little elevated, that was pleasant rather than otherwise, he was so good natured, and merry, and hospitable. It was not that I was indulgent to his fault so much, as that I scarcely saw fault at all about it.

'For one whole month in the middle of the summer my husband was with me. It was his longest holiday in the year, and this month was looked forward to by me, long before it arrived, with extreme delight. When our boy was about two years old I was expecting daily the coming of his father. He came, and I went to meet him at the station, with our little Frederick. The welcome face was soon discovered by us, and Freddy clapped his tiny hands, shouting, "Papa, papa!" When Robert stepped out of the carriage his face was flushed, and giving me a noisy greeting and kiss, at which I felt ashamed before so many spectators, he took from me our boy, and began thoughtlessly to toss him aloft as he used to do when he was younger. But the child was frightened now, lifted up its arms, gave a spring, and fell out of the unsteady grasp of his father; my boy fell between the platform and the carriage, the train moved on, and I had the horror and anguish of seeing my darling crushed under the wheels.

'Oh, Patty, that was a horrible moment! I cannot describe what I felt. I fainted, and I believe Robert was almost frantic. He was sobered in a moment, for I scarcely need tell you he had been drinking, or he would not have suffered the child to fall. But it was too late now, his repentance and grief were too late. Great commiseration was shown to us, people were very kind in those days, but my heart was crushed. I was stunned by the terrible blow, and for months afterwards could not bear the sight of a baby or young child. I went home to my parents for a while, but they could not rouse me. It was my first great trouble, and unused as I had been to troubles of any kind, it had all the more effect upon me. Then, too, my heart whispered, was it not a punishment fitted for me, who had, against my father's will, married one beset by temptations to indulge in strong drink, and who had not firmness sufficient, and but little inclination I fear, to resist those temptations? I began to see the evil of drink then. Was it not by its means my first-born, my only child, was murdered?

'Robert endeavoured to be very kind; and, to cheer me, took me out with him on one of his long journies, that I might be diverted from my melancholy. He felt the loss of our boy deeply, and, I believe, endured keen remorse for his share in bringing it on; but the distractions of constant travelling, and the necessary cares about his business, had blunted the edge of his sorrow. Mine remained sharp as ever. I think if my child had died by sickness, I could have borne it better, but by such a cruel accident, so suddenly!—oh, Patty!—and by his father's want of care!

'Of course when I was with my husband

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band at the various inns on our journey, we had wine and spirits brought to us, which must be partaken of, for the good of the house, Robert said. I was shocked to see how much more he thought it necessary to take now than formerly. Poor fellow! He took it to drown care—he said—and frequently pressed me to take some also, for the same purpose. But in those days I had no longing for stimulants, and thought too much of the cause of my baby's death to be able to enjoy the taste of strong drink. And if I have fallen into the snare since, it has not been *my* fault! No—it has not been entirely *my* fault! When I returned to my lonely, desolate home, I besought Robert to be temperate, and never to exceed the quantity of wine or spirits he knew he could carry off well, and he promised me. And then began my solitary life once more. How slowly the months went by! I did not wish for society, and when my friends found I was only made more melancholy by their presence, they ceased to annoy me with visits. My chief pleasure consisted in wandering to the graveyard, to a spot where stood a gravestone over a tiny grave, with a few words cut upon it, very short and uninteresting words to any one else, but of great and sad interest to me; and I believe I wore a path across the smooth-shaven grass with my constant footsteps to and fro, that annoyed the orderly eyes of our clergyman, who had the churchyard kept as neatly as his own lawn close by. His garden adjoined, a low wicket-gate and wall dividing it only; and more than once he has approached me as I have been standing before the grave, lost in my sorrow, and tried to give words of consolation. But if I heard them, they passed through me unheeded—my poor heart, like a broken sieve, letting slip through both wheat and chaff.

'That is long ago now—nearly twenty years. And I have outgrown the deepest of the grief. I would not trouble you, now with it, only that it explains what has happened since.

'Robert did not keep his promise, at which I was very angry, but I suppose he couldn't. I have more pity for him now than I had then. And several accidents occurred to him through rashness or carelessness while travelling *when not quite himself*, through the influence of strong drink. We had been married only about six years, and already his fine handsome face, that I had so much admired, was getting altered for the worse, and his manners were becoming coarser—the last a change I perceived keenly on his home visits. He had a severe illness in a while, through which I nursed him night and day in a distant town, and which the doctors said was caused by frequent spirit-drinking. He was less kind and attentive to me than of old, and we had frequent quarrels, even while he was recovering from his illness. No doubt I was often to blame, but his temper was so irritable at times that it was impossible to please him. Soon afterwards my parents died—another serious calamity to me. Clouds seemed to gather in my sky, very heavy ones, too. I became doubly dispirited and melancholy. An illness seized me, a nervous complaint, that lingered long about me—indeed, I have not recovered from it to this day. And now I was only wishing to die, to leave this troublesome world, where my once fair hopes seemed all destroyed. *Hope*, as you will perceive, I have by no means in excess in my constitution, and the buoyant spirits that carry many safely over seas of trouble and distress were never mine. What was there for me to live for? I asked. Perhaps I was selfish. I think I was. So I longed to die—to pass quickly away from a world that had proved lately such a wilderness to me. And now, Patty, looking back upon it all, I feel that it would have been better if I *had* died!—far better than to be dragged back to life again in the way I was. The doctors were puzzled with me; there were many consultations. From the first they had prescribed for me *wine*, which I had hitherto refused. At length, under many solicitations from Robert and the old family doctor especially, I was induced to take as a medicine that which I at that time really disliked, and would fain have avoided. Three times a day a dose was swallowed—a very small one at first, but increased as my strength increased, to have due effect. Certainly, I felt better from its use. The melancholy gradually left me, or returned at intervals only; the cloud was lifted, and the sensation of lightheartedness and excitement I experienced was like the renewal of my youth. I had long believed it impossible on this side the grave to have pleasure in anything; now I had only to fill a glass from a bottle of ruby liquid and drink down

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down its contents to be raised and cheered and invigorated. I went once more into society, and forgot the way to the little grave. The grass grew boldly again over the worn path, and moss filled in without stint the deep-cut letters on the headstone.

'Don't think my days were quite happy, however. Even wine three times a day is not sufficient for happiness. *Happiness* is, in fact, a word out of place. It was excitement, change, I gained—a quickening of the slowly creeping blood, a temporary lightening of the heart's heavy burden. Then the dose had to be increased, or it lost its effect; and thus, from one glass, two became necessary to produce the desired effect, and frequently three were taken, or more, from *liking*, which had come in now to help to fix the habit. Do you think doctors know the mischief they are doing when they order to nervous patients, or indeed to any, so pleasant and seducing and dangerous a medicine as alcohol?

'The years went on. Robert's intemperate habits became known everywhere. He had delirium tremens once or twice. But he managed to keep in with his employers, for he was clever, and could even when partly intoxicated manage his business better than many men when sober. At length, one dark night, when crossing the Irish Sea, the steamer he was sailing in was run into by a larger vessel, owing to the neglect of the helmsman, who was partially drunk, and sank soon afterwards with all on board. One or two were saved by the boats of the other ship, but Robert was drowned, and his body was never recovered. The news came to me one morning as I lay on my couch, my bottle of *medicine* before me, taking my noon-day dose. A friend who had been written to, to communicate the sad tidings of his death, came in to break to me the news. I suppose he found out the state I was in—half overcome, and no doubt smelling strongly of drink—for it was soon noised about Danesby that Mrs. Thorpe drank to excess, and was intoxicated when the news of her husband's death arrived.'

Maria paused. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes cast down, and she was trembling with painful excitement. I wondered at the courage with which she laid bare to my eyes the disease from which she was suffering. Did she think I had a cure to offer for this terrible cancer of drink? But I sat silent, to listen to what else she might have to disclose. Alas! I saw too plainly to what point her tale was tending. (I relate her words as I remember them; if I have here and there made an unconscious alteration in the language, I believe I have made none in the sense.)

'Robert's death was a great shock. Not that I felt it so much in some respects, as I had done Frederick's death. Our married love had had many rude jars to suffer. We had quarrelled, as I told you, many times. His short home visits had come to be looked forward to with dread instead of pleasure, and I had long given up trying to make him comfortable. Patty, how is it I have to tell you all this? To confess to you my sins and sorrows? I cannot tell, but it seems that to-day I must. I have been so long without a human being who could or would listen to my troubles, that now they all flow out, and I have even a sort of melancholy satisfaction in condemning myself. A small sum at an insurance office was all there was left for my support. Robert's employers would no doubt have made me a present of more, but at his death so many complaints poured in of his inattention lately to their interests, and of his unsteady habits, that their hearts were closed against me. What I must do for a living soon became an anxious question. My proficiency in music was known to my friends, and I was advised to look out for a governess's situation, *at some distance from Danesby*. However, I obtained one, sold my furniture, and went out to a stranger's house. I should have done very well, but for the unfortunate habit I had contracted by the advice of the doctors. For a few months all went on pretty well; then, one of the young ladies discovered me asleep, one afternoon, on the sofa of my bed-room, with a tell-tale bottle beside me. The alarm was given, and I was dismissed with a quantity of good advice, and a promise that my failing should not be named—out of pity for me, I suppose. And yet those people had wine on their table every day, to which I was invited, thus keeping alive my love for the stimulant, and making me unable to refrain from getting more in secret, even if I had wished to do so. I *did* wish very frequently, but had reached that stage of

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of weakness in which the temptation to exceed is too great, if once the thing is tasted.

'I need not detail all the experiences I have had in many different places. For a longer or a shorter time I have been able to hide my weakness; sometimes I have fancied I had conquered it; but everywhere I have lost the places through this unfortunate habit in one way or other. My friends have given me up; my relatives—I have not one, as I told you, who would look at me. I have spent all the money left to me, and to-day I am all but destitute, and do not know where to look for a shelter to my head. I think if I might have *one* more chance; but it is foolish talking. You, of course, will give me the cold shoulder, now you know what I am, and you will be right to do so.'

She ceased speaking. There had latterly been in her voice a something reckless and half-defiant, and the shame-blush had died from her face—except one spot of intense red on either cheek. She shut her lips tightly, and affected to await my verdict or reply with indifference. But I pitied her from my soul. I had no harsh words for her, and I longed to point out the way of safety for this poor wandering sheep.

'What you have told me,' I said as gently as I could, 'is, of course, a great grief for me to hear. I have a horror of drink, but I have great pity for the drunkard, especially when he or she really wishes and endeavours to be something better. You say, dear Maria, if only you might have another chance—you shall have it, if you will. There is only one plan for you—*total* abstinence. Will you try it, and in my house?'

'If I could. If I thought it was of any use. But oh, Patty, it is very easy to talk, very easy to *say* abstain—and *very, very* difficult to do, to one like me, I have fallen so many times!'

'Do you remember the spider? In whose prison was it? I forget. Robert Bruce's? How many times he fell before he could fix his web securely? Take courage!—your task can scarcely be harder for you than his was for him.'

'But I am so weak—my strength is not sufficient.'

'That is exactly it. *Your* strength is not sufficient. But you know *who* it is has promised strength for the asking. Ask earnestly, unceasingly for strength from Him, and you will be able to overcome.'

'How can He hear prayers like mine? I am too sinful, too unworthy.'

'Do not say so. Do not think so. *He loves you.* Think what *that* means, and give up despair!'

A deep sigh was the only answer to this; but, taking my own lesson to heart, I did not despair, and I determined I would not, till I had tried every imaginable means for my friend's recovery. Her story filled me with the deepest concern, and throughout the day, while about my usual employments, it pursued me.

In the evening when we were once again seated beside the lamp in the little parlour, I spoke to her, and told her my wish that she should stay with me a short time, till some employment should offer for her elsewhere. 'But'—and I emphasized my words here—'my dear Maria, I must trust to your honour that no strong drink shall cross my threshold. It is entirely for your good I say it. You will have no temptations to encounter at my table, for I do not myself take anything of the sort. I have no alcoholic drink whatever in my house. Not seeing it, or tasting it, you will have every possible help given to enable you to overcome your evil habit, as far as I can give it, and I do not see why you should not, with God's assistance, redeem your life, and have a happy and honoured future.' Maria's eyes filled with tears.

'You dear, good friend!' she exclaimed, fervently; 'I am not worthy of your trust and kindness, but I will try to be ——.'

Then her emotion was too much for her, and she hastily left the room. In half an hour she returned, calm, and with a happier look upon her face than I had yet seen. Seating herself at the piano, she filled my room with delicious sounds, to me doubly pleasant, because I thought I perceived in their sweet burden a promise of peace and good for the future. It was soon known among my friends that I had with me a lady companion, and Mrs. Thorpe's manners were highly approved. Consequently she had many invitations out with me, and through the summer she and I did our little share towards enlivening the drawing-rooms and parlours of the Elmhurst people. Maria was not lively, but she had an interesting melancholy about her that accorded well with her widow's dress, and she could talk agreeably on many subjects.

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By and by a little employment came to her in the shape of musical lessons, given to three little girls in the neighbourhood, and some manuscript copying, so that her dress was able to be improved, and she waited as patiently as she could for more work. As patiently as she could, I say, for she was often restless and feverish, or unreasonably despondent. Still I could see she fought bravely with her complaint, and whatever I could do to divert and assist was not wanting. Pincher was by no means a weak ally. He conceived a great attachment to my friend, and followed her about with his queer antics and whimsical ways, and put sparkles of frolic into many an otherwise weary hour. Ugly and uninteresting as he was in his outer *dog*, he had something so peculiar and intelligent, so—may I use the word?—*thoughtful* in his demeanour, that I have many a time argued gravely with myself whether the doctrine of metempsychosis was not true, and whether in Pincher's mean form might not be the soul of some human being mysteriously encaged. Maria would sometimes sit for half an hour together watching him with a smile upon her lips—a more decided smile than I ever saw brought there at Mrs. Tomkins's brightest and gayest evening gatherings. Early one lovely morning in autumn a brilliant thought struck me, as on first awaking I looked out from my bed, and between the dimity window curtains saw the sun light up the rapidly fading leaves of a fine ash tree. Why should not Maria begin a school in Elmhurst? She was clever, and tolerably well known now; and as my brilliant thought grew into fuller shape, family after family came trooping in between my eyes and the ash tree, with daughters at the opportune age, just ripe for such a venture. There were those two rooms of Mrs. Harding's could be had for a reasonable sum. I would guarantee the first quarter's rent, and lend my friend money enough to provide her food, firing, &c., for that time, which she could repay me when she felt able. It would be an excitement, a sphere of activity for her—a means of independence, if well conducted, which I knew she aimed at. Why not? Already I saw her rooms full of willing scholars, herself busy among them, and if not happy, at least well content, a real dawn of a new life opened to her. Impatiently I arose, and dressed in more haste than usual that I might at once communicate to her my bright idea.

She was delighted with it, as I had expected; and that very day we went out to Mrs. Harding's, bent on taking the rooms, if the sum asked was not too much. It was even less than I had expected, and with a beating heart I took the rooms in the name of my friend. In less than a month she was settled there, and circulars announcing her intention of opening a young ladies' school were distributed over the length and breadth of the parish. The school opened early in October; and, to our great satisfaction, eight pupils attended for the benefit of Mrs. Thorpe's instruction. Eight—and a promise of at least double that number next quarter.

'I can only thank God and you,' was Maria's expression as I bade her adieu that first night.

My room looked very lonely on my return home, and to make its loneliness worse, Pincher was absent. He had stayed behind with my friend. But I took his desertion philosophically, and retired early. 'He will come back in the morning,' I thought; but the morning did not bring him. Ungrateful Pincher! However, my garden could not run away, and amongst its treasures and rapidly decreasing beauties I found consolation. Pincher came back, but he did not settle with me so kindly as of old; he parted his favours between the two dwellings, and when I playfully complained to Maria that she had stolen his love from me, she looked so grieved, and yet besought me so earnestly to let him remain as much as I could possibly spare him, that I was obliged to laugh, and aver she might have his society as much as she liked.

Whether after this she used double blandishments to influence Pincher's weak mind, I do not know, but I half suspect it, as he came less and less frequently to Ivy Cottage, and evidently considered his home to be with Mrs. Thorpe.

Half a year passed by, and the money I had advanced was partly paid back; then another half year, and still the pupils increased at Mrs. Harding's rooms. Mrs. Thorpe was becoming a popular teacher. So much success was very cheering. I had begun to put Maria out of my catalogue of solicitudes. Her "*habit*" was surely after all this abstinence subdued, and, as she was wonderfully

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wonderfully economical in dress and general expenses, she would soon be able to think about housekeeping on her own account. So hope said—and was surely not unreasonable in saying it.

One evening, as seated by my lonely fire, I was finishing a piece of sewing—thought the while busy, as it often was at that hour with the past—Pincher entered the room with a bound, and at once made up to me with some of his old winning tricks, the hypocrite! I knew by his presence that Maria could not be far behind, and her entrance the next minute confirmed my expectation. With a smile I exclaimed, 'Your four-footed herald let me know who was approaching!' She made no reply, and then looking up, I saw an unusually troubled expression upon her face. 'What is the matter? No bad news, I hope,' I asked.

She sat down as if exhausted, in the chair opposite, and said in a hurried way:

'You have had a visit from Mr. Bullen.'

'Yes, certainly I have. Who told you? He is a very old friend of mine, and called upon me to introduce his second wife. They were but married this summer, and they are both on a visit to the Tomkins's.'

'Do you know who she was?'

'Mrs. Bullen? No, I have heard; but have quite forgotten.'

'She was a Miss G., and the eldest daughter of my old doctor, at Danesby, who knows all about me, and will therefore tell the people here,—and—in other words, she has brought my ruin with her, Patty!'

I was aghast at this information. 'But'—I began—'she can never be so unkind, and besides, she may never know it is you ——.'

'I met her in the street just now, and she knew me *well*, I am convinced.'

'Do you feel really sure she would be so cruel as to speak about you?'

'Do I feel sure that the sun will rise to-morrow? Yes, she is a gossip—an inveterate gossip, and so choice a piece of scandal will be too good to be withheld.' And Maria, as she said this, put on a very bitter smile. Then the moment afterwards the bitter smile had faded, and she burst into tears. 'Is it not hard, Patty, *very hard*? Ah, how I have striven to gain this chance—this last chance!'

I rose up. 'Be comforted, dear Maria. Do not distress yourself. I will go at once to Mrs. Bullen—and ask her in secret, as a great favour to *me*, that she will say nothing about you, if you are as sure, as you say, that she knew you.'

'Quite, quite sure. But it is of no use your going. I have had a heavy feeling upon me the last two days of some coming trouble. I knew it must be so, and this is it!'

Nevertheless I proceeded at once to put on my out-door garments, and in ten minutes was on my way to Mrs. Bullen.

On reaching Mrs. Tomkins's door, I had the mortification to hear that she, with Mr. and Mrs. Bullen, was gone to spend the evening at the Hawksworth's, two miles away. I returned to Maria with as cheerful a face as I could command. I found her looking into the fire with the most melancholy expression possible.

My attempt at cheerfulness must have been a bad one, for she at once knew of the fruitlessness of my errand without a word being spoken. 'I will see her the first thing in the morning; I would have gone on to the Hawksworth's to-night, but I feared my sudden irruption there might have excited remark, and so perhaps have brought on the very thing we wish to avoid.' This was my consolatory speech, the best I could make at the time; but Maria did not look much comforted by it. However, she departed in a short time, a little cheered, I fancied, by the promise that, whatever occurred, she would find in me a firm friend.

When she was gone, I brooded over Maria's apparently contrary fortune with a good deal of discomfort and unhappiness. Why could she not be left alone to pursue her path of amendment? And I thought over the words she had spoken in her bitterness ere she left me: 'And to think that my ruin should come by the daughter of the man who brought me to this state. The very doctor who did all but force the stimulant down my throat, by accusing me of a wish to commit suicide, because at first I refused to take it!'

Yes, certainly, with her I could say, it was *very hard*, and wished, rather savagely I fear, that I had Doctor G. by me just then to administer to him a cutting reproof. Supper-time arrived at last, and afterwards, as Janet and I were fastening all up for the night—we are

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are early people at Ivy Cottage—a rap of unusual length and vigour at the front door startled the sleepiness in a moment out of both our eyes. Janet looked at me in dismay, and hesitated ere she went to the door; but, assured by a glance from me, proceeded to unfasten lock and bolt. Then, to my surprise, appeared the familiar faces of Mrs. Tomkins and her daughter Sarah Augusta, and in their company those of Mr. and Mrs. Bullen also. Very lively and wide-awake seemed the whole party. They had sent their carriage on home, and had called at this untimely hour for the special purpose of inviting me to a grand picnic, to come off on the morrow, at Spruce Firs, a hill near Elmhurst commanding a fine view.

'It is very late to ask you, dear Miss Hastings,' said Mrs. Tomkins, apologetically; 'but we really did not know of it ourselves till to-day, and we cannot by any means do without your company.'

'What time do you go?'

'Eleven o'clock, if it be fine.'

I accepted the invitation, and then, as ingeniously as I could, and under cover of showing Mrs. Bullen a chalk sketch I had taken of her husband twenty years ago at least, inveigled her into another room to see it for a minute or two. When we were alone, with an earnestness that may have startled her at first, considering how unexpectedly it must have come upon her, I at once named Maria and her school, and the particular favour Mrs. Bullen would confer upon us both if she would preserve complete silence about her antecedents. As I pleaded for my friend, Mrs. Bullen looked confounded, then interested, and finally, in a sudden burst of generosity, assured me it should be as I wished. 'Poor thing! Poor thing! I would do her no harm, I am sure! And you say she is quite reformed? How pleasing! Certainly, Miss Hastings; no word shall be breathed by me. Already spoken of her, do you say? Well, I *have* named her to Mrs. Tomkins; but nothing particular, nothing to hurt her in the least—and to no one else, I assure you!'

Here was a comfort! With a relieved heart I cheerfully led the way back to the rest of the company, who may have wondered at Miss Hastings's special attention to her newly-found friend, I am sure Mrs. Tomkins did, and would talk the same over the next day with Sarah Augusta. After a little more general conversation, I bade them good-night at the door.

I would have sent a note on, with the news that night, but remembered Mrs. Harding closed her house punctually at nine, and that all would be gone to bed half an hour ago. So, well pleased with the thought of the morrow's good tidings to be revealed, I repaired to bed, and to quiet and happy slumbers.

While I was taking an early breakfast, preparatory to my call on Maria, Pincher entered the parlour. But he was not the same Pincher as of old; he had a dejected, almost sulky air, and his tail, that usually stood out at a joyful angle of forty-five degrees, hung low, sweeping the ground. He walked slowly towards me, and gave me the dreariest look. 'Why, Pincher, what now? Why are you here? And so miserable?' An apprehensive thought flashed across my brain. 'Quick, Janet! Bring me my shoes—my bonnet — my shawl!' And to Janet's amaze I donned these habiliments and departed, my last cup of coffee left untasted on the table. As I stood at Mrs. Harding's front door, waiting till it should be opened in answer to my ring, I perceived a figure stealing out from the back door. It was clothed in mourning—it was tall; I knew the bonnet, the veil, the mantle, every flounce of the dress; and rapidly following it, I reached it ere it had turned the corner of the street. 'Maria!' No reply. The tall figure did not turn round. I was out of breath, so giving a quick pluck at the gown, I forced it to halt and notice me. From under the veil two red and swollen eyes fixed a solemn stare upon me. The despair expressed in that gaze appalled me. 'I have good news!' I panted out, 'but where are you going?' She stood quite still now, and a bewildered look flitted over her eyes. She could not speak, so I put my arm in hers, and led her back. We sat down in the schoolroom, empty at present, and then I told her all that had occurred since we had parted. She was relieved, but the good news did not exhilarate her as I had expected. Her hands remained tightly clasped upon her knees, her face a little turned from mine, looking out of the window. I saw the marks of intense suffering upon it; of something more I could not understand. I said, 'You have had a wretched

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wretched night, I see, dear! But all that is over. You have nothing now to do but go on your way quietly, as you have done before. Take courage! God has made your way plain and easy once more.'

'But'—she interrupted me with a hoarse voice—'I have made it rough and thorny! Leave me, Patty. Let me die my own way. I am not fit to live. What do you think I did last night?' She drew from her dress pocket a small bottle, containing a dark fluid, and from some mysterious hiding-place beneath her mantle, a larger one, quite empty, and laid them on the school desk before me. She pointed to the last with an hysteric laugh. 'I emptied *that* last night. It was full of gin, which I bought as I left you, for I made up my mind I would die sooner than live to be put to shame *here*. And this morning I was going out into the fields to empty *this*,' pointing to the little bottle. 'The gin didn't kill me, though I hoped it would. It would have been a pleasanter death, but *this* is quicker.' She put out her hand as if to take it up, but I was too quick for her, and transferred it into my own pocket. It contained laudanum. 'The mischief's done,' she said, sorrowfully. I turned pale. 'You don't mean to say, Maria, you've taken poison? It cannot be!'

'Not laudanum, no, but gin!' I sat down again somewhat relieved. 'Isn't that poison enough? I have broken the promise I made you. But I could not bear myself last night. I was so miserable that I thought I had better kill myself. Now, I loathe myself for what I have done! Let me die my own way.'

I took hold of her hand; it was burning with fever. 'You are ill, you must go at once to bed. I will tell your scholars, and send them away for the day.'

She let me do with her as I would. So, sending an excuse to Mrs. Tomkins about the picnic, my post as nurse was taken by her bedside, and through that gloomy day and night I combated with her despair, and tried to reduce her mental and bodily fever. She had a week's serious illness; then she recovered slowly, and in a while was restored to her usual health, with the exception of one delusion that had pursued her in her moments of delirium. This was, that in Pincher's form was hidden the soul of her little Frederick. 'And I beat him from me, the morning I was going to kill myself!' was her self-reproachful exclamation as she told me this.

But I must not linger over this part of her history. Perfect mental sanity came at last, when her weary feet had climbed the ladder once more, from which she had in her despair allowed herself to fall. It was doubly hard work; but, honour to the brave! she accomplished it. School recommenced, it progressed, it prospered, and no one knew but ourselves from what a terrible death she had been rescued.

Is it in a dream that I have seen it? or has it been accomplished?—that from my porch a procession takes its way towards the church, a wedding procession, with a sober, middle-aged bride and bridegroom, a bridesmaid (myself) as sober and middle-aged, and with a touch of gravity about us all that the wedding finery cannot remove! But the wedding bells do not ring the less merrily because we are an ancient set, and in their peal there is not one melancholy note to remind of the sorrows of the past. A few young ladies, lately pupils at Mrs. Thorpe's school, await us in the churchyard, and strew roses—yes, actually *roses*—in our path; and there are a few tears in some eyes at the thought of losing an old friend and a kind schoolmistress. Mrs. Thorpe is gone away, and Mrs.—; well, I must not give her name lest you should find her out, is going also, to the other end of our island.

'I think she will be happy,' pleads my anxious heart, as I see her sitting in the carriage that is to convey her to the station with her husband. '*He* knows her history, and is kind and good.' And when I say that he is a vigorous champion of total abstinence, you may be sure she will have no temptations at her own table to lead her astray.

Pincher and I stand looking, as the carriage rolls away, to get the last glimpse of our friend; for in my dream, or reality, he is again with me, true as before those troubled days.

REVIEWS

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Observations on the Laws Referring to Child-Murder and Criminal Abortion, with Suggestions for their Amendment. By G. Greaves, consulting surgeon, Chorlton Union Hospital, &c. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society. Manchester: David Kelly, 53, Market-street. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Greaves published some time ago a paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society, showing that the great and probably increasing prevalence of infanticide and cognate crimes in England might, in part at least, be ascribed to the present state of the criminal law. By arguments, the soundness of which we fully admitted when noticing the paper in this Review, he demonstrated that the law of this country as written, interpreted, and administered, does not tend to deter from the commission of such crimes, but rather holds out the prospect of impunity to those who are disposed to perpetrate them. In a second pamphlet, of which the title is quoted above, Mr. Greaves now proceeds to specify such changes as he considers would bring the law into greater accordance with morality and science, and make it a terror to evil-doers, which it is not now. In the earlier part of the pamphlet Mr. Greaves describes the present state of the law; and he afterwards traces the process whereby it has gradually fallen thus low. He recommends, firstly, the recognition by the legislature of the cardinal principle that the *fœtus in utero* is a living human being. Mr. Greaves says:—'The attempt to cause abortion would then be a felony of the greatest magnitude, not [merely] because declared to be so by Act of Parliament, but because it would be an attempted violation of the commandment—"Thou shalt not kill." To kill a child which, although still unborn, should have attained to such maturity as to manifest, to the most ordinary apprehension, the signs of independent, extra-uterine life, would *a fortiori* be an act of murder. In case of abortion it would, as now, be for the prosecution to show that means had been used designed for the production of such a result. In the case of a child born dead, at, or near, the full time of delivery, with wounds or marks of injury on its body, it would be for the prosecution to show, by medical evidence, that the child was living when those injuries were inflicted; that they had caused its death; and that they were such as could not be produced by the accidents naturally attending birth.

'I would next repeal the statute against concealment of birth. That law appears to me to be a clumsy, roundabout, and illogical mode of inflicting a very inadequate punishment on a woman, of whose guilt of child-murder no doubt is entertained, although it may not be technically proved. It is an offence created entirely by statute, and meeting with no response from the moral sense of the community. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the secret interment of any dead body ought not to be permitted. There might, as in the Prussian Code, be an enactment specially forbidding it, and making the penalty, in the case of a new-born child, more severe than in other cases.

'This law also, as has been already shown, opens a wide door for the evasion of justice. If a woman, after delivering herself in secret, should murder her child, and should then produce its body as that of a still-born child, she would entirely escape legal censure. And another case is perfectly supposable. A woman conceals her pregnancy until labour has actually commenced; the violence of her pains then compels her to make known her situation; but the case is one of some difficulty, effectual assistance is not at

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at hand, and before it can be obtained she is delivered of a child which is born dead, but which might have been born alive had she sooner made known her condition, and made suitable preparations for her delivery. The child's death would be strictly attributable to the determination of the mother to conceal her pregnancy; yet, under the existing law, the woman would go unpunished, because, with a manifest intention to conceal the birth of her child, and most probably to destroy it if born alive, she had yet involuntarily betrayed her situation.

'Far different would it be with an enactment rendering the concealment of pregnancy a felony. Such concealment is manifestly criminal, not only because it justifies a presumption of the intention to murder the child when born, but because it involves the neglect of the precautions and preparations necessary to the safety of the child during or after birth. Such a law would, therefore, recommend itself to the reason and conscience of mankind.

'If, in any trial for child-murder, or abortion-procuring, the evidence should not fully bear out the charge of murder, but it should appear that the death of the fœtus or child was due to neglect on the part of the mother, she might be found guilty of manslaughter. By wilful negligence or omission to cause the death of a child which has been born alive, is already a most grave offence at common law. I can see no substantial reason why it should not be so in reference to a child still unborn, or only partially come into the world.

'The proposal to substitute a charge of manslaughter for one of murder, in some of the cases in question, is not now made for the first time; and there is legal precedent for it. In a case tried at the Warwick Lent Assizes, in 1854 (Reg. *v.* Tommey), the judge (Coleridge, J.) instructed the jury that if they believed that certain wounds on a child's throat, of which it died after its birth, had been inflicted, not wilfully with the intent to kill, but carelessly and negligently, in the attempt at self-delivery in secret, it would be manslaughter. The jury brought in that verdict. Such a verdict might, perhaps, also be adequate to a case in which a newly-born child is destroyed by wounds wilfully inflicted, but under the influence of partial temporary derangement, or, as it has been styled, sudden homicidal impulse. If in such a case there had not been total concealment of pregnancy, if there had been some attempt at preparation for the birth of a child, some provisions for its safety, then the plea, in defence, of temporary insanity or delirium might be available to the extent of total acquittal. But had there been no preparation or provision of any kind, no communication of her state to any human being, then the presumption would fairly be, that the homicidal act was the carrying out of a fixed determination that the child should not survive its birth.'

Such are the principles on which Mr. Greaves would legislate; and for our own part we entirely approve of them. He proposes that it should be declared by statute that the administration of any drug, or use of any instrument or means with intent to cause death or premature birth of the child, should be held to be felony, involving the highest degree of secondary punishment; that thorough concealment of pregnancy up to birth should amount to felony in case of the death of the child before or shortly after birth; that concealment up to the point of parturition should be felony with a minor punishment, if a call for help were not given in time to obtain efficient help which the child died for the want of; and lastly, that 'if a child, recently born, were found dead, with wounds, or other marks of violent injury upon its body, it should not be necessary, in order to substantiate a charge of murder, to prove that the child was born alive, but only that it was living when the said wounds or injuries were inflicted, and that they were the probable cause

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cause of its death, and that they were such as could not, naturally or accidentally, be caused in the act of birth; or if it should not be proved that the child's death had been wilfully caused, but had been produced by criminal negligence, it might be lawful for the jury to find the woman or her accomplices, if she had any, guilty of manslaughter; or a woman acquitted on a charge of child-murder might, if it should so appear in evidence, be found guilty of concealment of pregnancy.'

Wholesome changes resembling these will some day, we are confident, be effected, and we cordially thank Mr. Greaves for his persistent exposure of the evil, and for these remedial suggestions. We are disposed to add the recommendation, that the rapidly-increasing crime of the 'overlaying' of infants (for a crime it is, no matter whether it be caused by carelessness, drunkenness, or undisclosed design) should be invariably treated as manslaughter.

Window Gardens for the People, and Clean and Tidy Rooms; being an Experiment to Improve the Homes of the London Poor. By Rev. S. Hadden Parkes, M.A., curate of St. George, Bloomsbury. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A THOROUGHLY interesting little book. The author's object has been to explain the plans, rules, and results of certain efforts made in Bloomsbury for improving the home-life of the very poor. These efforts assumed a two-fold direction; aiming, first, to promote the ventilation of rooms, the cleaning of windows, the cultivation of love for home-pursuits, and admiration of the vegetative works of God, etc.; and, secondly, to induce habits of cleanliness, tidiness, and self-respect.

The author adds his testimony, in the outset, to that of Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Derby, and other philanthropic observers, regarding certain evil tendencies of the model house building system, as well as of the demolition of the 'rookeries' by railways and other works. Model houses, substituted for ill-built, and ill-designed dwellings, become tenanted by respectable artizans, who reap, indeed, no trifling benefit; but with these the former inhabitants of those neighbourhoods are seldom identical; for these persons model houses are unsuitable. They do not, for instance, supply the kind of accommodation required by costermongers, who have barrows or donkey-carts; or they are let at too high a rental, and the former inhabitants are driven away to overcrowd doubly some already too populous neighbourhood. And even if the model dwellings were suitable in plan, and low enough in rent, the fact that a certain amount of cleanliness is required of the tenants would of itself drive away those who have lived so long in filth that they cling to it with tenacity, and cannot be elevated into cleanliness by any kind of compulsion. For such persons, at first, some plans are requisite by which can be created a taste for cleanliness, order, and the self-respect which combines with those virtues; and two such plans the author believes are to be found in the flower-show, and in the clean and tidy room competition of which his book supplies a very welcome account. As he truly remarks, 'The clergyman in his parish, the lady in her district, the Bible-woman in her mission, the ragged school teachers among their scholars, may all successfully carry out a flower-show. It needs no cumbrous committee to start it, no elaborate management to make it succeed, and no funds to carry it out. The clergyman, aided by his lay agents and district visitors, will have a large field of usefulness opened before him among those masses which are confessedly the most difficult to deal with. The district visitor, on her sole responsibility, may have a flower-show among the poor she visits, and offer them prizes for clean and tidy rooms; while those ladies who fear the responsibility of district visitors, may work in the mews at the back of their

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their houses, and thus benefit their neighbours. The Bible-woman, without infringing on parochial rights, may have her show in the mission-room. And the Sunday-school teachers, whether belonging to the national schools or ragged schools, without the aid of either ministers or secretaries, may themselves inaugurate their little plan among their Sunday scholars, and with good effect, not only to the scholars individually, but also to the school at large. It is adapted for a west-end parish equally with one at the east-end of London; for the town as well as for the country. It needs not bring sects and parties into hostile collision, for surely all can work upon such broad and common ground harmoniously together.'

Some further extracts from the volume are given in our Social Science Selections.

The Christian Code, contained in the Scriptures. By Sinceritas. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THE compiler of the work before us has endeavoured to collate, under proper heads, the declarations of Scripture concerning the nature and perfections of God, and various other points of Christian doctrine. As he has worked strictly upon the basis of King James's translation, he has, of course, somewhat marred his book by citing such passages as the spurious verse, 1 John v., 7, and the text, Job xix., 26, which the old English translators so elaborately built out of shape with their italics. Notwithstanding, the manual of 'Sinceritas' would be a very welcome assistant to all but the more thorough students of Scripture. At a glance the compiler enables his readers to see what the common translation of the Bible teaches upon any one of a large variety of points of doctrine; and if he has not quite succeeded in accomplishing this unwarped by sectarian bias, he has evidently intended and honestly tried to do so. We are certain that there are many thousands of Sunday-school teachers, Scripture readers, and other lay ministers of the Word, who would be highly delighted with this volume; because, on all the emergencies of their ministration, it would give them a rapid and easy command of long lists of appropriate passages from the Bible. For the author's information, we add that a somewhat similar compilation was published at Bridlington, in 1794; it was entitled 'The Christian's Pocket Companion; being a Collection of Scriptures Classed under Proper Heads;" but it was less copious both in its heads and in its quotations than the very serviceable work we are now reviewing.

The Family of God: Seven Sermons, Preached in St. Bartholomew's Church, Gray's Inn Road, London. By the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., Incumbent. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 33, Paternoster Row.

AFTER a ministry of about thirteen years' duration, the author resigned his incumbency of St. Bartholomew's, and took leave of his flock in a series of discourses, delivered on the Sundays immediately preceding his removal to a new circle of duty. Those who heard these discourses so highly valued them that they requested that they might be published, and the volume before us is the result of the author's acquiescence. The seven discourses thus bound together are severally entitled, 'The Family Circle,' 'The Children at School,' 'Home Pleasures,' 'Family Trials,' 'The Imperishable Bond,' 'Temporary Separation,' and 'Home.' The 'Family of God' is not understood to be the universal family of man, for 'if when Scripture speaks of God as the Father of His people, and tenderly expatiates on the blessedness of those who become His children, the language means no more than the relation between a beneficent Creator and a fallen creature, which exists perforce by the very fact of their mutual existence, then are the great hopes of the Christian voided of their significance,

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significance, and his lofty expectations reduced to a miserable shadow;' 'for if all men are equally God's sons, equally heirs of the same inheritance, then must sonship consist of an outward dependence, and not upon an inward and spiritual relationship;' 'and if they are God's sons in the true sense of the word, certainly it is a sonship, equally without a child's love and without a father's blessing.' 'Take away the confidence, the mutual trust, the close, living sympathy, the love which delights to give and finds it a joy to obey, and we take away from the relation between a father and his child all that makes it beautiful.' The family circle being thus described, the 'Children at School,' 'The Home Pleasures,' the 'Family Trials,' and all the other titles of the seven sermons before us, are self-interpretive. The book is correct in style, thoughtful and earnest in character, and evangelical in doctrine. The author writes as one who knows, feels, and lives up to the solemn verities of which he discourses. Those readers, then, who do not object to the doctrinal school to which Mr. Garbett belongs, will find no cause to be dissatisfied with anything else in the volume.

The Fall of Babylon. An Epic Poem. By the Rev. Hibbert Newton, B.A., officiating minister of St. Michael's, Southwark. London: Charles Westerton, 27, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner.

THE author of this epic proves to be one of an increasing class of inquirers who find that in proportion as the alleged facts of what is called 'spiritualism' are investigated, the vulgar theory that they are mere impostures becomes less and still less tenable. The inquiry is, indeed, rapidly narrowing into this corner; that either the results are wrought out by some purely natural but heretofore unrecognized law of mental action, or that they are of the operation of spiritual intelligences more or less trustworthy and respectable. Amongst those who adopt the latter branch of the alternative, the author of the 'Fall of Babylon' has place; but to him modern mediumship appears to be all necromancy, and 'the apostacy of demonism.' He nevertheless assigns, in his poem, guardian spirits to his favourite characters, and inhabitants of the angelic world are amongst the *dramatis personæ* whom he causes to appear upon his mundane stage. He represents himself as falling more than once into the trance of seership. His whole poem is, indeed, full of the supernatural; and the leading events on the stage of this lower world wherein his plot is developed, are generally prefigured by scenes in another, and not always by any means a better world, to which, in separate cantos, he directs the attention of his readers. The misgiving that these special cantos might, after all, have been better spared, seems almost to have crossed the mind of the author; for he even suggests that they may be skipped on a first perusal of the poem, by those who desire to get at the gist of it! Few readers, we suspect, will decline to avail themselves of the hint; for the author's style is so condensed, so closely packed and elliptical, that much patience is requisite if the epic is to be understood, and, when all is done, the reward and patience are scarcely commensurate. Originality in epithet, felicity in comparison and metaphor, belong only in small proportion to Mr. Newton. Incisive wit is his, and great power of condensation, and fair average ability in representation. He is very severe upon, and in one case very unjustly abusive of, theological schools other than his own; and he is very private and narrow, so it seems to us, in his interpretation of prophecy. Of poetic beauty of expression, we do not find much in his poem; nor, in its absence, any compensating profundity or wide reach of thought. But good descriptions of landscape occur, and some vivid passages of action.

Sin

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Sin and Suffering Reconcileable with the Divine Benevolence. Four Discourses. By Joshua Priestley. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

Four discourses, delivered in the ordinary course of the author's ministry, and published by desire. The themes wrought out are, that God's benevolence is indubitable; that moral probationship involves the demand of faith in God, and the supply of means and opportunity alike for ill-doing and well-doing; that much of our suffering is the sole and inevitable result of our own ignorance or folly; and that all the rest is benevolently designed for a salutary and invaluable discipline and culture. We have read these discourses with pleasure. They are marked by a treatment of the topics at once manly and pious.

The Alexandra Magazine; and Woman's Social and Industrial Advocate. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row. May, 1864.

The first number of a new upholder of woman's rights and duties. It contains contributions by Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Meredith, Miss Jessie Boucherett, Miss Bessie R. Parkes, and others. Throughout Miss Parkes's letter to Women on Money-earning runs a rich vein of sterling good sense. Mrs. Bayly's excellent article on Parental Responsibility is the one prepared by that lady for the Social Science Congress last year. 'Benefit Societies for Women' are the theme of Jessie Boucherett's. Besides essays like these, there are tales, notices of books, and, on toned paper, a somewhat hard and unpleasant illustration of a foolish little poem.

On the Practice of Employing Certain Substitutes for the Genuine Ingredients in Some Articles of Daily Food; Considered as it Affects the Health of the Community. A Paper read before the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution. Contributed by a Lady. London: H. K. Lewis, 15, Gower-street. North.

This is a "counterblast" to baking powder, the use of which is strongly objected to by the author, on grounds which, as stated, appear to us to be somewhat deficient in force.

The Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. By Dr. Frederic Richard Lees. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The famous essay, for which one hundred guineas were awarded as a prize by the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, has been condensed by the author, and is now offered in its concentrated form for a single sixpence. Besides condensing the old, however, Dr. Lees has added new matter, so that the 'Argument' is now offered in a form suitable for the present stage of the question of the suppression of the liquor traffic. An egg is not fuller of food than is this volume of facts, figures, and pithy reflections upon them. It has already attained a wide circulation, and ought, indeed, to be dispersed abroad wherever the English language is spoken.

Newspaper Press Fund; for Affording Assistance to Members, their Widows, Children, &c. Established 1858. Report and Rules. Office, 6, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, W.C.

We can see no valid reason why newspaper pressmen should be the only class of persons connected with literature for whom there should exist no eleemosynary institution. More liable than many classes of toilers to be disabled by irregular and excessive work, and by no means overpaid, they need assistance in sickness and in penury as much as any other class, and the only wonder is that no such provision has hitherto been made. The objection urged against such an institution by the *Times* comes with a peculiarly ill grace from a journal many of whose employés have, of late years, been signally and shamefully ready to acccept substantial favours from politicians. *My*

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My Account with Her Majesty. By Andrew Halliday. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

How to put money in the Post Office Savings Bank, and the advantages consequent upon doing so, are well explained in this tract. The narrative form assumed, and the liveliness of the style, must make 'My Account with Her Majesty' readable by all classes.

The Wonder-working Bedstead. By J. W. Kirton. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

ANOTHER of the popular Temperance tales for which Mr. Kirton is becoming famous. The natural conversational style in which the tract is written, the tale it tells, and the woodcuts that set it off, will make it welcome even where there may be beforehand not the least affection for the lesson it teaches.

Limpley Springs: A Visit to Limpley Springs. By Charles Williams, author of 'The First Week of Time,' etc., etc. London, Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

A WORD, cleverly spoken, in advocacy of hydropathy, homœopathy, and the movement cure. Limpley Springs is the name of a water-cure establishment, near Bath; and Mr. Williams, having been there, has written this little book, as he says, "not from the suggestion of any one whose views they advocate, but only from strong sympathy with the suffering, and especially with disabled Christian labourers, with the hope that, under God's blessing, they may lessen debility and pain, and increase health for work."

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine; and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S.

RACY in style, valuable in matter, a perfect treasure to the gardener, this weekly magazine does not cease to maintain its excellent character.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine; a Monthly Journal of Intelligence. New Series. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Old Jonathan; or the District and Parish Helper. For 'The Streets and Lanes of the City, for the Highways and Hedges, to Bring in the Poor, and the Maimed, and the Halt, and the Blind.' London: William Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The Baptist Magazine. Vol. LVI. May 18, 1864. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Sunday-School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes, and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. Vol. I. The Gospels. No. III. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

[ERRATUM.—Page 135; line 17; *pro* Nova Scotia *lege* St. John, New Brunswick.]

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Meliora.

Art. I.—OBSOLETE LEGISLATION.

IN a recent Session of Parliament (28th July, 1863), an Act was passed for 'Promoting the Revision of the Statute Law, by repealing certain enactments which have ceased to be in force or have become unnecessary.' The measure grew out of the discussions evoked by the question of the consolidation of the statutes. The archives of English legislation have been in a very chaotic state. Those who desired to consult them (previous to the passing of the act named) had no fewer than forty-three folios placed at their disposal—a wealth of legal literature exceedingly embarrassing; unsimplified by any show of method in arrangement. A daring and skilful practitioner might possibly take a professional 'header' into this turbid sea and return to land with some desperately-recovered treasure; but no ordinary mortal could dare its depths with the faintest hope of safety or success.

It must be regarded as an especial blessing, therefore, that the forty-three folios have collapsed to eight, the number at which they stand, minus those enactments 'which have ceased to be in force otherwise than by express and specific repeal, or have, by lapse of time and change of circumstances, become unnecessary.'

The Statute Law Revision Act is exceedingly brief and simple. It consists of a few paragraphs and a schedule. Its object is to cancel what is useless; to expunge what is inoperative; and to erase what is obsolete. A short declaratory statement embraces the whole act; the first paragraph stating its scope and exceptions; the second its limit (extending to England only); and the third its brief and suggestive title, already quoted. It is, in fact, a sort of legislative besom by which the legal dust and *débris* of ages have been swept away. After such a purgation, classification and consolidation have become possible.

It would be unwise, however, to part with the old statutes

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without a word or two of notice. In a certain limited sense they comprise the history of our legislation, and, in a wider, the history of national development. Dating from the reign of Henry III. they commence at the beginning of our recorded law. The first act in the schedule is that of 20 Henry III., entitled 'Provisions de Merton' (the provisions of Merton), which carries us back to purely feudal times, when the monarch's will was frequently the only authority, and the brief assertion *Le Roi le veut* was the basis of law. The *provisions of Merton*, however, exhibit the growing influence of the barons, who, assembled to discuss certain charges (an old practice mooted by the King), or to assent to new laws, were not slow to give an opinion. To one of the proposed enactments (that relating to bastardy), all the earls and barons, with one voice, answered that they would not change the laws of the realm which hitherto had been used and approved. It is not a little startling that such ancient statutes should remain virtually unrepealed for so many centuries. But such is the fact. No less than six of Henry III., containing many provisions under various chapters, were only disposed of by the act of 1863. Some of these are curious. 37 Henry III. is the '*Sententia Excommunicationis lata in Transgressores Cartarum*;' the sentence of curse given by the bishops against the breakers of the charters. The confirmation of the Great Charter by the monarch was, as it deserved to be regarded, a proceeding of the highest importance; and, in accordance with the spirit of those 'demi-religious' times, it was invariably followed by an ecclesiastical edict, in which all the terrors of religion were hurled at those who violated the Bill of Rights. In the '*Dictum de Kenilworth*' (the award made at Kenilworth) we have the introduction of the words 'the King and his Commons,' 51 and 52 Henry III., and the influence of the popular element is distinctly observable. The last statute of this reign in the schedule (52 Hen. 3) is entitled '*Statutum de Marleberge*'—the Statute of Marlborough—and is quoted to recall another illustration of feudalism, as exhibited in the fact that all these statutes were enacted at different places. Royal convenience or necessity seems to have determined the locality of a council or parliament; and it was not till the following reign of Edward I. that a change in this respect took place, and the sanction of custom began to be given to assemblies at Westminster. History tells, however, of frequent disregard of this arrangement,—the monarch not hesitating to summon a parliament around him at any place, should emergency demand or policy suggest it. One of the earliest of the obsolete

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obsolete statutes (20 Hen. 3, cap. 6) relates to matters which were of great social importance,—the practice of wardship and the customs pertaining to marriage. Few topics can more strikingly illustrate the reality of social progress. For several centuries after the Norman Conquest various kinds of guardianship were recognized by law; the offspring of chivalry and of feudal customs. There were guardians by nature, such as the father or mother; guardians in soccage, who were next of blood; guardians by nurture, who were appointed by will; and guardians in chivalry. The first three classes are easily understood; they are natural and reasonable, but the 'guardianship in chivalry' was a remarkable social institution, not abolished until the time of Charles II. We may briefly summarize an explanation by stating that this guardianship arose in the case of an infant who held estates by descent. Males under twenty-one at the ancestor's death were liable to it. Females were not thus liable, unless under fourteen. It extended not only to the person of the infant, but also to all lands within the seigniory of the guardian. If the infant held lands by knight's service of several lords, each had the wardship of the land within his seigniory. As to the person, it fell to the care of that lord of whom the tenure was most ancient, he being styled the lord by priority. If the infant held lands of the King by knight's service, the monarch was entitled to the wardship both of body and lands, to the exclusion of all others. This kind of guardianship had a preference over every other kind except that of a father, and gave its possessor extraordinary power. It permitted (and justified) *the sale of the marriage of the ward,* provided there was no disparagement. If the infant refused the marriage tendered by his guardian, 'or married after such a tender and against the lord's consent,' the unfortunate infant who chose to please himself 'was liable to the payment of a sum equal to the value of the marriage, that is, to the profit which the lord might have made by the sale of it.' It may be added that the guardian in chivalry was not bound to account for the profits made of the infant's land during the wardship. He was only required to furnish his charge with a bare subsistence; all that he could make by farming the estate was his own fair profit. In accordance with such a practice, guardianship was viewed rather as a means of emolument to the lord than of benefit to the ward, and was 'saleable or transferable, like ordinary property, to the best bidder; and if not disposed of was transmissible to the lord's personal representatives.' How numerous and great the evils arising out of such a state of things may be better

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better imagined than told; and its sufferance for so long a period can only be explained by the proverbial longevity of vested interests. One of the obsolete statutes of Marlborough (52 Hen. 3, c. 6.) was intended to defeat fraudulent acts in connection with this practice of guardianship in chivalry, but the frequent recurrence of similar enactments proves how seriously it affected the whole conduct of society. Cap. 7 of the same statute relates to the 'Refusal of heirs to marry.' In the following reign, the 3 Edw. I., cap. 22, deals with the 'Marriage of Wards'—male and female; and the penalties on such wards refusing marriage. Cap. 36 refers to 'Aids' for knighthood and marriage (of which more anon), and we find these titles frequently recurring, 'Wardship,' 'Infant made Knight,' 'Waste during Wardship,' 'Sale or Gift of Wardship,' 'Marriage of Heirs,' 'Wardship of Heir of the King's tenant in chief,' 'Marriage of Heir of the King's tenant.' Evasions of duty on both sides, with fraudulent acts, were constantly creating feuds and bloodshed, as well as interminable litigation, and piecemeal legislation went on till Henry VII. interfered in favour of the lord, giving him more stringent authority over the infant. The result of 4 Henry VII., c. 17, was to defeat its purpose, for the profits of the guardian were rapidly reduced from various imaginable causes; and in the next reign (Henry VIII.) the Statute of Wills gave the power of devising so as to deprive the lord of two-thirds of 'the land holden by knight's service; in which contracted state this odious species of guardianship was suffered to languish till it was entirely abolished, with the other oppressive appendages of military tenures, by the famous statute 12 Car. II., c. 24.' It may be well admitted that the abolition of military tenures and the Habeas Corpus Act give to Englishmen in practice what the vaunted Bill of Rights bestows on them in theory. Before leaving this part of the subject, a word or two about the 'Aids' afforded or permitted to knights and others. These were nothing more in principle than charitable gifts from a tenant to his superior or lord in times of difficulty or distress. The system was an importation from the continent, and the practice which obtained in Normandy became rooted in England. The most important and clearly acknowledged 'Aids' sanctioned by feudalism were (1) to make the lord's eldest son a knight; (2) to marry his eldest daughter; and (3) to ransom his person. But all kinds of tributes were exacted, *vi et armis*, when necessity compelled. In those vigorous times necessity had no laws, moral or physical; might and right were always synonymous when the interest of the baron was at stake, and the social reformer of to-day may

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may not unprofitably ponder these old statutes with a view to the fair measurement of the speed and amount of progress which mankind has made in matters of special interest to him. In these earliest statutes we find the first legal distinction between 'murther' and homicide; and we may comment by the way on the remarkable clearness and brevity of statement which many of them display. Our ancestors were not willing subjects of legislation. They relinquished their freedom with manifest reluctance, and gave up their rights, licentious though many of them were, with an ill grace. But there were those amongst them who had clear heads and ready wit. They could say what they meant, and some of their statutes are models of simplicity and directness. Perhaps our modern law-makers would do well to turn to them; the literature of the law is by no means beyond improvement. After the chapter (3 Ed., 36) on 'Aids for Knighthood and Marriage,' we meet with another suggestive reading,—'Champion's Oath in a Writ of Right'—(cap. 41.) A champion did battle for himself or another. The custom was eminently feudal, and one of the vital elements of chivalry. In the Act of Edward I. it refers to the person recognized by law as the maintainer of a quarrel. Such champions were usually hired, and can only be ranked as a little higher than the bravo. In the time of Henry III., one '*Henry de Ferneberg*, for thirty marks' fee did by charter covenant to be Champion to Roger, Abbot of Glastenbury.' The act to which we refer recognizes the existence and position of such persons as champions. Any person having a cause to defend might hire them, 'except parricides and those who were accused of the highest offences.' Before they did battle on behalf of themselves or their employers, they were by law compelled to take oath of their belief in the righteousness of their cause, and in token thereof they shaved the head; a custom evidently brought from the East, and there practised from immemorial time. While the champion of chivalry was a knight armed at all points, splendidly mounted, and fully equipped, the champion of the law was armed only with a stick or club, and a shield, and fought on foot. An offering to the Church preceded every combat. Victory, of course, proved the justice of a champion's cause; defeat brought conviction, disgrace, and punishment; punishment alike to champion and his employer. 'If it was the champion of a woman for a capital offence, she was burnt and the champion hanged; if it was a man, and not for a capital crime, he not only made satisfaction, but had his right hand cut off, and the man was to be close confined in prison till the battle was over.' To show how thoroughly the law went into

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into the details of such combats, it may be stated that in cases of disputed land, or goods, or title, victory was awarded if either champion yielded and admitted his personal defeat. The utterance of the word *craven* was all that was necessary, on which the vanquished man was declared infamous, and not to be accounted *liber et legalis homo;* being supposed by the event to be proved forsworn, and therefore adjudged to civil disabilities. Another sort of champion was he who, at the coronation of kings, used to ride armed *cap-à-pié* into Westminster Hall, and by the proclamation of a herald make a challenge, 'that if any man shall deny the King's title to the crown, he is there ready to defend it in single combat.' Such a champion appeared at the coronation of King Charles II., in the person of Sir Edward Dymocke, and one of the same name performed the office at that of King George III. The *wager of battel* was witnessed as late as 1571 (13 Eliz.), in Tothill Fields, Westminster; but an instance occurs in which the retention of the old statute on the books all but compelled the judges of King's Bench, so late as 1819, to put the *wager of battel* into force. In that year, 'an appeal having been brought against one Thornton by Ashby, the infant brother of a young woman whom he was accused of having murdered (after violation), all the judges of the Court of King's Bench narrowly escaped the necessity of being compelled to sit from sunrise to sunset to see the defendant prove his innocence against the infant's champion.' Only a slip or informality in the proceedings relieved the judges from this barbarous method of award; but it was absolutely necessary to meet such an emergency in the future by the passing of an appropriate act. Thus 59 Geo. III., c. 46, declares 'that the trial by battle in any suit is a mode of trial unfit to be used; and it is expedient that the same should be abolished.' Not the least interesting fact in the affair is the existence of the *wager of battel* within the memory of the present generation.

We may take in this connection the *Articuli Cleri* (Articles for the Clergy), 9 Ed. II., which are in the schedule now before us. Cap. 4 relates to defamation. Cap. 10 to 'Protection of Persons fleeing unto the Church and abjuring the Realm.' Caps. 11, 12, and 15 refer to details of the statute; and cap. 16 declares that 'The Privilege of the Church shall not be denied to a Clerk becoming an approver.' *Sanctuary*, or the right of safety from pursuit and execution, was one of the oldest of feudal ecclesiastical practices. The faintest echo of it still survives in those royal residences where debtors of a certain

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certain class find refuge at this day. The mind naturally reverts to the 'cities of refuge' ordained for the Jews, whither a man might flee from the 'avenger of blood;' and *sanctuary* originally bore this meaning, and not an escape from monetary or legal difficulties. The idea itself was beneficent and good. It was in harmony with the exercise of the highest prerogative of the Crown—the quality of mercy; indeed, it flowed from it, and bore all the solemnity of a sacred act in its association with a religious shrine. We need not go into details upon the subject; history and fiction have illustrated it largely. In the reign of Henry VIII. the privileges of sanctuary were in full force; and several recognized houses afforded timely relief to many in danger and peril of life; but the reforms of the 'bluff' Harry included a limitation of the rights of sanctuary, which had been long and greatly abused; and during the reign of James I. 'all privilege of sanctuary, and abjuration consequent thereupon,' were utterly taken away. The *abjuration* of the world, it may be necessary to hint, was compulsory on all seeking the protection of sanctuary. From the moment of passing the sacred precincts, the fugitive renounced all authority save that of the Church; otherwise there could be no security given. So late as Henry VIII.'s time it was legal for a man guilty of felony to make an oath *renouncing the realm for ever;* on which, if he could fly to a church or churchyard, he might not be taken to be tried for his crime. This *sanctuary* lasted forty days only, but there were modes of continuing the protection from time to time in other sacred places, and also, if the felon chose, for the whole of life, by further abjuration of his liberty. Such a practice amounted to perpetual confinement; for, the moment the refugee passed the limits of the hallowed building or space, he was liable to capture.

In these early statutes trade and commerce are rarely mentioned. Of the half-dozen remaining to be abolished and which bear the seal of Henry III., one only, and that relating to Ireland, suggests the existence of business relationships; it is the 'Statute of Ireland concering Coparceners,' but all are eminently feudal in their spirit and intention, dealing with land, the legal relationships it entailed, and the rights of barons and monarch in the social positions they respectively held. The 3 Edward I., cap. 4, relates to 'Wreck. Custody of goods wrecked, for the owner, for the King, and to penalties on offenders.' This is the earliest *commercial* statute in the schedule, and as such deserves notice. The question of wrecked vessels and goods has always been one of great importance to England as an insular and trading country.

Wreck,

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Wreck, or goods thrown upon land by the sea, belonged of old to the King, or, in some special cases, to the lord of the manor. What constituted a *wreck* was variously settled. Henry I. ordained that if any person escaped alive out of the ship, it was no wreck. Henry II. extended the provisions of the law in favour of the owner, and his charter declared 'that if on the coasts of either England, Poictou, or Gascony, any ship should be distressed, and either man or beast should escape, or be found therein alive, the goods should remain to the owners, if they claimed them within three months; but otherwise should be esteemed a wreck, and should belong to the King, or other lord of the franchise.' The statute of 3 Edward I. (the one now before us) still further improves the arrangement in respect of the owner. The time of limitation of claims is to be a *year and a day,* and it enacts (as did a similar statute of Henry III.) 'that, if a man, a dog, or a cat escape alive, the vessel shall not be adjudged a wreck.' In this reign, too, it was enacted that 'goods lost by tempest or piracy, and not by wreck, if they afterwards come to land, shall be restored to the owner.' Such statutes exhibit the better side of feudal legislation, and illustrate the working of natural justice in the consideration of general questions. If they betray nothing else, they show strong good sense and a quick-witted appreciation of social rights, with the disposition to see them enforced without circumlocution or red-tapeism. Unfortunately, with the birth of specific trades, law and its phraseology became involved and intricate, and, what was worse, there grew up a system of class legislation and monopoly which only culminated in the abrogation of our own modern but iniquitous corn laws.

The 11 Edward I. is a *Statut' de Mercatoribus,* and the 13th of the same reign is entitled '*Statutum Mercatorum.*' Their main purpose was the protection of traders who should come to this country to exchange goods. This wise policy has been characteristic of England from the earliest times. Montesquieu remarks, 'that the English have made the protection of foreign merchants one of the articles of their national liberty.' And this is true, for Magna Charta itself—an instrument relating, it perhaps might be thought, solely to the internal affairs of the King and his subjects—deals with the question of the personal safety of foreign merchants; and it was occasionally ruled in actions at law that such persons were not bound to sue by the law of the land (13 Edward IV.) Such legislation proves great anxiety for the extension of trade and the encouragement of commercial relationships with other nations. Few statutes, however,

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however, having reference to trading or business transactions, remain in the schedule. There is nothing in Edward I.'s. reign beyond the *Statutum Mercatorum;* and nothing at all in that of Edward II. In the statutes of uncertain date we find one concerning bakers. By the 51 Henry III., and others, bakers who did not observe the *assize of bread and ale* were to be set in the pillory. This assize was intended for the protection of the consumer. Adulteration and false weight were the evils aimed at in this and all subsequent and similar acts. There is amongst these statutes also an *assize of weights and measures* (in Ruffhead's edition entitled *Tractatus de Ponderibus et Mensuris).* The standard of weights was based upon corns of wheat; hence the lowest denomination of weight is a *grain,* thirty-two of which, by the statute called *Compositio mensurarum,* were to make one pennyweight. The first standards of measurement were, as is well known, parts of a man's body, as the hand, the foot, the arm from the wrist to the elbow, &c. Diversities of size, however, caused inequality and confusion, and King Henry I. commanded that the ell should be made the exact length of his own arm. The vices attendant upon ignorance and low morality necessitated frequent legislation on *weights and measures.* King Richard I., in his parliament held at Westminster, 1197, ordained that there should be only one standard of weight, and one measure, throughout the kingdom, and that proper persons should be appointed custodiers of the assize or standard in all important cities and boroughs. It is supposed that the ancient office of *aulnager* was derived from this statute. The *aulnager* was the King's servant whose duty it was, for a certain fee, to measure all cloths for sale. In the time of King John this office was purchasable for money, that rascally monarch being ready to 'turn a penny' in any mode, legal or illegal, as gain or necessity might prompt; but the Magna Charta, which was wrung from him at Runnymede, contained a provision for enforcing the honest administration of the *assize of weights and measures.* The charter ordained that there should be but one measure throughout England, the standard being kept in the Exchequer or the King's palace; but in all cities, market towns, and villages, the copy or duplicate of the royal standard was kept within the inviolable precincts of a church. The office of *aulnager* was abolished in the reign of William III. As the eye runs down the summary of obsolete statutes, those affecting trade become more frequent. The 2 Edward III., cap. 9, enacts that 'all staples shall cease,' and the 4 Edward III., cap. 12, 'that all wines shall be assayed and sold at reasonable prices.' The staple for wines, and their prices,

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prices, was fixed by great officers of State, and the sale of 'corrupted or adulterated wine,' was punished with severe penalties. The 14 Edward III., cap. 12, refers again to the uniformity of weights and measures; to the sending of standards into every county; and to the appointment of persons to survey measures, and levy the penalties. Not unfrequently statutes are met with on the subject of *purveyance*, a curious and instructive point in the history of feudalism. *Purveyance* was a very profitable prerogative to the monarch. It gave him the right of pre-emption; of buying up provisions, necessaries, luxuries, and royal requirements, at an appraised valuation, in preference to others and in defiance of private rights. By such laws the King could compel the use of horses, carriages, or conveyances of any kind for such payment as his authorized servants thought proper; in other words, at his own price. In the time of Edward I. the practice of this kingly right became a frequent and unendurable grievance. This fact is acknowledged in the statute 28 Edward I., cap. 2, which is intended to define the duties of purveyors, 'what they shall take, payment thereof; and to compel them to show their warrant, to take no more than is needful, and to answer for things taken.' The neglect of these ordinary distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* is admitted to have been a 'great grievance in the realm.' The same subject comes up again in 5 Edward III., c. 2. In process of time the oppressive character of such laws brought them into desuetude, and by the 12 Charles II., c. 24, it was provided that no person should on any colour or pretence take anything from a subject without his full and free consent. But the same monarch suspended this honest statute immediately afterwards for his own convenience during a 'progress,' as also did James II.; the expense of royal journeys to these monarchs supplying, it was thought, just reason for reverting to feudal claims. From royal purveyances to royal subsidies is but a short step, and caps. 20 and 21 of 14 Ed. I. contain the first enactments of the kind which remained to be cancelled by the act recently passed. Subsidies were the germs of taxation; the first forms of national contribution to the maintenance of royalty and the State. Our Saxon forefathers obtained subsidies chiefly in money and personal service for special and definite objects, such as war, building of cities, castles, bridges, &c., and each kind of payment was distinguished by such affixes as *bote, fare,* and *geld;* as in *Burgbote, Brigbote, Herefare, Heregeld.* We learn that King Ethelred, when driven to his wit's end by the Danish invaders, agreed to purchase peace by the payment of large sums of money. To raise these amounts of *Danegeld,* every *hide* of land

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land was taxed, and the tax got the name of *Hydageld.* When it was transferred to cattle it was called *Horngeld.* The Normans introduced the name of Taxes, or Tallages, and the Conqueror received and perpetuated their payment. Here in the act before us, the subsidy granted to the King by cap. 20, 14 Ed. III., is 'of the ninth lamb, the ninth fleece, and the ninth sheep. In cities and boroughs, of the ninth part of all goods. Elsewhere of the fifteenth. Poor persons excepted.' The following, cap. 21, legalizes a subsidy on 'Wool, woolfells (sheep's hides), and other merchandize exported,' for a certain period. 'It is here provided that exporters of wool shall give surety to import silver in return;' a plain proof of the immediate necessities of the kingdom and the true object of the statute. In this enactment we find the phrase *Cocketing Wools,* followed by the statement that 'no other custom shall be levied but by assent of parliament.' The *Cocket* is 'a seal belonging to the King's custom house; or rather a scroll of parchment sealed' and delivered by officials to merchants as a warrant that their goods are customed. The same word occurs in the statute of *Bread and Ale,* where mention is made of wastel bread (finest kind), cocket bread (seconds), and bread of common wheat. Subsidies are frequently met with in the schedule, occasionally as such under the name of grants, as when the Commons allow 'to the King a grant of two-fifteenths and two-tenths,' or as an aid (25 Ed. III., stat. 5, c. 11.) 'to make the King's son knight, and to marry his daughter.' Such a statute can be well appreciated at the present time, when large royal families demand support from the nation. But the difference between the old and the present modes of raising money from subsidies or taxes consists mainly of two points: the *assessment* and the *permanency of the tax.* Assessments were formerly made at and with every subsidy; and the subsidy was levied for a specially-named purpose or emergency. Now, the rateable value of property can be averaged, and taxes are levied for the general purposes of government from year to year. The long reign of Edward III. permitted the accumulation of many statutes, and witnessed their extension and application to a large variety of subjects. It is not a little astonishing to learn the titles of many of those which, until recently, remained on our statute book, and are of so purely temporary a kind as to be interesting only from their curious character. Immediately following the mention of the subsidy of fifteenths and tenths to Ed. III., cap. 3 permits *all persons to buy wools,* and declares the '*sea open to all merchants.*' The sea does not appear to have been open to travellers leaving the country.

Persons

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Persons could only go abroad by permission, and in a late reign, that of Richard II., we find a statute regulating 'at what ports persons going beyond sea shall embark.' There is an act on 'Abuses by the King's Butlers in Purveyance of Wine.' The butlers seem to have made very free with other persons' wine, and this act assigns their punishment. Purveyors for the King, we are told, are not to take the 'trees about the mansion,' nor are they, under penalty, to take 'more sheep before shearing time than are wanted.' Mention is made in this part of the schedule of 'Companies of Lombards,' who are made liable for the 'debts of their fellows.' Plate is to be received at the Mint, and coin delivered by weight. Iron is not to be exported, and its price is regulated. There is much legislation on wool, its sale, exportation, and taxation, showing how important an article of home trade it then was. The 'Statute of the Staple' is confirmed with certain amendments, and the 'freedom of alien merchants secured in coming to England and selling their goods.' There is 'freedom of trade in Ireland,' and there are several enactments upon the subject of hired labour and labourers. Labourers and skilled workmen were evidently not to be depended upon. They avoided bargains, neglected work, or ran away from employers. Thus it is enacted that labourers shall be punished by fine, 25 Edward III.; and then again, that 'labourers shall not be punished by fine' (31 Ed. III.), 'but only by imprisonment;'—there is a penalty on bailing them; carpenters and masons are included in the provisions and penalties of this act; and (curiously suggestive phrase) *their conspiracies are annulled.* Then comes a section for 'fugitive labourers; the process of outlawry; imprisonment; *burning on the forehead;*' and a further passage ordaining 'no wages on festivals.' By cap. 11 of the same statute, 'Mayors and Bailiffs shall deliver up fugitive Labourers.' A very picturesque *résumé* of the condition, habits, and prospects of the English workman of the time of Edward III. might be written from the mere preambles of these obsolete statutes. Bad as the condition of the operative may have been in recent years, it must be considered as infinitely superior to that of the workman of mediæval times. Legislation seemed to be aimed at him as at some wild beast of the forest, only manageable under the heaviest restrictions and the direst penalties; and as the 'Statute of Labourers' was repeatedly enforced by special enactment, we must believe that the labour question in its elementary forms was as great a trouble and anxiety to our ancestors as it has been to ourselves. Perhaps the only other remarkable statute of this extended

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extended reign is that which refers to the duration of parliament. A clause legalizing annual parliaments occurs in cap. 10 of 36 Ed. III., by which it is ordered that parliament shall meet every year. The same statute—cap. 15—assigns 'reasons why the laws should be pleaded in the English tongue.' Pleas (it enacts) 'shall be pleaded in the English tongue, and be inrolled in Latin.' When we come to the reign of Richard III., a change in the language of legislation is noticeable. Titles of statutes are given in 'Old English;' the use of Latin being less frequent, and gradually ceasing altogether.

A few of the older enactments relate to the subject of *usury*—money given for the use of money—a practice forbidden by the common law. The censure and punishment of usurers fell to the priests. The Church held jurisdiction over them, '*Pro reformatione morum et pro salute animæ.*' Excommunication was occasionally resorted to when lesser punishment failed; and pardon was only granted on condition of entirely forsaking the obnoxious system. Gradually the civil power interfered in the correction of usurers; on which, complaint was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, that the justices had punished usurers. Edward III., in whose reign this took place, replied by claiming 'cognizance of usurers dead, that his Majesty might take possession of their wealth; and the ordinances of the holy Church, the cognizance of them in life, as to them appertaineth, to make compulsion by the censures of the holy Church for the sin, to make restitution of the usuries taken against the laws of the holy Church.' Usury was a crime second only to murder, and punishable by the forfeiture of the usurer's goods and chattels to the King, and by the disinheriting of his heir. The Church having failed to check usury, many statutes were passed against it. The first act legalizing the taking of interest on loans was the 37 Henry VIII., c. 9. By this act £10 per cent. was allowed. In the following reign it was observed that the above statute, allowing this rate of interest, 'had been construed to give a license and sanction to all usury, not exceeding the rate named; and this construction was declared to be utterly against Scripture;' and therefore all persons were forbidden 'to lend or forbear by any device, for any usury, increase, lucre, or gain whatsoever, on pain of forfeiting the thing, and the usury or interest, and of being imprisoned and fined.' The 13 Elizabeth, c. 8, revived the act of Henry VIII., and forbad all usury, introducing those who practised it by the name of 'brokers.' By the 21 James I., c. 17, the rate of interest was reduced to £8 per cent., and it was further ruled that 'nothing

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'nothing in the law shall be construed to allow the practice of usury in point of religion or conscience.' During the year 1650 the rate was lowered to £6, and the some reduction was re-enacted after the Reformation in the reign of Charles II. By the 12 Ann, st. 2, c. 16, the legal rate of interest was fixed at £5 per cent. Clearer views and juster legislation were the results of extended trade and intelligence. In our days the sale or loan of money has become a subject of immense social importance, but has by no means received anything like adequate discussion. Indeed, the intense competition which exists and creates an incessant demand for money, appears to drown all reasoning upon the subject, and men are allowed to lend or borrow on any terms mutually agreeable. Late commercial revelations have brought to light a strange system of money-dealing; so astonishing, indeed, as to alarm people who concern themselves about the tone of public morals. Social science may find a new and not unprofitable sphere of discussion in the questions of credit; commercial modes of payment by bills and cash; and the principles involved in the loan or sale of money. We believe that much of the prosperity of the people, and no small part of their physical comfort and moral happiness, rest, and must rest, upon true views of these questions. The old statutes on which these suggestions are based may not be found unworthy of consideration in any such discussion, obsolete though they be. The last of these social topics we shall mention is that of *witchcraft*, against which there are statutes of greater or less stringency in various reigns. Upon the schedule we find the 33 Henry VIII., c. 4, 'The bill ayest conjuracons and wichecraftes and sorcery and enchantments.' There is another curious statute of the kind in Elizabeth's reign, 'An act agaynst fonde and phantasticall prophesyes.' The first-named act was repealed (along with the 1 James I., c. 12, of similar intent) by the 9 George II., c. 5, which declares that no prosecution shall be commenced against *conjuration* and *witchcraft*; but where persons pretend to exercise such things, or undertake to tell fortunes, or, from pretended skill in any crafty science, to discover where goods stolen or lost may be found; upon conviction they shall be imprisoned a year, and stand in the pillory once in every quarter in some market town. *Fortune-tellers*, and professors of *palmistry* and 'any subtle craft' for purposes of deception, are further dealt with by the 3 George IV., c. 83.

The great subject of the birth and growth of parliamentary representation and legislation is, of course, brought under notice frequently in this schedule. But the space that remains to

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to us may perhaps be most profitably occupied with the recital of a few of the curiosities of legislation; and the transcription of their titles will be sufficiently suggestive and amusing. As to the history of parliament itself: a parliament held at Coventry, 38 Henry VI., was called the *Parliamentum Diabolicum*. It was in this that Edward, Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.) and many of the leading nobility were attainted. The *Parliamentum Indoctorum*, or the *Lack-learning Parliament*, held 6 Henry IV., won this undesirable title because 'by special precept to the sheriffs in their several counties, no lawyer, or person skilled in the law, was to come.' Another assembly obtained the still more unwelcome epithet of *Parliamentum Insanum*, from the madness of its proceedings. 'The lords came with armed men to it, and contentions grew very high between the King, lords, and commons, whereby many extraordinary things were done.' This mad parliament was held Anno 41 Henry III. It can scarcely be asserted, however, that this was the only one of an insane kind ever held. Mad parliaments have not been so uncommon as to justify the use of the phrase *insanum* in this case of the quarrelsome nobles alone. Of curious acts the following may suffice for examples: The 13 Richard II., c. 10, permits that 'Cogware and Kendal cloth may be made of their usual length'—previous legislation having, for special reasons, limited the number of ells in a single piece. The next act is one of a great number referring to the trades of curriers, tanners, leather dealers, and shoemakers or cordwainers. These trades, with those of wool and silk, rapidly grew into importance and required or invited legislation. It is ruled by the act now alluded to that 'no shoemaker shall be a tanner, nor any tanner a shoemaker.' In the next reign, shoemakers are relieved to some extent, and it is enacted that 'shoemakers may tan leather till the next parliament' (4 Hen. IV., c. 35). In the 7 Henry IV., c. 17, the statutes of Edward III., and Richard II., respecting labourers are confirmed; and it is provided that 'no one shall put his child apprentice unless he have 20s. per annum in land or rent.' And it is graciously added that '*every one* may put his child to school.' Amongst several enactments respecting those once troublesome people, Welshmen and Irishmen, we find many quaint and suggestive titles of statutes. By the 1 Henry V., c. 6, it is provided that 'no actions shall be brought by Welshmen in respect of injuries sustained in the late rebellion;' and the very next chapter commands that 'Irishmen and Irish clerks mendicant shall depart the realm.' In Henry the Sixth's reign the privilege of tanning is withdrawn from cordwainers, and the statute respecting Irishmen

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Irishmen is recited. Under certain sureties they may reside in England; special persons being appointed to take such securities as the law directs. In this reign action was taken against 'Rovers of the Forest of Dean,' on account of 'robberies and injuries on the Severn.' The town of Calais figures frequently at this period in the list of statutes. Money was allowed to be coined there; regulations were made for the collection and appropriation of its revenues; and certain old arrangements for the repair and maintenance of beacons in that French town were revived. Further on we find the 27th Henry VI. dealing with Sunday trading. The holding of fairs and markets on Sundays and on high feast days was 'a scandal,' and was, therefore, forbidden, 'except on the four Sundays in Harvest.' Passing over the reign of Edward IV. we remark (as before stated) the change of language. Henry VII.'s reign is full of quaint old titles. There is 'An acte that the citizens of London maye carry all manner of wares to forrayne marketts:' 'An acte agaynst the excessyve price of longe bowes:' 'An acte agaynst captaynes for not paying theire Soldyers their wages, and agaynst Soldyers going from their Captaynes wthout licence:' 'An acte that the Master of the Rolls and other offycers of the Chancery shall not go to the warrs,' and a long list of similarly miscellaneous enactments in the same kind of English, and others in a barbarous species of Latin. Henry VIII.'s important reign exhibits also a great number of remarkable statutes. The shooting with 'longe bowes,' 'cros bowes,' 'crosbowes and handgunnes,' seems to have called for frequent legislation. The 1 Henry VIII., cap. 14, is 'An acte agaynst wearing of costly apparell;' further on, 'An acte agaynst disguysed persons, and wearing of visours.' Special trades meet with frequent attention, such as the 'making of worsteds,' 'gatherers of wulles,' 'bakers,' 'surgeos and scryveners,' 'bochers,' 'brewers of beer or ale,' 'cordwayners,' 'clothyers in stuff,' and (the first of the kind) 'prynters and bynders of books.' There is an act for the punishment of 'Welshemen attemptinge any assawtes or affrays upon any the inhabitants of Hereff, Glouc, and Shropshire;' 'An acte concernyng pyrottes and robbers of the see;' and one for the 'punysshement of sturdy vacabundes and beggers.' The 33 Henry VIII., c. 8, is 'The Bill ayest conjurations and wichecrafts, and sorcery, and enchantements.' The same statute, c. 8, is an act 'for the Sanctwary off Manchestre,' and cap. 21 is 'the bill of atteynder of Mestres Katherin Hawarde, late Quene of England, and divers other psones, her complices.' In Edward VI.'s brief reign we notice

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notice the following as curious: 'An acte against fonde and fantasticall prophesies:' and 'An acte for the true stuffynge of feather bedds, mattresses, and Quyssheons.' After the recital of thirteen acts, under the name of Mary, we come to a longer list, bearing the authority of 'Philip and Mary,' of which one of the earliest is 'An acte repealing all statutes, articles, and provisions, made against the See Apostolick of Rome since the XXth yere of King Henry Height.' This is followed by 'An acte for the punishement of Traterous Woordes against the Quenes Matie,' and this again by 'An acte whereby certayne Offences bee made Tresons; and also for the government of the Kinges and Quenes Majesties Issue;' the latter, as it happened, a very needless provision. In Elizabeth's reign the statutes to be cancelled are more numerous than in any other; but so much has been written of late upon this portion of English history, that we need not attempt to analyze the character of the statutes, or to make lengthy extracts. Selecting on the principle of quaintness and curiosity, we may transcribe the following: 'An acte agaynste suche as shall sell any ware for Appareill without readye Moneye;' 'An acte agaynste the bringing in and putting in Execution of Bulls and other instruments from the Sea of Rome;' 'An acte for the setting of the Poore on Worke, and for the avoyding of Ydlenes;' 'An acte for the grauntinge of Fowre Fiftenes and Tenthes, and twoe entier Subsidies to oure most graciowse Sovraine Ladie the Quenes most Excellent Matie.' Following this is an act for 'the Quenes generall Pardon;' and it is worthy of remark that in all the cases of granting subsidies to the monarch (and they are neither few nor far between), an act of pardon succeeds.

We could extend, if need be, these selections of strange statutes, but enough has been done to illustrate the character of obsolete legislation, and to show the necessity of the recent 'Statute Law Revision Act.' Its compass extends from the reign of Henry III. to that of James II., inclusive; and the schedule recounts more than thirteen hundred acts or divisions of acts which still encumbered the statute book, but had become worthless by 'lapse of time and change of circumstances,' or had ceased to be in force 'otherwise than by express and specific repeal.'

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Art. II.—JOSEPH STURGE.

Memoirs of Joseph Sturge. By Henry Richards. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row; A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

JOSEPH STURGE was sprung of a Quaker family, settled for many generations as substantial yeomen, in or near Elberton, in Gloucestershire. At an old manor house turned farmhouse, he was born on the 2nd of August, 1793, the fourth child and second son of William and Mary Sturge, who had, in all, twelve children, and eleven of these survived to middle age. Joseph is described as having been a very healthy and lively infant, 'whom it was a pleasure to nurse'—happy in the companionship of brothers and sisters, and free, in that secluded district, to roam at will through the meadows and over the downs which border on the estuary of the Severn. A wild, free life in the open air was usually his when a child; and thus, as he had an excellent constitution from his parents, the strong, good health of his after years was built on a firm foundation.

It is probably to his seventh year that the following characteristic little anecdote pertains:—An eccentric old Quaker, annoyed by the trespassings of a neighbour's pigs, saw the child sauntering along, and half in jest, ordered him to drive the animals into a pond. Delighted with the fun, Joseph readily obeyed. Very soon, however, with broom in hand, alarmingly brandished over the boy's head, appeared upon the scene a woman, to whom the pigs belonged. To avert her anger from himself, the old man shook his head at the child, and said gravely, in Dr. Watts's words, 'Ah!—

> 'Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.'

But the ruse failed; for the child looked up at the old hypocrite indignantly, and said, 'Thee be'st Satan, then, for thee told me to do it.'

At Kingley, the house of his maternal grandfather, near Alcester, Joseph spent three years;—an enterprizing, nut-gathering, bird-nesting boy, exuberant in animal spirits, and of a most fearless temper;—a boy apt to climb trees and to plunge headlong into hedges, reckless alike of clothing and of skin. 'Ah, Joseph, Joseph,' said his grandfather one day, 'we must make thee a pair of tin breeches, and then all the children in the village will cry out, "Here comes the boy with the tin breeches."' It was whilst residing at Kingley that, under the misguidance of a servant boy, he became a party to obtaining

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obtaining change for a bad sixpence from the landlady of a public-house in a neighbouring village. Sixty years afterwards, when Joseph Sturge was revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, the long-forgotten event flashed across his mind; and the good old man could not rest until he had made some restitution. A needy granddaughter of the defrauded and long since departed landlady was discovered, and the Christian of between seventy and eighty years of age insisted on paying £5, or two hundred per cent., in memory of the offence of the boy of nine.

Not until he was ten years of age was Joseph sent to school. There, although remarkably athletic and of a dauntless spirit, he solemnly resolved never to permit himself to fight. It was not always easy to keep the vow. His temper was at that time somewhat fiery; and boys will be so very provoking! Once or twice, indeed, he only avoided actual boxing, by closing with and throwing down to the ground some vexatious antagonist.

After spending about a year at Thornbury Day School, he was sent to a boarding school at Sidcot, in Somersetshire, kept by a member of the Society of Friends, named Benwell. Here he remained about three years, acquiring nothing but the rudiments of a plain English education. A schoolfellow at Sidcot long afterwards said to Mr. Charles Sturge: 'Your brother was a kind friend of mine for many years; and one circumstance that occurred to me when at school, is so characteristic of his whole life, that I will relate it. He was one of the oldest boys, I was one of the youngest. A boy oppressed me; I appealed to Joseph, he saw me righted, but said I must shake hands and make it up with my opponent. I demurred to this; but he insisted, and said, "William, never let the sun go down on thy wrath." I immediately complied; and often have I since then thought of that boyish advice.'

At fourteen years of age, he finally left school, and returned to his father's house. Now first came into vividness the religious feelings that in the sequel became the masters of his life. As a youth at home, he retained a buoyancy of spirit, an exuberance of joyous, active life, in spite of some probably only fancied partiality shown by his parents to the other children, wherewith he at times allowed himself to feel distressed. He was especially fond of horse exercise, and loved to spur up the steepest and roughest banks that he could find. The bailiff on the farm, an old servant of the family, sometimes was heard forbidding exploits like these: 'Thee shan't break thy neck, if I can help it.'

For some years it seemed as though his father's wish that Joseph

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Joseph should become a farmer would be fulfilled. In his early journals are found frequent records of journeys to markets and fairs, of sheep-shearing and barley-sowing. A small farm at Aust Cliff was taken for him. Business, however, was not allowed to absorb him wholly. There were pleasant family excursions up the Wye; there was skating by moonlight; on fine autumn days there was shooting and coursing, for awhile. Of coursing he was passionately fond, but he soon gave it up, strongly convinced that it could not be right for a Christian to follow any mere amusement involving suffering to God's creatures. The 'Endeavour Society' was the name of a mutual improvement class to which he belonged at this early period; and before it he read papers on astronomy, optics, and meteorology, having found out for himself that science is a pursuit 'above most others worthy the attention of an intellectual being.'

His first activities in associated benevolent enterprize were in connection with the Bible Society, in 1813. He became member and secretary of the Thornbury branch; and he visited the poor to see who were in want of Bibles, and the rich to obtain donations. Temporary intercourse with some excellent ministers of the Society of Friends about this time led him to feel very strongly 'what a glorious work it is to be engaged in, to turn men from their evil ways, and lead them towards a land of eternal peace.' It was in the same year that, whilst occupying his small farm, he was 'drawn' for the militia; and not feeling religiously free to bear arms either *per se* or per proxy, he had to pay the penalty in the loss of his small flock of sheep, which he returned home one day just in time to see being driven off by the distraining officer.

He was not to be a farmer. In 1814, whilst visiting his friends the Cottrells, at Bewdley, in Worcestershire, he very unexpectedly received a proposal to enter into business as a corn factor in partnership with the son of his host. After demur, the offer was accepted. Leaving behind him at home, a parcel, containing a present for each member of the family, with a letter bidding them an affectionate farewell, he took up his abode at Bewdley. At Wribbenhall, on the other side of the Severn, he became in 1815 for the first time a householder. Small was the tenement, for his business operations were not then extensive; but it enabled him to live with his beloved sister Sophia, who fulfilled the dearest wish of her heart when she became her brother Joseph's housekeeper. Except in one brief interval, she remained with him, his faithful counsellor and companion in all good works, until her death in 1845. A paper which he wrote prior to commencing housekeeping, gives

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'a proposed plan of life,' which he hoped to pursue. Having, like King Alfred, arranged the disposal of his time—so many hours to business, and to his religious duties, and home enjoyments so many,

'I hope,' he continues, 'in this, as in all other instances, I shall try to do, according to my poor ability, my duty, and endeavour to live acceptably in the divine light. The management of my domestic concerns to be left entirely to my sister, whom I hope to have to live with me, or to my wife, should I ever marry. The whole of my expenses, including everything out of my own pocket, not to exceed £1,000 for the first four years, after beginning housekeeping. If Providence should so render my endeavours successful as to make my income, during that period, far exceed this sum, rather than increase my own luxuries, lay it out in relieving the distressed, making sufficient allowance for casualties, &c. But should my expenses be found to exceed my income, look over the accounts of the preceding year, and, if it be possible, retrench, rather than presume on the possibility of having a better return next year. To sacrifice many of my own comforts, rather than not be able to entertain a friend or relation with pleasure, and give him a cordial welcome. As I am placed almost alone with regard to our Society, I trust that, however far I may be from attaining a true state of religious experience myself, I may be able so to conduct myself as not to be a stumbling block to others.'

Thus piously did he lay out, early in life, a chart of conduct, as thousands also have done; but how few have succeeded in living, as he did, nobly true to the scheme!

In 1817, when Joseph Sturge was in his twenty-fifth year, his father died. As far as an elder brother could supply the loss to the family, our hero did so. Members of the family now living retain a vivid recollection of his extreme tenderness to his mother at all times, but especially during her brief widowhood. She, in less than two years, followed her departed husband; and as the old home was then necessarily broken up, Joseph, having, with this object in view, removed into a larger house near Bewdley, received under his roof, with a welcome, warm and generous, his brothers and sisters who were not settled in life. With the utmost delicacy and affection he acted as a father to them until they all found homes of their own. Papers and letters still extant, show with what thoughtful care he watched over them, and with what disinterested love. His early experience in business was full of severe struggles and discouragements; but when the light of prosperity began to shine around him, his first thought was how best his orphan brothers and sisters might be enabled to bask in its rays. Those who still remember the home at Netherton, describe it as the very abode of peace and love; and they testify that the brother who was its head, was regarded by all its members with the deepest reverence and the warmest affection.

Of his experience in business, with all its trials, checks, losses, and gains, we do not propose to write. Energetic, careful, and industrious though he was, he always held that business ought never

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never to be the principal object in view. 'Under all circumstances,' he said, 'endeavour to act acceptably in the divine sight; let this be the paramount object. This disposition of the mind is, I believe, by no means incompatible with a full occupation of the mind with our proper affairs; but it requires great watchfulness.' 'His industry,' said a lifelong friend of his, 'was exceeded by few, and his power of endurance was scarcely less remarkable. Bewdley meeting was united to Worcester as a preparative meeting, and I have known him, at a time of great feverish excitement in the corn trade, come over to Worcester on a first-day morning and attend the preparative meeting; take the mail at night, and travel (on the old coaching system) an eleven or twelve hours' journey to London; attend Mark Lane market on the second day; proceed by that night's coach to Bristol; attend market there on third day, travel thence to Gloucester, and, reaching there late at night, obtain a few hours rest before proceeding sixteen miles to Ross to attend his quarterly meeting on fourth day; after which he again mounted coach and undertook another long journey to Liverpool.' It was by many years of hard struggles and deep anxieties that Joseph Sturge laid the basis of a commercial fabric, which afterwards arose so loftily and covered ground so wide. But his finer nature was not damaged in the process. In tenderness of conscience, in a large and generous interest in all moral questions, in a heart plenteous in gentlest charity for the failings, and sympathy with the errors of others, he remained always the same. The secret of this was, that he never, in the busiest times, allowed himself to neglect his pious engagements on the one hand, or to yield to the least temptation to take any unfair advantage on the other. Not merely at home, but also in the crowded town visited for business purposes, he delighted to retire for meditation and prayer. And alike in his early manhood, when business embarrassments were heavy upon him, and in his later years, he was determined, and acted on the determination, to keep his soul clear from every least stain of fraud. Never for a moment did he yield to the temptation to resort to the questionable expedients in business by which so many permit their consciences to be seared. Twice, at least, after heavy losses, he promptly reduced his expenditure to suit his altered circumstances. For three years in succession he limited his outlay to £100 a year, and during that period was known sometimes to deny himself a dinner that he might have wherewithal to bestow upon the needy. Being poor, why should he desire to seem otherwise? If his business suffered through thus declining to keep up false appearances, let it suffer.

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suffer. What was morally wrong, he said, could not be commercially right; and that which was right, he would do, defying all consequences.

Such being the character of the man, it is no wonder that when, a quarter of a century ago, the temperance star began to shine brightly in the English sky, and Joseph Sturge, receiving its beams in his heart, became known as a friend of the temperance reformation, the large dealings in malt, which up to that time his firm had been engaged in, were at once relinquished, and premises which he had let for storing wine and spirits, were no longer suffered to be so used. Not even then was his conscience satisfied. On further reflection, he failed to see how he could properly take any part whatever in buying and selling barley required to be malted or distilled; and the result was, that that part of his business also was abandoned, with all the large annual profits that it would have brought in. In a letter written to a remonstrating acquaintance, he thus lucidly exhibited his ground of action:—

'Intemperance produces such an incalculable amount of vice and misery, that I consider it right to use my influence to promote the principles of total abstinence. This I feel the more bound to do, as nearly twenty years' personal experience, and much observation in this and other parts of the world, have convinced me that fermented liquors are not necessary to health, and that those who refrain even from what is termed the moderate use of them, are, in consequence, capable of more bodily and mental exertion, and exempt from many maladies which afflict others.

'In accordance with these views, our firm has long altogether declined the sale of malt, or the supply of any grain-distilleries, and converted to other uses, cellars, which many years ago we let to wine and spirit merchants. Our continuing to take commissions for the sale and purchase of barley for the purpose of malting, has for some years caused me much uneasiness; and I have recently been so fully convinced that it was wrong to do so, that I must have withdrawn from our concern had it not been relinquished. The belief that we are responsible for the means of acquiring, as well as for the use we make of our property, and that we cannot exercise too rigid a watchfulness over our *own* conduct, is compatible with perfect charity towards those who differ from us in opinion.'

The following interesting glimpse into his secret history was accidentally afforded at an hotel in Harrogate, where a friend of his biographer chanced to lay on the table a letter he had just addressed to Joseph Sturge. Observing the address, a gentleman in the room inquired if the writer was intimately acquainted with Mr. Sturge, and then volunteered this pleasing testimony:—

'He is' said he, 'one of the most honourable and upright men I know. I reside in Ireland, and am in the corn trade, and have had business transactions with the Messrs. Sturge. Some years ago, a cargo of grain was passing between us, and by some unavoidable circumstances the vessel met with serious detention, entailing very considerable loss. A question arose between us as to the party on whom the loss should devolve; and not being able to settle it ourselves, it was mutually agreed to refer it. The award was given, and the transaction accordingly arranged. A few months afterwards, our firm received a letter from Messrs. Sturge, stating that on deliberate reconsideration of all the circumstances, they had reached the conclusion

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conclusion that the decision of the referee was unduly in their favour, and they therefore enclosed a draft for £300, which would be to them an equitable and satisfactory adjustment of the affair.'

And not only was he thus distinguished by a stern conscientiousness; his religion was equally potent at benevolence, the opposite pole of the battery. At no time, not even during those herculean struggles and harassing crises of business which beset him in the earlier years, did he deem himself at liberty to become wholly absorbed in his own affairs. Amidst losses and embarrassments, anxieties, and strenuous toilings in commerce; amidst yet more bitter disappointments that wounded his deepest affections; he still found time and heart to care for the sufferings of others, and to aid undertakings aiming at the general good. Thus it was that his life, supported on the axis of truth, rolled along, always diffusing blessings. He not only talked with God, that is easy; he walked with Him, which is much less easy; and was led ever by His right hand in the paths of holiness and philanthropy.

From the first formation of the London Peace Society, Joseph Sturge felt deeply interested in its object and operations. In 1818 he founded at Worcester a branch society, to which he gave much time and labour, travelling regularly for several years from Bewdley, fourteen miles, to attend its committee meetings. At Birmingham, where he carried on business in partnership with his brother Charles, he was soon recognized by his fellow-citizens as a fitting man for the town council; and he did not shrink from accepting the election thus accorded to him. He had a deep and strong conviction that to him it was a part of Christian duty to be actively concerned in the affairs of the community amongst whom he lived, and to endeavour to give them a bias consistent with Christian principle and the general weal.

To a dear friend he wrote in 1839:—

'The difficulty for a true Christian to act consistently while engaged in political matters is no doubt very great. But this is not a sufficient ground for him to desert his post, if, in the ordering of Providence, he is placed in such a situation, so long, at least, as he can fill it without any compromise of religious principle. The other alternative leads to consequences which many who take it up do not, I believe, at first sight perceive; for I think that, if carried out consistently, it must lead to a withdrawal from all active exertions for the amelioration of the miseries of mankind, and appears to me to be at variance with that part of our Saviour's prayer for his disciples, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."'

This sound and manly sentiment being held by Joseph Sturge, he threw himself into political contests with rare ardour, and spent much time and money in promoting the cause of political party, whenever he believed that to be identical

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identical with the cause of right and truth. But it was, above all, into the great philanthropic struggles of his day that he projected his whole soul and strength; and especially, in the outset of his career, into the struggle of anti-slavery.

The slave trade was abolished by British law in 1807: but the first motion in the House of Commons affirming (it was but mildly) the unlawfulness of negro slavery, was brought forward by Mr. Buxton in 1823. In the course of the sessions of 1824-5, eight motions were made in the House dyslogistic of slavery, at the instance of a band of earnest and able men, including Wilberforce, Brougham, Lushington, Denman, Whitmore, William Smith, and Buxton. Out of doors, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, Stephen, Cropper, and others were indefatigable in the work of public instruction. But for a long time, action was impeded by a timid and compromising spirit, full of moderation, compromise, and delay. The great issue of total and immediate abolition was not placed fairly before the country; extreme measures were deprecated; popular agitation was dreaded. Another order of men, bolder, more robust, if less refined, was needed to supplement the labours of the more wary and hesitating. For this kind of service, Joseph Sturge was eminently qualified; not, indeed, that he was a great orator, but that he was a thorough 'man of the people.' His moral courage was unlimited; where conscience led, he followed without fear; intensely resolute, no difficulties daunted him; indefatigable, no amount of labour seemed able to exhaust him. And such was his sincerity and singleness of character, that he easily won at once the confidence and the co-operation of those who saw and heard him.

In 1826, he was appointed secretary to the Birmingham Anti-Slavery Society. It is true that his modesty led him for some years to prefer a comparatively private course of labour for the cause to which his large heart had inevitably committed him. But he was none the less active. He corresponded much with Zachary Macaulay whilst that gentleman was the main-spring of the anti-slavery movement in London. After some years of vigorous labour, Joseph Sturge made up his mind that he would be no party to demanding or accepting anything less than total and immediate emancipation. Of course, he was reproached as an extreme and impracticable man. His first care was to try to convert to his own views, the members of the Society of Friends, who were then, as they had been from the first, and continued to be to the end, amongst the most active and urgent movers in the anti-slavery enterprize. At the Friends' yearly meeting in 1830, he delivered an earnest address,

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address, imploring his brethren to assume decisive ground. He was convinced that by taking gradual and not immediate emancipation as their motto, the conductors of the movement had retarded the day of success, and he, with others, worked hard to infuse a bolder spirit into them. After much clashing and heart-burning, the moderates and the 'impracticables' found that two cannot walk together unless they be agreed; and the formation of a new society, 'The Agency Committee,' was one of the consequences of this conflict of policies.

The Agency Committee was formed in 1831. Although conducted on terms of perfect civility with the 'Anti-Slavery Society,' and counting some of the members of the latter amongst its executive, it followed an entirely independent course. Its one business was, to teach the public how abominable a thing is slavery, how intolerable to Christians, how absolutely necessary to be destroyed. So teaching, it evoked a popular opinion, which acted as an outside pressure upon the Government, and even upon the parliamentary leaders of the cause.

'It seems strange to us,' says Mr. Richard, 'now that everybody in this country is, professedly at least, opposed to slavery, to be told that, at the period to which we refer, nearly the whole power of the public press was bitterly hostile to the cause of abolition. In the first report of the Agency Committee, they say that "scarcely a newspaper or a magazine could be found which, on this topic, was just enough to be neutral, and by far the greater number combined to oppose the abolitionists, whatever might be the distinction of their party, or the tenor of their politics."'

It is well to have this testimony now that at least one other social reform, quite as necessary as the abolition of slavery, meets with so much of the opposition of the press. The pulpit and the platform were largely open to the abolitionists; but their principal instrument was a regularly organized lecturing system, carried on by agents wholly devoted to the work, followed by the establishment of auxiliary societies all over the country. Amongst the lecturers thus employed, were Mr. Scoble, Mr. Baldwin, and Captain Stuart. 'Mr. George Thompson especially, with a matchless power of popular eloquence, stirred most deeply the heart of the multitude by his graphic delineations of slavery, and his passionate appeals to the national conscience.' In all this agitation, one of the most active and constant helpers was Joseph Sturge; so much so, that Birmingham, next to London, was for many years the most important centre of activity for all anti-slavery operations. His labours throughout the whole of the Midland counties were untiring, in promoting public meetings, corresponding with friends of the cause, and moving to action all who could be brought within the influence of his benevolent enthusiasm.

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A band of able and earnest men surrounded him, thoroughly sympathizing with his wishes, and aiding his exertions.

Having done much to secure the return of an anti-slavery House of Commons in 1832, the friends of the cause nevertheless found themselves likely to be betrayed by the faithless Reform Ministry. The Agency Committee blew a loud blast in the ears of all the anti-slavery societies, urging them to send delegates to London to interrogate the Prime Minister and the representatives. To make the alarm effectual, a number of leading friends divided the country into districts for personal visitation. Ireland and a part of Scotland were undertaken by Joseph Sturge. There were no railways then; and the labour and fatigue he had to undergo in making a rapid tour through those districts were very severe. By day and by night had he to travel, to meet committees, to hold interviews with individuals, and otherwise to secure a powerful response to the appeal. When the Ministry at length came forward with plans for apprenticeship and compensation, Joseph Sturge and his friends counselled strenuous, uncompromising resistance.

'They believed that the apprenticeship was worse than a delusion, either as a substitute for freedom, or as a preparation for it. They clearly foresaw that to retain the negro in a state of absolute subjection to the masters for a series of years, at the end of which he was to escape from their power, was a sure way to stimulate both their cupidity and their cruelty. They would naturally argue that since the law was going to snatch their victim from their grasp at a given period, they would get out of him the most that they possibly could, whether of service or of submission, while their opportunity yet lasted. As to the compensation, the objection of the abolitionists was not monetary, but moral. They would not have grudged a hundred millions for the redemption of the slave, had they thought the principle a just one; but to pay the slaveowner for relinquishing his property in human beings, seemed to them an acknowledgment of the right to make merchandize of the souls and bodies of men. In their view, it was the slave rather than his owner, that was entitled to compensation.'

Mr. Buxton and others, though not liking the apprenticeship and compensation clauses, were for compounding with the Ministry; but they lived to acknowledge that, at all events, a much better bargain ought to have been struck.

Not long, indeed, after the passing of the Emancipation Act, rumours of the frightful severity with which the 'apprentices' were being treated by the planters reached these shores. That act reprieved slavery in all its worst features for seven years beyond the day when it professed to make it cease and be unlawful; and not only so, but it gave power to punish a slave long after the expiration of the 'apprenticeship,' and to 'apprentice' children under six years of age, till they were one-and-twenty, at the option of a magistrate, often largely interested. And besides all this, various colonial acts, with fiendish

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fiendish ingenuity, were made to add to the sufferings of the negroes. In 1835, therefore, an elaborate memorial in remonstrance was presented to the Colonial Secretary on behalf of the anti-slavery and abolition societies of the United Kingdom. On the opening of Parliament, Joseph Sturge went up to London, and remained there for a long time, indefatigably working to secure the ear of the Ministry, by appealing to the popular mind and heart. And when Mr. Buxton permitted himself to be *bamboozled* by the pretence that great vigilance had been and would be exercised by the authorities, on behalf of the negroes, the anti-slavery agitation began more and more to revolve around Joseph Sturge as its firm and true pivotal man.

The British abolitionists found themselves at this time very much embarrassed for want of evidence that could be adduced openly. In the colonies, any known friend of theirs was a doomed man; therefore, whilst abundant testimony of the wrongs of the apprentices was in their possession, they were restrained from using it except anonymously. In this emergency Joseph Sturge determined to go to the West Indies, that he might investigate the case for himself. To him this was necessarily a formidable enterprize. Except to Ireland, he had never voyaged; and ocean steamers were then unknown. The voyage was perilous and of uncertain length. The climate was reputed dangerous. It was foreseen that the white population of the colonies would regard such a visitor with intense enmity. Only a few years before, the missionaries in Jamaica had been mobbed, their chapels burnt down, and themselves driven from the island. It was amongst a people thus filled with malice and apt for violence that Joseph Sturge proposed to go to collect information of facts which the planters desired to conceal. Barbadoes, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Jamaica, were amongst the islands that he visited, taking with him in the voyage his friend Thomas Harvey; with whose assistance on their return, he published a volume of testimony, entitled 'The West Indies in 1837,' which sold rapidly, and rendered incalculable service.

From one of Joseph Sturge's companions on the voyage has been derived an anecdote, slightly illustrating Joseph Sturge's faithfulness to duty. Sitting on the deck of the vessel with a friend, Mr. Sturge remarked a fine old gentleman of the old school, who had been in the army and at the capture of Trinidad, and had afterwards settled as a planter on that island. His want of reverence for the name of God was abundantly made manifest in his speech. Joseph Sturge, who had

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had appeared lost in thought, suddenly started up, saying, 'I must speak to that old man;' and he went and did so; and took several turns with him in his promenade on the deck. Marked respect and increased cordiality from the old man whom he had admonished were the result of this conference.

On his return from the West Indies, Joseph Sturge showed that it was his fixed resolve never to rest until he had effected the overthrow of the apprenticeship system. This was an arduous undertaking. Many and formidable were the obstacles. The Cabinet were firmly opposed to any disturbance of the existing arrangement. None of the leaders of parties would lend him their countenance. Many of the old friends of the anti-slavery cause, even, held aloof from a movement which they regarded as imprudent and impracticable. Scarcely anything is more difficult than to rekindle the ashes of an old agitation; and the public mind was somewhat exhausted by the long and strenuous exertions which it had made in obtaining the Emancipation Act. Difficulties great as these had no power to daunt the spirit of our hero. He courageously addressed himself to the mighty task. Convening and attending public meetings; publishing and circulating pamphlets; travelling from town to town to stir up moral and religious feeling; appearing before a committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was examined during seven days; such were some of the methods he used, and the labours he endured. When the old anti-slavery committee in London refused to take in hand a work which they considered rash and hopeless, he formed a provisional committee at Birmingham, and convened a conference of delegates, which sat in London during three days. Provincial societies were reorganized. Ere long, Lord Brougham, who had been at first extremely averse to any proposal to disturb the settlement under the Emancipation Act, became aroused from his indifference. In February, 1838, he delivered a masterly and eloquent speech in the House of Lords, and moved a series of resolutions, for which, however, only seven peers were found willing to vote. Another conference of delegates was convened in March. On the 29th of that month, Sir George Strickland proposed, and Mr. Joseph Pease seconded, a resolution in the House of Commons, to end the apprenticeship on the 1st of August in that year. Public excitement waxed hot. The Ministry, with its whole weight, sought to suppress the motion, and succeeded in defeating it by a majority of fifty-four, in a House of four hundred and eighty-four. 'It was a struggle between the moral and religious sentiment of the country and the obstinacy of a routine officialism which rallied round it all placemen, past,

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past, present,' and expectant. Joseph Sturge and his friends allowed themselves to be no whit discouraged. More meetings were held. Sir Eardley Wilmot gave notice on the 22nd of May, 'that negro apprenticeships in the British colonies shall immediately cease and determine.' The friends of the planters and the quietists allowed themselves to be taken by surprise. Sir Eardley Wilmot moved his resolution which Mr. C. P. Villiers seconded. Lord Stanley (the present Earl of Derby), the most accomplished orator in the ministerial ranks, and the author of the Apprenticeship Act, was put up to oppose the motion. Happily the Ministers were defeated by a majority of three. The galleries were crowded with Quakers and other abolitionists, and when the result of the division was known, such a shout arose from those worthies, that they were all 'turned out for rioting,' as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton said. Sir Thomas wrote next day to a friend that 'Sturge and his party, whom we thought all in the wrong, are proved to be right.' Still success had not been quite achieved. The Whig Ministry refused to yield. Within a week of their defeat, they persuaded the House of Commons into a vote virtually undoing what had been done. But the colonial legislatures took the alarm. They saw how inevitable was their ultimate discomfiture, and with the avowed wish to prevent the further progress of an agitation, the increasingly unpleasant effects of which they dreaded, the authorities in Barbadoes, Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, the Virgin Islands, and at last Jamaica, declared that the apprenticeship system should end on the 1st of August. The British Ministry was forced to acquiesce. The slaves, held so long in fetters under false pretences, were finally set free.

How correctly his biographer ascribes this victory to Joseph Sturge, is shown by abundant evidence. Lord Brougham, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, on the 16th of July, 1838, said:—

'He gave honour to those men who had been the objects of calumny which they regarded not, of suspicions which they despised, of vituperation which they allowed to pass by them as the empty air; he gave to such men as Joseph Sturge, John Scoble, Josiah Conder, and George Thompson, with whom he had been united as a most humble but most zealous coadjutor, the glory of that day; being as thoroughly persuaded as he was of his own existence that, but for their efforts, that day would not have dawned upon them.'

And Lord Brougham gave further testimony, which we shall quote by-and-by. Daniel O'Connell, in a letter to Joseph Sturge, dated July 7th, 1838, said:—

'What ineffable delight it must afford you, my esteemed friend, to reflect that *your* exertions have created a flame before which the chains of two years slavery of half

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half a million, at the lowest calculation, of your fellowmen, have melted away. But for *your* exertions, the two years more of apprenticeship would certainly be inflicted, and every hour of these two years would become more and more aggravated in cruelty. If you had remained at home, it is perfectly clear—clear beyond any doubt—that these two years would have continued without remission. This is, indeed, a proud thought for you, and in spite of any shrinking from praise, all good men on earth will thank, and may our gracious God reward, you, with eternal happiness, is my fervent prayer.'

The Reverend John Angell James, who had cheered Joseph Sturge on by his sympathies, labours, and prayers, wrote to the like effect :—

'To you, under God, this blessed emancipation is to be traced. You were the chosen instrument of Providence to awaken our sympathies, excite our energies, and elicit our efforts. I say not this in the way of flattery, but of grateful and holy acknowledgment.'

Dr. Lushington, an earnest and devoted friend of the slave, declared at a public meeting held in Birmingham after the victory :—

'My principal motive in coming here, was to pay my humble testimony to the undaunted courage, the determined resolution, the powerful and unshaken principles of my honoured and excellent friend, Joseph Sturge.'

Sir T. F. Buxton, writing to Mr. Sturge in July of the same year, thanked God for what the latter had done in this matter. And Mr. Cobden gave the following anecdote, in a letter to Mr. Sturge's biographer :—

'I remember a very graphic description which Lord Brougham gave me in a conversation at his house in Grafton Street, of Joseph Sturge's conduct in the matter of the apprenticeship system, which he adduced as an illustration of our friend's indomitable energy. He told me of Mr. Sturge coming to him to arraign the conduct of the masters in the West Indies for oppressing their apprentices; how he (Brougham) laughed at him, deriding him in this fashion for proposing to abolish the apprenticeship: "Why, Joseph Sturge, how can you be such an old woman, as to dream that you can revive the anti-slavery agitation, to put an end to the apprenticeship?" how the quiet Quaker met him with the reply; "Lord Brougham, if when Lord Chancellor, thou had'st a ward in Chancery who was apprenticed, and his master was violating the terms of indenture, what would'st thou do?" How he felt this as a home-thrust, and replied, "Why, I should require good proof of the fact, Joseph Sturge, before I did anything;" how our friend rejoined, "Then I must supply thee with the proof;" how he packed his portmanteau, and quietly embarked for the West Indies, made a tour of the islands, collected the necessary evidence of the oppression that was being practised on the negro apprentices by their masters the planters; how he returned to England, and commenced an agitation throughout the country to abolish the apprenticeship, to accomplish which it was necessary to reorganize all the old anti-slavery societies which had been dissolved, or had laid down their arms, happy to be relieved from their long and arduous labours; how he brought them again into the field, and attained his object. This was the narrative of Lord Brougham; and well do I remember the very words in which in conclusion he awarded the whole merit to our friend. "*Joseph Sturge,*" said he, "*won the game off his own bat!*"'

Mr. Sturge's interest in the coloured people of the West Indies did not expire on the attainment of their liberty. To the end of his stay in this world, he regarded them as his clients

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clients still, and he was ever watchful over their rights and anxious for their well-being. When the local legislatures of several of the islands passed statutes intended to introduce a modified form of slavery, the Birmingham Anti-Slavery Society immediately appealed to the Colonial Office; and the result of the alarm, thus promptly sounded, was the issue of orders in Council, which balked the local authorities in their efforts to entangle the liberated slaves. When the missionaries were persecuted and heavily fined by the planters, because they had protected and befriended the blacks, Mr. Sturge and Mr. G. W. Alexander headed a subscription with £50 each, for the help of the sufferers. To defeat the attempts of the planters to place the freed men at their mercy in the matter of work and wages, he promoted a 'West India Land Investment Company,' for the purchase of real property to be sold or let in small lots to the negroes; and on the defeat of this scheme by the Board of Trade on technical grounds, he advanced large sums on loan to the missionaries to enable them to purchase land for the use of the coloured people. This was followed by the happiest results. The blacks, their independence being secure, were in a position to treat with their employers as free labourers on the question of wages; at the same time the prospect of investing their savings in small freeholds was a strong stimulus to industry and thrift. A circular which he issued led to the formation of the 'Jamaica Education Society,' which raised large sums during many years, for use by the missionaries in educating the children. He assisted largely the establishment of schools; a female normal school was opened and maintained for three years, chiefly at his expense; and his educational efforts did not cease until the negroes became able to provide the means of instruction and improvement for their own population. When the cholera raged in the island of Jamaica, decimating the population, he gave and got from others large contributions to aid the sufferers, and mitigate the evil consequences of the plague. An immigration law, which would have reduced the immigrants to semi-slavery, was disallowed by the Queen in Council, mainly through his efforts and influence. And not alone for the welfare of the negroes in the West Indies was he solicitous; he yearned to deliver captives from thraldom all the world over; and expended much time and money to this end. What had been gained, he said, must be brought in aid of what yet remained to be accomplished; past successes were no finalities with him, but were regarded as means for the realization of new ones. In 1839 he caused a conference to be convened in London, to establish the 'British

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'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' which is still in active operation. The foundation principle stands thus:—

'That, so long as slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the slave trade, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings. That the extinction of slavery and the slave trade will be attained most effectually by the employment of those means which are of a moral, religious, and pacific character; and that no measures be resorted to by this society, in the prosecution of those objects, but such as are in entire accordance with these principles.'

To the employment of armed cruisers to put down the slave trade, Joseph Sturge never consented. He thought it impossible to promote philanthropic ends by violence and bloodshed.

In June, 1840, at his suggestion, was held a 'World's Convention' in London, to promote the great object of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. To ensure the success of this project, he put forth marvellous activity both of body and mind. He planned that deputations should visit beforehand all the countries both in Europe and America where slavery existed, to obtain accurate information, promote anti-slavery associations, and obtain the delegation of representatives to attend the great convention. He offered to go personally to the United States and Cuba; and, when circumstances arose to prevent his voyage, he laboured hard to find a good substitute, and personally undertook the tour of the midland and northern counties of England, with North Wales, Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, for purposes of agitation, besides meeting committees at Stroud, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester. Finally, as the result of extraordinary pains, the great conference was held. Five or six hundred delegates assembled, with a large number of visitors, in Freemason's Hall; a remarkable gathering of the leading philanthropists of the world. There were the veterans of the anti-slavery cause, Buxton, and Lushington, and O'Connell, and Villiers, in person; and Brougham was there too, in spirit and by letter, albeit shattered health compelled his bodily absence. 'There were the men who, by their varied and vigorous eloquence, had evoked and organized the public sentiment out of doors, who had clothed their parliamentary leaders with such resistless power before the legislature;'—John Burnet, and George Thompson, John Scoble, and Samuel Bowly, and a score besides hardly less worthy to be named. There were a faithful few amongst the too generally careless literary men of the day:—Thomas Campbell, John Bowring, Josiah Condor, and Colonel Thompson. There were William Knibb, and John Clarke, and other missionaries from the West Indies. The United States had sent Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, Birney, and Stanton, and 'of honourable

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women not a few.' From France had come a large delegation, including Isambert and Cremieux. There, as president of the assembly, sat the venerable Thomas Clarkson, with body bowed with the burden of more than eighty years, but with heart still full of concern for the welfare of the enslaved. And there, as in some sense the leading spirit of the scene, was Joseph Sturge, to whose energy and influence the convention owed its existence, and to whose ardent zeal, yet gentle and generous temper, it was largely indebted for its harmonious operation. There, lastly, was Haydon, the painter, drawn thither reluctantly, perhaps contemptuously too, as to a gathering of men whose ways and thoughts were unlike his, by a desire to see whether such an assemblage might not present materials for a picture. He came away from the scene not as he went. How his feelings changed and became not only interested, but powerfully moved, let his own words tell :—

'On entering the meeting at the time appointed, I saw at once I was in the midst of no common assembly. The venerable and benevolent heads which surrounded me, soon convinced me that materials existed of character and expression in the members present, provided any one moment of pictorial interest should occur. In a few minutes an unaffected man got up, and informed the meeting that Thomas Clarkson would attend shortly; he begged no tumultuous applause might greet his entrance, as his infirmities were great, and he was too nervous to bear, without risk of injury to his health, any such expression of their good feeling towards him. The Friend who addressed them was Joseph Sturge, a man whose whole life has been devoted to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy.

'In a few minutes the aged Clarkson came in, grey and bent, leaning on Joseph Sturge for support, and approached with feeble and tottering steps the middle of the convention. I had never seen him before, nor had most of the foreigners present; and the anxiety to look on him betrayed by all was exceedingly unaffected and sincere. Immediately behind Thomas Clarkson were his daughter-in-law, the widow of his son, and his little grandson.

'Aided by Joseph Sturge and his daughter, Clarkson mounted to the chair, sat down in it as if to rest, and then in a tender, feeble voice, appealed to the assembly for a few minutes' meditation, before he opened the convention. The venerable old man put his hand simply to his forehead, as if in prayer, and the whole assembly followed his example; for a minute there was the most intense silence I ever felt. Having inwardly uttered a short prayer, he was again helped up; and, bending forward, leaning on the table, he spoke to the great assembly as a patriarch standing over the grave, or as a kind father who felt an interest for his children. Every word he uttered was from his heart—he spoke tenderly, tremulously; and, in alluding to Wilberforce, acknowledged, just as an aged man would acknowledge, his decay of memory in forgetting many other dear friends whom he could not then recollect. After solemnly urging the members to persevere to the last, till slavery was extinct, lifting his arm and pointing to heaven (his face quivering with emotion), he ended by saying: "May the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are, not only the hearts, but the intellects of men—may He, in His abundant mercy, guide your councils, and give His blessing upon your labours." There was a pause of a moment, and then, without an interchange of thought, or even of look, the whole of this vast meeting, men and women, said in a tone of subdued and deep feeling, "AMEN! AMEN!"

'To the reader not present it is scarcely possible to convey, without affectation, the effect on the imagination of one who, like myself, had never attended benevolent meetings, had no notion of such deep sincerity in any body of men, or of the awful and

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and unaffected piety of the class I had been brought amongst. That deep-toned AMEN came on my mind like the knell of a departing curse; I looked about me on the simple and extraordinary people, ever ready with their purse and their person, for the accomplishment of their great object; and if ever sound was an echo to the sense, or if ever deep and undaunted meaning was conveyed to the depths of the soul by sound alone, the death-warrant of slavery all over the earth was boded by that AMEN!

'I have seen the most afflicting tragedies, imitative and real; but never did I witness in life or in the drama, so deep, so touching, so pathethic an effect produced on any great assembly, as by the few unaffected, unsophisticated words of this aged and agitated person.

'The women wept, the men shook off their tears, unable to prevent their flowing; for myself, I was so affected and astonished that it was many minutes before I recovered sufficiently to perceive the moment of interest I had longed for, had come to pass—and this was the moment I immediately chose for the picture.'

In 1841 a desire to promote unity of action between the British and Foreign, and the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, and to procure, if possible, a conference of nations in favour of universal peace, led Joseph Sturge to visit the United States. Whilst there, he did much to induce a healthier feeling both within and outside the Society of Friends to supersede that connivance with evil which he found so prevalent. He sought, and at length obtained, an interview with the President of the States; he drew up an address to the abolitionists, expatiating on the sorrowful scenes he had witnessed in the district of Columbia, under the shadow of the Capitol; copies of this address he sent to the President, and all the members of the Federal legislative houses; and had them published in newspapers, North and South; his presence at Washington during John Quincy Adams's brave struggle to prevent the passing of what was called the 'Gag law' for the district of Columbia, was even declared by the base *New York Herald* to have exerted a 'sinister influence;' he honestly remonstrated with the Society of Friends in America on their timidity and unwillingness to bear faithful testimony against slavery, and he gave away large sums of money to promote the good cause. His visit was considered by his friends in America to have been largely beneficial.

On his return, he published an account of his tour, with much valuable information on slavery and the slave trade, on the sufferings and dissensions of the abolitionists, on temperance, peace, juvenile crime, prison discipline, the condition of the aboriginal Indians, and of the Society of Friends in the States.

We must hasten very rapidly over his subsequent services to the anti-slavery and other benevolent movements. He went to France to attend a convention in Paris, in March, 1842, which, however, by order of the French Government, was suppressed, and in its place was held a private conference of

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of some sixty or seventy friends of the anti-slavery cause. In the following year he devoted much time and attention to two large meetings in London, one on slavery, the other on peace. In such work, indeed, his labours were enormous. For years he was almost constantly attending public meetings, committees, and conferences; he travelled much, and kept up an immense correspondence. In the very midst of exertions like these, a crisis in the corn trade involved his firm in losses which threatened to sweep everything away, and did for a time very seriously diminish his pecuniary resources. But he fought his way bravely through all, and never ceased to care or work for the afflicted and oppressed, however grievously his own worldly interests might be suffering.

Peace and anti-slavery were only two of a large number of the philanthropic movements into which Joseph Sturge threw himself with tongue and purse, with heart and soul. Finding that Sunday railway travelling was absorbing in unceasing, and, therefore, mentally deteriorating, labour, an increasing number of operatives; he, as a director of the London and Birmingham Railway, strove strenuously to check the evil; and, not succeeding after twice testing the shareholders, he retired from the direction. In the Chartist agitation his sympathies were all with the unenfranchised, whom he regarded as being deprived of a right when devoid of a vote. His mode of settling this question of organic change appears to have been a very simple one. What might be the result of heaping up all the political power in the lap of a single class, he seems scarcely to have considered. Had not all men an equal right to the franchise? Who was he, that he should grudge it to them? What right had any man to seek to deprive them of it? At Nottingham, in 1842, he contested an election and obtained 1,801 votes, but not the seat. In 1844 he was candidate for Birmingham, but again without success. On the suffrage question, the course he took—for manhood suffrage and no surrender—deeply grieved, it even alienated, some of his friends; but whilst many questioned his judgment, none for a moment doubted the sincerity and benevolence of his motives. He had no personal end to serve, but was guided throughout by what he believed to be the highest dictates of conscience and religion. When, in the Chartist movement, the current of physical force set in, under the leading of Feargus O'Connor, he manfully did his best to stem the tide, calming the excitement of the multitude, and warning them against evil counsels that were misleading them. By indefatigable exertions he succeeded in procuring that

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that the capital sentences of some rioters in Birmingham should be commuted to transportation; and he moved the appointment, and was made chairman, of a committee of the Birmingham Town Council to investigate the causes of the riot. When the control of the police force was put in the hands of a Government Commission, instead of in those of the municipal body, he opposed the arbitrary and centralizing measure with all the ardour and energy of his nature. In the anti-corn law agitation, he very early and very actively exerted himself. In 1838, Lord Brougham gaily wrote to him that he heartily rejoiced at his coming into the corn-law controversy, and his lordship constituted him his 'lieutenant-general' against 'those equally vile and silly corn-laws.' To the League, when it arose, Joseph Sturge attached himself, and was one of the earliest who did so. His counsel was sought by the leaders of that movement almost from the first, and they rejoiced to enlist such a man in their ranks. For some years he was invariably present, as the representative of Birmingham, at the meetings of delegates that were held in London or Manchester to promote corn-law repeal. One of the leaders of the League has written in reference to one of the meetings of delegates to constitute the anti-corn law association:—'I remember how little the great majority were prepared for anything so strong and uncompromizing [as the total and immediate abolition which Joseph Sturge urged], and how gladly nine-tenths of us would have avoided the question at the time. But I believe that it was our late friend, who, fresh from the experience of the anti-slavery struggle, pointed out the necessity of taking our stand on the rock of abstract truth and justice; and I must say we found it our rock of safety during our seven years' struggle.'

His biographer very justly observes that—

"In all large bodies like that into which the League gradually grew, there will always be found a class who shrink from the full and firm maintenance of a principle, and are for ever counselling surrender on some plea of compromise. There seems to have been a time in the history of the anti-corn law movement, when the influence of this class threatened to turn the body aside from the broad path of right to the entangling by-ways of expediency. This was especially the case when a considerable Whig element got infused among them, who wished to subordinate what they saw was becoming a power in the country to the purposes of their own party. But from his experience in the anti-corn law agitation, Mr. Sturge had learnt utterly to distrust such compromises, as tending only to distract and bewilder the public mind, and to weaken by dividing the force of those who were demanding justice, while they left the root of the evil still in possession of the soil. He was determined, therefore, that, so far as he could prevent it, he would not permit his colleagues to swerve from the high ground which from the first he had persuaded them to assume. He thus became a sort of conscience to the League, taking alarm and giving warning at what he deemed the first sign of deflection from the right, and no doubt proving, as a sensitive conscience is very apt to do, rather troublesome and irritating in moments of strong temptation and of wavering virtue.'

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The most abominable war waged by this country against China, in defence of the wretches who were smuggling opium into that vast human hive, excited Joseph Sturge's unqualified abhorrence. 'The trade in opium,' says his biographer, 'for which no defence has been or can be urged, except that it is a *profitable* iniquity, always appeared to him hardly less infamous than the slave trade.' And when he saw the strength of this Christian country about to be applied to massacre heathen people in support of so execrable a traffic, he was stirred up to an extraordinary vehemence of indignation. He issued an address to the Christian people of Great Britain; he caused a large meeting to be held in London in opposition to the war; and again and again he lifted up his voice in protest against the forcing of a pernicious drug upon a people whose government was striving by legislation and remonstrances to preserve them from it. When, in 1843, a great educational controversy arose, Joseph Sturge advocated voluntary as against State education, and on that account withdrew from connection with the British and Foreign School Society, of which he had for many years been a cordial supporter. He contested an election in Leeds in 1847, by desire of the 'Voluntaries,' and polled 1,976 votes, although unsuccessfully. On several occasions afterwards he was invited to 'stand,' but firmly and without hesitation he declined; humbly deeming it one of the things for which he owed thanks to Providence that he had not been sent into the House of Commons.

The free labour movement, to which Joseph Sturge gave much time and work, was a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to drive the produce of slave labour out of the British market. To the last, nothing was allowed to be used in his own household that had in its origin any taint of slavery. During the progress of the Oregon difficulty between the United States and our own country, he worked hard in promotion of peace; and, indeed, we may say, summarily, as long as his strength lasted he watched with vivid and unwearying interest every public event of his day, and was always eager and prompt to throw into the balance all the influence he could command in behalf of humanity. Only a very small section of thinkers will find themselves able to admit that in all that he took in hand he was guided by a profound knowledge of mankind, or that his action was never in its effects injurious to the cause he had at heart; but none can doubt the purity of his intentions, and the noble depth and width of his philanthropy.

His efforts in the Crimean war; his visit to Finland as healer of the wounds inflicted by our forces on the innocent merchants

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merchants of that country; his exertions in founding a daily journal in London which still represents the principles he espoused; his laborious solicitudes during the Indian mutiny; his opposition to Sir James Brooke, of Sarawak; his benevolent purchase of an estate in the West Indies; his dedication of a field in Edgbaston for the recreation of the people of Birmingham; his establishment of a juvenile reformatory at Stoke Prior; the interest he took in freehold land societies, baths and washhouses, and the temperance movement; and his immense public and private charities—we have left ourselves no room to describe. All through life he was an ardent friend of the temperance cause. Time, personal exertions, money, he always held at its service. At a meeting in London in 1850, over which he presided, he said:—

'This was not the place to make any political allusions, but he might state that one of the dearest wishes of his heart was to live to see the day in which all his fellow-countrymen, irrespective of the possession of property, would enjoy equal political rights, because he believed it would greatly promote their moral elevation; but there was a reform of far more importance than this within their reach—that of becoming a strictly temperance people, and he could hardly desire political equality without this, for if the windows of heaven were opened to pour its blessings upon Britain until it was a Garden of Eden, an intemperate people would soon convert it into a desolate wilderness.'

It was his delight to encourage 'Bands of Hope:' to give the young people tea and cake in his own grounds, to present little books to them, and to take them out—sometimes to the number of 3,000—on excursions to the country. 'What charity,' rightly asks his biographer, 'has not profited by his generous benefactions? What benevolent institution, what scheme for the relief of the poor, for the succour of the wretched, for the reclaiming of the criminal, for the education of the people, for the advantage of the working classes, did not number him among its foremost promoters and supporters?' His liberality in money giving was very great, and it was systematic. He positively and deliberately declined to accumulate wealth. It was his deep conviction that increase of riches brought augmentation of spiritual danger. A letter is extant wherein he speaks of the difficulty he had found to keep a disposition to give in proportion to increase of means. The difficulty, little or much, was nobly mastered. 'The more I have reflected upon the subject,' he says, 'the more I am convinced that, notwithstanding the almost universal practice to the contrary, the laying up of a large future provision for children or relatives is not a justification in the sight of God for the present neglect of anything that duty appears to require; and the curse which such provisions almost invariably prove to those who receive them, would have strongly confirmed

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confirmed me in this view, even had not our Saviour's words been so very explicit on this point.' 'One of the things which has struck me most forcibly with regard to wealth, is the curse it often proves to children. Really, both in our society and out of it, I find that if I want any young person to help me in any benevolent or religious object, I must, with rare exceptions, go to those who are dependent upon their own exertions for support; the children of the rich, too often, will not only do nothing themselves, but, like the dog in the manger, try to obstruct those who do.' Considerations like these are of great and solemn interest to all who find their worldly riches increasing. They know not what snares and pitfalls, what deadness and hardness of heart and contempt for God's word and commandment, they do, in fact, too often accumulate, who set themselves to lay up much of this world's substance for their babes.

Vast, however, as were Joseph Sturge's contributions of money, time, and labour, to the public good, he was no neglecter of his own family. In all needful things he well and carefully provided for his own. 'Indeed,' says his wife, 'in tenderness and love he was an uncommon son, brother, husband, and father, and in these relations my belief is his example is most precious.' He was no imitator of Mrs. Jellaby. His servants and dependents were all thought for and cared for with unswerving solicitude. One of his business establishments was at fifty miles distance from his home; but he kept up a close knowledge of his servants there; visited them at their houses, seventy or eighty in number; talked to their wives and children; entered with them into their struggles and trials; helped them by counsel and otherwise; and all this, not patronizingly, but as a warmly interested friend. Every year he met them and their families at a social party, between two and three hundred strong, and addressed them, and got others to address them on matters connected with their welfare. They never went home from one of these gatherings without taking a present of books with them to be added to the little library in the bookcase which his thoughtful liberality had given to each household. In all this, he was supported by his brothers, who were his partners in business, and by whose good aid he was enabled to devote so much of his time to philanthropic works. After his death, fifty-eight of his servants voluntarily testified, in a written address to his widow, their regard for Joseph Sturge as a 'dear friend,' and their grief at the loss of him.

We must still delay the conclusion of this brief account of one of God's own noblemen, whilst we advert summarily to some

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some facts in his more private history. In 1834 he married Eliza, only daughter of James Cropper, the eminent philanthropist, of Liverpool. His wife was of sentiments congenial with his own, and eminently qualified to be his helpmeet; but in less than a year after marriage he lost both wife and child. It was a hard lesson set him,—that of resignation under such a calamity; but, after a brief interval of staggering, he learned it fully. The following memorandum shows how bravely and religiously he bore the blow:—

1835, 12/31. *Near midnight.*—How eventful have been the occurrences of the past year to me! How has death destroyed my pleasant pictures! O Lord, grant that it may be sanctified to me! that if before the close of another year it may please thee to call me home, I may, through the boundless mercy of a crucified Redeemer, find forgiveness for my sins, though they are, indeed, as the sand of the sea for multitude, and if Thou shouldst see meet to continue me a sojourner upon earth, and take away more of my pleasant gourds, grant, I beseech Thee, a continuance of that resignation to Thy divine will which I have thankfully to acknowledge Thou hast in the past year so mercifully extended in my times of greatest need. Enable me faithfully and diligently to fulfil Thy divine requirements in any path Thou mayest point out to me.

'The principal duties, it appears to me, in which I may be called to labour in the ensuing year are:

'The cause of the poor African, both in our own colonies and in other parts of the globe;

'The question of birthright membership in our society;

'The prevention of first-day travelling on the London and Birmingham Railway; and

'The promotion of the recognition of the free Gospel ministry.

'But grant, O Lord, that I may not take one step in regard to any of these questions but as an humble instrument in Thine hand, and in entire accordance with Thy will.'

Profound and lasting was the effect upon his character produced by the sad events of the year 1835. The sister, faithful and noble-hearted, who had kept his house during many previous years, hastened back to his side when his wife was removed, and did all she could to wean him from the 'selfishness of sorrow.' Something of what his sister was to him is revealed in the following extract from the private correspondence of two souls who cannot now be grieved by this exposure of their secret thoughts.

My dearest Sister: The attendance of my brother directors at the Lord Mayor's dinner has left me an evening alone, which, under other circumstances, I might have found a difficulty in securing, and which I was very desirous of, as being the anniversary of the death of my dear Eliza. I cannot spend a part of it more agreeably, and I think more profitably, than in writing a few lines to thee, my dear sister. Have I reaped any, and what, benefit from the strokes of affliction with which I have been visited, and which, while the wounds were fresh and sore, I think I have seen clearly were needed? I fear that if I honestly examine my own heart, I must acknowledge that its inward corruptions and attachment to the things of time (while convinced of their utter vanity) remain unsubdued; that it is still as cold and insensible as ever to the influence of Divine love, and as incapable of adequately comprehending and appreciating the boundless nature and extent of the redeeming mercy of God through Jesus Christ. I do, indeed, my sister,

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sister, often feel much discouraged on this account; and in comparing the present with the past, the only point, or nearly so, in which I can trace anything like an alteration for the better, or ground for encouragement is, that since my heavy bereavement this day twelve months, I think I have ceased to expect or desire a place of rest on this side of eternity. Until then I could hardly have said so, except very occasionally; but how far this my state of mind from what constitutes a true discipleship of Christ, I deeply feel and mourn. Am I not, however, my dear Sophia, in thus dwelling on the gloomy side of the picture, casting discouragement upon thee, whom I should esteem it one of my highest privileges to strengthen and encourage? I do, I trust, often feel not insensible to the mercy of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that He has been pleased yet to spare thee to me; and that while thou art encouraging my feeble desire after that which is good, and warning me when my feet are about to slip, I have the clear and cheering evidence that thou art steadily advancing on thy own path towards "that city whose builder and maker is God."'

Another glimpse of the high character of the mutual relationship sustained by these noble souls, is afforded through a strictly private memorandum, written for his own comfort soon after her decease:—

'Feeling that her end was approaching, early on the afternoon of First-day, the 26th, when I was alone with her, she said that before her death she wished to have had ability to converse with me and to encourage me, but intimated she now feared she might not have strength to do so. But she went on to express her unshaken confidence that I should be preserved and supported. In reference to an inquiry of mine, whether I had not better withdraw altogether from public affairs, when I should no longer have her to watch over me, and to warn me of danger, she remarked, in substance, that she was not prepared to give me this advice, as, if I was preserved in a state of mind properly prayerful, humble, and watchful, it was a position in which so few bear a faithful testimony to our dear Saviour, it might not be right for me to desert it; that if I lived in humble dependence upon Divine aid from day to day, I should be able to see my path of duty, and faithfully occupy it, saying at the same time that I had suffered from over-anxiety and mental pressure, and want of sufficient time for quietude and retirement. She remarked on the inexpressible comfort it had been to her to have me so much with her during her illness, and signified that though she was then suffering so much from physical weakness, she was still favoured with a continuance of humble trust and faith in her Redeemer.'

On another occasion, when still nearer to her removal, she said:—

'She had no doubt of the soundness of the principle on which I had advocated the rights of the people, and was quite satisfied with my having espoused their cause when they were oppressed and trampled upon, and when to do so was so unpopular that it was at the sacrifice of my own reputation. I had, however, committed many errors in the proceedings connected with it, greatly arising from acting too precipitately and yielding too much to the opinions of others, but that I had been, in an almost miraculous manner, preserved from difficulties which might have been inextricable and irremediable. . . . . She believed I had asked aid at these times of extremity where alone it was to be found, and that it had not been withheld from me.'

It was in the year 1845 that Joseph Sturge was called upon to suffer unspeakable loss by the departure of his sister Sophia to another world. What she was to him it is impossible fully to describe. She was his colleague, his counsellor and helper. On her death-bed she declared that her affection for him had something

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something in it approaching to idolatry. In his public life she watched over him 'with the trembling tenderness of a mother.' Sharing in his principles, appreciating his plans, benevolent and devout like him, she lived in his life, and was his ever-constant partner and helper. For some months before her death, suspecting danger from her illness, he scarcely ever left her side. When she was gone, this world, he declared, was a wilderness without her; and for several months it was difficult for him to overcome the keenness of his grief. After awhile, his home was once more made glad by womanly affection. In October, 1846, he married Hannah, youngest daughter of Mr. Barnard Dickinson, of Coalbrookdale; by her he had several children; and, when he passed away, his eyes were closed by her loving hands.

His last labours were in promotion of temperance, anti-slavery, and peace. An affection of the heart, which grew upon him, scarcely abated his efforts until 'he ceased at once to work and live.' On the 13th of May, 1859, in the evening, he went to the bed-chamber of his little boy, gave him loving counsel, as he had often done, and prayed with him fervently, closing with the petition that in heaven not one of his family might be missing. Next morning he rose at six o'clock, his usual hour, and a distressing fit of coughing which came on did not prevent him from retiring to his closet, to read the scriptures as was his wont, and to kneel before Him who seeth in secret. He then called one of his little girls to prepare to join him in their customary ride on horseback; but the cough grew worse, and he said to his wife, 'I am very ill.' Such aid as could be obtained was given to him, but in vain. After a brief struggle he passed away, to the great and profound grief of thousands. In the words of his friend Whittier, written on learning that Joseph Sturge was dead:—

'For him no minster's chant of the immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals
To let the white soul in;

But age and sickness framed their tearful faces
In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games of battle
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,
All swell'd the long lament
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble shaping
His viewless monument.

For

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For never yet with ritual pomp and splendour,
In the long heretofore,
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples
No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and peoples,
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,
And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows
Of occidental palms;

From the lock'd roadstead of the Bothnian peasants
And harbours of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence
Come sailing, Christ-like, in.

* * *

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

* * *

The very gentlest of all human natures,
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as a woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him; but his zeal seem'd nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a larger faith in human kind he cherished,
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.'

It is from the volume named at the head of this article that we have drawn the materials of this scanty memoir. Mr. Richard's book is one which we are glad indeed to have as our own. It shows considerable skill in the disposition of the very ample materials which the author's signally patient research has collected; and from beginning to end of its six hundred and twenty-two pages it is to ourselves as interesting as a novel.

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novel. Its great value is in that it really gives a faithful representation of the right noble man to whom it will serve as a long-enduring monument. We thank Mr. Richard sincerely for having preserved for us the at once kindly and majestic lineaments of this admirable character; and we cordially recommend all those for whom the foregoing slight sketch of Joseph Sturge has any interest to turn to Mr. Richard's book, where they will find a much more adequate and worthy portraiture.

Art. III.—HELPING THE POOR.

Thy Poor Brother: Letters to a Friend on Helping the Poor. By Mrs. Sewell. London: Jarrold and Son, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WE cannot complain of a deficiency of books of advice. Wives, mothers, daughters, boys, and girls, have all had volumes innumerable written for their especial benefit; and if ignorance must still be blamed for much of the evil that exists, it is surely wilful rather than of necessity.

Among the various agencies established with the design, and hope, of benefiting the home-life, and raising the moral and religious condition of the poorer classes, there is still one, which we think has, as yet, scarcely received its fair share of attention. We refer to the system of district visiting, which is now so generally adopted in every parish, that it deserves a conspicuous place amongst the institutions of the country.

Service, voluntarily rendered, for the good of others, and often at great personal sacrifice, requires to be commented upon with much gentleness and refinement. The reason why little has been either said or written on the subject to which we allude is, that very few possess the tact, or, what is of far more importance, the loving, Christ-like spirit, which would enable them to speak to the hearts of those for whom they write; and everything which falls short of this heart-influence, would be more likely to aggravate than to ameliorate.

Influenced by considerations of this nature, we hail the appearance of a book, bearing the title which heads this paper, from the pen of a lady, who, by her former writings, has proved herself to be admirably fitted to treat appropriately any difficult and delicate subject. As the author of 'Homely Ballads,'

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Ballads,' 'Mother's Last Words,' 'Our Father's Care,' &c., Mrs. Sewell has found her way into our homes and hearts, and we are prepared to give her a quiet hearing, even though her subject be one upon which we feel uncommonly tenacious, and rather more than usually inclined to resent any dictation or uncourteous interference.

Whenever machinery is the agent relied upon for the accomplishment of work, we can calculate on results with considerable accuracy. Wheels turned by water or steam are expected to perform a certain number of revolutions within a given time; this they seldom fail to do, imparting motion also to a number of smaller wheels, each performing some appointed duty. Sewing machines are advertized which can make 500 stitches in a minute, and they do make them; there is consequently little difficulty in reckoning how much work can be 'turned out' in a certain time. But when we get away from the region of machinery, and come to calculate the influence of mind upon mind, the case becomes very different. It is true that large minds, like large wheels, do exercise a considerable controlling power over smaller ones; but so many disturbing influences will be ever at work, that all attempts to reduce moral results to anything corresponding to figures which can be cast up, and the sum total shown on a balance sheet, must ever end in failure and disappointment.

A clergyman may find himself surrounded by a staff of district visitors, so numerous and well appointed, that he can feel sure no house in his parish is neglected. Accounts are kept with such precision and accuracy, that he can tell to a penny what is expended, and what number of tickets for relief have been given away. His balance sheet at the end of the year is pronounced by his subscribers as most satisfactory. But is he satisfied? The printed sheets lie on the table ready for circulation, the hour is late, but he still sits by the fire, pondering over moral and religious results; and does he feel that all has been accomplished which he desired, or which he might reasonably have expected to realize from so large an outlay of time and money? Perhaps a new book has been received in the course of the day, which he has scarcely had time to observe; he now takes it up as a relief from thoughts which press heavily upon him and drive sleep from his eyelids. He opens it and finds it to be on the very subject just then occupying his attention. The name of the author assures him at once that the book is worthy of a thoughtful perusal; but he will not begin it that night, he will only glance at a page or two, and presently he alights on the following passages:—

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'I once lived in a large town, where the inspection was so universal, and gift charity so abundant, that indolent mothers might almost support their families by begging, whilst their husbands spent their earnings in drinking. The inhabitants of a district know that the lady comes on purpose to discover and relieve want; she enters every house with a sort of authority to do so; she holds an office which empowers her to give gifts. Why should they not get something from her? and why not quite as much as any of their neighbours? If the lady do not come to help them, why does she intrude herself at all? They will naturally argue thus, and use their best skill to make a good tale for themselves. They will hide their means and helps, and display their wants; they will slip the piece of meat into the cupboard, and place the "beautiful tract" upon the table; they will privately slander their neighbour for their own advantage, and impose upon the credulity or good nature of their visitor. It is in human nature to do all this, and much more, under the temptation of such circumstances; and what is to prevent the character of the poor from being lowered by it, unless the visitor be able to weave the warp of her material charity, with a wisdom so truly high-hearted and beneficent that it should have power at least to neutralize the evils of almsgiving? *Bare almsgiving neither satisfies God nor man;* the heart has cravings far keener than the body, which no soup kitchen, no money fund, no ticket system can possibly appease; but "draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul," then both will be nourished together.'—Page 30.

'In this great country of ours, overlaid with prosperity, underlaid by adversity, we doubtless must have societies, institutions, combinations manifold, to prevent the rising of the under-currents to swamp the whole; but the finer, more delicate, more heavenly work of Christian charity is not often done by these. It is not great power that is required, but the electric touch of love, of self-denying help, and sympathy.'—Page 33.

The clergyman closes the book; he is satisfied that it answers to something passing in his mind, and on which he needs sympathy and help. He feels the same confidence in it which he would probably feel in a doctor who, without prompting, had described in detail the symptoms of a disease from which he suffered, and he resolves the next day to make himself acquainted with the writer's moral prescriptions.

The conclusion thus arrived at, that the author thoroughly understands her subject, will be shared by all the readers of the book now before us. From a child she has been accustomed to mingle much with the poor; and, as we proceed from chapter to chapter, the impression grows upon us that we are communing with the matured mind, and not with the 'prentice hand.' The volume abounds with facts narrated with great simplicity; and the suggestions arising out of them are chiefly the results of her own experience. There is no attempt to make a fine book; no new and wonderful schemes are started, which must supersede all others before anything can be accomplished. She is deeply conscious that whatever the defects of the system may be, they have arisen not from without, but from within, and her own mind is imbued with the sentiment of one of her chosen mottoes;

'Oh merchant! at heaven's mart for heavenly ware,
Love is the only coin which passes there.'

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The following observations occur in the same chapter from which we have previously quoted :—

'Is it not wonderful how little, at present, we seem to comprehend the true working principles of our common nature? Thus, in judging of the class beneath us, how apt we are to imagine them influenced by motives, and in ways altogether different from ourselves; and to perplex ourselves to devise schemes to produce upon them the effects we desire. We may be safely assured that we never get so far refined away from the original stock, but that we may use our own key, to unlock our poor neighbour's heart, and find that "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye the same unto them," is a language and practice that he is quite able to comprehend and appreciate.'

The want of the identification here described between the visitor and the visited, is we believe at the root of most of the mistakes which have been, and are still being made. It is lamentable to think how much precious time is every week expended in house-to-house visitation, the result of which is rather to estrange than to unite the two classes of society.

A missionary with whom we are well acquainted, called one day at the house of a poor woman, where he was generally received with much kindness. Instead, however, of the usual welcome, he soon discovered, by the impatient replies to his questions, that something had gone wrong, and that just then his room was more desired than his company, so he rose to go. As he was leaving the house the woman called him back, and said: 'Sir, I'm sorry to be in such a temper, but I can't help it. The visiting lady's been round here, and it always takes me an hour or two to get over the temper she puts me in. I wish these people 'd stop at home, and mind their own business. What's 't them whether I go to church or chapel, or where I send my children to school? That's my look-out. I never goes spoonin' into their houses to ask no questions. They talk about our bad management; I wonder how they'd manage to keep six children and pay rent and firin' for sixteen shillin' a week; let 'em try, that's all.'

The morning on which this incident occurred was cold and damp. It must have called for a considerable amount of self-denial on the part of the lady to have left her comfortable chair by her own fireside to traverse the dirty streets; for hours enduring alternately the close atmosphere of crowded rooms, and the raw, foggy air without.

The incident reminded us of the lines of Cowper, which occur in his piece entitled 'The Yearly Distress:'

'In sooth the sorrow of such days
Is not to be expressed,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distressed.'

But to '*distress*' all parties is the very reverse of the object for

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for which district visiting societies are instituted. The occasional presence of an educated Christian lady in the humble homes of the poor should be an occasion of both profit and pleasure to the various members of the family, and be looked forward to as the 'red-letter day' of the week. We trust that such cases as the foregoing are rare indeed; and, as a contrast, we may relate the following expressions uttered by a poor woman to a friend of ours, after the visit of a lady to her cottage. 'I haven't been able to get a dinner to-day, but Mrs. —— has been here, and she's better than a good dinner any day. My heart was all down in my shoes when she come. I couldn't do nothin', but I've worked away ever since, and felt as strong as a lion,'—thus making good the words of the wise man, 'The mouth of the righteous is a well of life.'

An excellent lady, whose family have grown up a great credit to her management, once remarked: 'I was always very anxious about the observations made by visitors in the presence of my children. Children usually take no part in the conversation, but sit listening attentively, and few things impress their minds more deeply than the remarks of visitors. All the good advice they receive from their parents and teachers they take as a matter of course—a thing to be expected; but that Mr. and Mrs. So and So should approve or disapprove of this or that is quite a different thing; and I have known a few words spoken unadvisedly appear to undo months of careful training.' It is natural to suppose that among the families of the poor, where a lady is only occasionally seen, her words and actions would be likely to have more weight even than among a higher class. That such a mighty influence for good or evil should ever be used for the latter is deeply to be deplored.

Mrs. Sewell has rendered us great service by the way in which she has treated this important subject, and we rejoice that its difficulties did not deter her from the attempt. We can scarcely imagine that any visitor could read her book without becoming inspired with, at least, an earnest desire to turn the hours which she spends with her poor neighbours to better account than she has ever done before. The form of letters has been chosen in preference to chapters; it has certainly the seeming advantage of enabling the writer to meet individual and peculiar difficulties, and fewer pages are taken up in either vague or general observations. Although each letter has its own value and peculiar interest, some demand more attention than others, on account of the importance of the subject on which they treat. The 'Pauper Spirit' is one which should not be passed lightly over. It is one of the most

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most melancholy facts of the day, and one which demands the gravest attention from all directors of charitable movements, that a large proportion of all direct gifts to the poor, tends to increase rather than to diminish their poverty, or, rather we should say, to confirm them in habits which effectually prevent their taking an independent position. Do what we may, the external condition of the poor will, with few exceptions, remain on a level with their moral and religious condition. In a vast proportion of cases the gift, instead of answering to the intention of the kind donor, and adding to the ease and comfort of the family, acts instead as an incentive to the father or mother to spend so much more on some self-indulgent habit. On a Saturday or Sunday evening, men and women may be seen in the majority of public-houses in London, who are spending the last shilling on drink, on the plea that the visiting lady will be round in the morning. Many suppose that, if they actually give coals, bread, or soup, these can only be devoted to the right purpose, but they are mistaken. A ready sale at a reduced price can be obtained for all these things, and the halfpence thus obtained go for gin and beer. Whichever way we turn, the supply of the temporal wants of the poor through gifts, is beset with difficulties. It is no wonder that the writer of the book under our notice, makes little of plans, and committees, and general detail, and takes for her lever instead—the loving spirit.

There is one bright thought connected with the work under our consideration which redeems it from much of the doubt and difficulty attending it, and that is, we have one perfect example. More than 1,800 years ago One came who 'knew what was in man.' He took the world for His 'district,' and 'visited' from day to day, and all who want to know how to go out and how to come in, must study the life of this pattern Visitor.

The value of Mrs. Sewell's book is that it has been written whilst she was sitting at the feet of this Heavenly Visitor; and, as the hand guiding the pen, passed from page to page, the eye remained fixed on Him who 'spake as never man spake.' Plans, or systems, or books of advice, will be little needed when all who take up this work do it 'looking unto Jesus.' The vexed and vexing questions as to the name and place of worship they attend, the school they patronize, and similar inquiries, which Mrs. S. truly observes, 'only an angel or a government officer can make without giving offence,' will never be asked again, because the visitor will know that the only acceptable worshippers are those who 'worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' and will remember

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ber that this great truth was revealed to one outside of the pale of the then established church, belonging to a company, numerous in every age of the world, who 'worship they know not what.'

There must have been many amongst the crowds of people who surrounded Jesus, upon whom He exercised no healing power, and to whom, indeed, He imparted no temporal gift, 'but when He saw the multitudes He had compassion on them.' They knew it, they felt that His heart was large enough to hold them all, and they went away saying that 'a great prophet is risen up among us, and God hath visited His people. All bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.' But when the case came, or was brought to Jesus, upon which He chose to exercise His power of healing, the simplicity of the narrative is remarkable: the spirit of the sufferer was not wounded to the quick by a series of questions. Where was he brought up? What had he been doing? Had he not brought all this upon himself? Where, throughout our Lord's ministry, do we meet with this inquisitorial spirit? The simple words 'He took him and healed him' might teach some of us a lesson, who may be inclined to pride ourselves on our sagacity in searching to the bottom of things.

We were once speaking to a lady about a young girl in her district 'who was a sinner.' The lady said, 'I am sure I have done all I could. I called almost every week at her mother's house, and always gave the girl a good lecture.' We thought of another sinner, and another visitor, and how few were the words spoken on that occasion, 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'

A lady, at the particular request of a friend, paid a visit to a penitentiary in a town in the west of England. She inspected its general arrangements; they were faultless as far as order, cleanliness, and outward decorum were concerned; but the prison dress, the close-cut hair, the silence, the cold stone floors, the sleeping cell in which each was locked in at night, and the hard-visaged matron, all impressed her mind so gloomily that she said, 'I walked about with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, thinking how these girls must be longing to be back into a world, which, though it might be more cruel to them, was less cold.' A few days after, the lady met her friend, who eagerly asked her what she thought of the refuge provided for these poor prodigals. 'I fear,' replied the lady, 'that after all the trouble and expense you have so kindly incurred in behalf of these poor girls, it must seem most ungracious to use any other language but that of admiration. But

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But I must be truthful, and tell you that if this place is a refuge for poor prodigals, it did not in the least remind me of the "Father's house." I saw nothing like the "best robe," or "the ring on the hand," or "shoes on the feet," and least of all did I hear "any music and dancing," and I thought if man had no better reception to offer to the returning sinner, she had better go at once direct to the "Father."'

We have referred, in an earlier part of the article, to the position of the visitor, as calculated to give her influence and power in the homes of the poor. From the life of Jesus we learn the true use of power. In the 27th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew, we read 'All things are delivered unto Me of My Father.' All things! Yes. And what is the first application of the power? With all the wealth of the universe at His command He might have promised an unfailing supply of temporal good, but He knew that the great, craving, hungry soul of man might have an overflowing, a never-failing supply of the 'all things' of this world, and be restless, craving, hungry as ever; and so he did not offer that. His power shall bless man with exactly what he does want, and so He says, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*.'

As a preparation for service, perhaps no part of God's word has a higher interest for us than the waiting of the disciples at Jerusalem to be endowed with power from on high. Ten days must have seemed long for men to wait, whose hearts were burning within them, and who had at last caught the spirit of the Master, in His intense love for perishing souls. But they would not yield to impulse; they would wait, and when the promised blessing came, what was it? 'Cloven *tongues* which sat upon each of them.' This gift of tongues was not only a power to enable them to speak in various languages, it was special wisdom from on high enabling them to say the right thing at the right time; 'the tongue of the learned' spoken of by Isaiah, 'that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' There was hasty Peter, who by his unwise thoughts and ill-chosen words must have often grieved his Master; if he said a true thing one minute and was praised, he said something so foolish the next, that he had to be rebuked. But, after this waiting for the Spirit, through the holy teachings of this once headstrong, impetuous man, thousands were added to the church, not of those who endured for a little while, and in time of temptation fell away, but 'of those who should be saved.'

In the three or four hours passed by a visitor in her district, how many words she lets fall which can never again be gathered

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gathered up! She returns home and says she has done her work. But the words she has spoken are registered in heaven, and it is a law of that kingdom, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'

We are too much in the habit of supposing that this 'waiting to be endued with power from on high,' applies only to those who are expected to fill high and influential positions; but in the Scripture narratives we are told that the 'apostles continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the *women*.' Would that we could have known these holy women, and followed them through their future lives, and recorded their sayings and doings. Peter must have known them, for he speaks of men being 'won by the conversation of their wives.' Their children must have grown up to call them blessed, and have told of their mothers to succeeding generations, that they had 'opened their mouths with wisdom;' and neighbours on every side would proclaim that 'in their tongues was the law of kindness.' How they would have smiled at much that is written of 'woman's rights' at the present day, and have wondered how it could have come to pass, that woman had grown dissatisfied with the deep, holy, spiritual post assigned her by the Creator, of training the whole human race to carry out God's great purposes for the world—of influencing all around for good—or to walk in some path so lowly and self-denying that she is ever reminded of the words of the Master, 'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me.' We repeat, we think these 'honourable women not a few' of the apostolic days who considered their work to be as high as Gabriel's, because 'doing the pleasure of the Lord,' would wonder at some of the things which are said and written in this nineteenth century on the 'rights of women' to ascend the world's platform, and there compete with men for some of its poor prizes.

The writer of the book which has called forth these observations, has certainly no sympathy with the ambition to which we have alluded. The following quotation, with which we will conclude, will show how she shares the faith and hope of those holy women of old, and is 'looking unto Jesus as the true preparation for carrying out every high and holy work:'

'You feel discouraged in your work because you are not able to do anything well; and discouraged in yourself because you find that you often act from mixed and unworthy motives. My dear friend, I could readily take up this lamentation with you; but I know it would be wiser and more profitable for us both to accept in its fullest meaning the declaration of our Saviour, "Without Me ye can do nothing;" and then with the Psalmist say, "My soul wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him." I have often found that to live in a confused and

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and hurried state of mind leaves a wide door open for the entrance of mixed motives and false arguments; and if our time be too fully occupied with other things to admit of our waiting upon the Lord, to renew our strength, and for the Comforter to bring freshly to our minds the words and works of our dear Master, it must needs be that we are both downhearted and very feeble. But "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." In this promise is our constant source of encouragement.

'From your other remark I see that you have been taking a few steps on the road to "Doubting Castle;" that you fear if you do undertake any work which appears to be good and right for you to do, you shall not find in yourself the needful qualification to carry it out, and may break down in the middle or fail altogether. Do not be discouraged; unassisted human capacity never yet was equal to the performance of any good work, but do not shrink desparingly within the compass of your felt ability; use your talents diligently, and make the best preparation you can; and then be assured if your cause be the Lord's cause, He will let down ability upon you, and will furnish you with thoughts, words, and arguments when you want them, and give you a blessing beside. It is such a comfort to know when we are feeling empty and helpless that God can say unto the weak "be strong."

'There is nothing like work to show us our own weakness; nothing like work to convince us of God's help; nothing like our most perfect work to convince us of our imperfection and to make the perfect, all-sufficient Saviour and the great salvation increasingly dear and important to us.'—Page 281.

Art. IV.—PARLIAMENT AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

1. *Theory of Legislation.* By Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row. 1864.

2. *Review of Speeches in the House of Commons, on Mr. Lawson's Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill; with full Report of Mr. Lawson's Speech on Moving the Second Reading of 'The Intoxicating Liquor Bill,' &c.* Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

3. *The Last Two Speeches of the late Washington Wilks on behalf of the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, May 23rd, 1864, and in Exeter Hall, London, June 6th, 1864.* Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance.

THOUGH the pledges of Government to deal with the question of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors, on some comprehensive, uniform, and efficient system, have not been redeemed; the past session of Parliament has been fertile in discussions on various branches of the traffic, prolific in independent

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independent proposals for abating some of its admitted evils, and even notable for the passing, and now successful operation, of one Government measure based upon a just and radically effective principle. A glance at these proposals and debates will open up a view of the parliamentary mind—a thing always worth the study of the sociologist, because a phenomenon of the utmost significance in regard to current and possible legislation; and while this review indicates the exact position occupied to-day, it will clearly point to the work to be done to-morrow, by the social reformers, whose toilsome but glorious mission is to plant in the public mind those truths which shall surely grow and ripen into the laws of the future.

First, there came before the Commons, on the 14th of April, 1864, like a bill a fortnight after the proper date, the proposal to remit the Malt Tax, in preference to reducing the Sugar Duty. The real motive, though of course disguised under many pretences, some of which misled the innocent farmerdom of the country, was the benefit of the great brewers, who, wiser than the temperance party, have taken good care to get a strong representation in the House. Six millions sterling were to be turned into their pockets, with little droppings, of course, into the tills of the tied houses and publicans; and the deficit was to be made up by the universal Sugar or Income Tax!

This is capable of easy demonstration. A duty of 21s. 8d. is levied on every eight bushels of malt. This, on the average, makes four barrels of beer, which equals one hundred and forty-four gallons, or five hundred and seventy-six quarts. (Table-beer, under a certain percentage of alcohol, is free.) This is less than one halfpenny per quart. Beer is drunk by retail by the glass, gill, or pint. Now, as it is clear that the publican will not return more than the fraction saved, and could not practically return even the exact farthing upon the pint, he and the brewer (as when the old Beer Tax was remitted) pocket the difference of cost. The country, of course, has the six millions to make up.

But the pretences were very different. First: 'Malt feeds cattle faster and better than barley. If the tax, therefore, be remitted, beef will be cheaper, if not beer; an increased demand will be originated for malt, and therefore for barley; and the price will rise, and the farmers will be enriched.' Mr. Gladstone outflanked this attack by conceding the remission of the tax on malt used for cattle, taking the guarantee that the malt should be spoilt for brewing purposes by being mixed with linseed. The fallacy of the cry,

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cry, however, was clearly refuted as long ago as 1846, by the experiments of the late Professor R. D. Thomson, performed at the instigation of Sir Robert Peel.* The result of a three months' experiment on two bullocks is thus stated:—The malt-fed beast soon reached its maximum, while the barley-fed bullock went on increasing in weight until it gained 53½lbs. over its rival. 'These trials,' says Professor Thomson, 'leave no doubt that barley is superior to malt, weight for weight, as far as fattening bullocks is concerned.' Another experiment was made on two Ayrshire cows, in respect to the production of milk and butter. 'In a brown cow,' says Dr. Thomson, '100lbs. of barley produced as much effect as 131lbs. of malt; in a white cow, 100lbs. of barley were equivalent to 119lbs. of malt. The largest amount of butter was afforded in the brown cow by crushed barley; with both animals malt is lowest in the scale. Not only was the solid matter in the milk lessened, but its quality was deteriorated.' It appears from the *Times*, that at the very period of this debate, when so much nonsense was being talked, a Cumberland brewer was performing an experiment almost equally conclusive against the malt.† When it is recollected that malt is sprouted barley—barley which has been forced back from its perfection and ripening by an artificial process—the wonder will be that any sane persons could ever have imagined any other result. As this explodes this delusion, it will be seen that neither the demand for barley nor the price increases. Even if that were to be the case, from some possible increase in drinking cheaper beer, the foreign supply would soon reduce the price to the old level, leaving only increased drinking, pauperism, crime, and taxes, as the legacy of such unwise legislation.

Second: 'Cheaper beer for the working man.' The late Mr. Ker Seymer boasted in the House, that if they were bad logicians, they were good politicians. On this occasion, the eulogizers of beer did not shine in either character. The working men, they said, had only adulterated and poisoned beer, and the beershops were condemned without mercy for retailing this 'horrible stuff.' Yet, said they, 'Beer is a

* See Dr. Lees's Article, 'Farmers' Feeding Fallacies,' in 'Truthseeker,' for 1846, vol. ii., p. 321.

† 'On the 9th of April last eight Irish heifers, as nearly equal in quality, size, and weight as it was possible to find them, were fastened up in the premises of Mr. Wyndham, brewer, Cockermouth, to fatten. Four of these were fed upon barley, and four upon equal measures of malt. The result, at the end of thirteen weeks, was in favour of barley by 30lbs. upon the four, which sold for £6. 10s. more money than those fed upon malt. The owner lost 5s. per head by the experiment.' *Times.*

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necessary of life'! Either then, by this logic, poison is a necessary of life, or the 'pure home-brewed' is necessary to a peasantry that have lived a generation without it!

In the progress of the debate one gallant colonel pleaded for the remission of the tax, on the ground that 'the labourer would be enabled to drink the natural drink of every Englishman.' But the climax of confusion was capped by Mr. Cobbett (the son of a wiser father), who became a kind of medical adviser to the House, and, in proof of the virtue of beer, told a story about a man who, as shown on the *post mortem*, 'had not a sufficiency of food in his stomach!' He further testified, that the beer sold in the country parts of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, was very bad, for he had 'walked' that circuit; and 'those who lived in the country know that nothing was more destructive to the labouring man than the habits of going to the public-house, and this was the consequence of the tax upon malt!'

How the levy of a fraction of a farthing per pint on beer can drive men to the public-house, where they pay more than that; or how the sale of dear, bad beer there can prevent them from brewing 'good beer' at home; or how they can be injured by the 'house' while they are benefited by the 'beer' we leave Mr. Cobbett to explain.

On behalf of three millions of teetotallers, a few manly, plain words fell from the lips of Sir Francis Crossley. 'He had himself been an abstainer for twelve years, and he knew that hundreds and thousands of working men in the country were abstainers, who could stand as much, or rather more work than those who drank beer. No doubt beer was pleasant when men were accustomed to it, but to talk of its being 'a necessary of life' was mere moonshine. For every one man killed by taking too little beer, there were ten killed by taking too much. The working classes had made the discovery that for healthy persons alcoholic drinks were not a necessary of life.'

Even Mr. Cobden seems to have become troubled with this agricultural fallacy, for he declared that there was 'not the smallest danger of the agricultural labourer, with his limited wages and general habits, becoming intemperate on cheap beer.' How then did the Beer Bill effect so much mischief? And how shall we explain the actual intemperance of counties where the peasantry have access to cheap beer and cider? In many counties this last article is iniquitously made a part of their wages, and with the worst results.

Temperance reformers may draw one lesson from this debate, at the least—namely, that the confused ideas of their representatives

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sentatives require to be clarified by the action of the constituencies. It is very evident to impartial observers, that while the most intelligent of the electors are thinking one way, their members are talking another.

On Friday, the 6th May, Mr. Somes moved the House of Commons for leave to bring in his bill to impose restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors between eleven o'clock on Saturday night and six o'clock on Monday morning. He proposed to except (reluctantly, but at the suggestion of several friends of the bill) an hour each for getting the dinner and the supper beer. The proposal was made at an unfortunate time, the fag-end of a long sitting; the Government, contrary to expectation, if not promises, summoned its impatient followers to oppose it, and after a violent and undignified discussion, in which the social was complicated with the theological question, leave to introduce the bill was refused by one hundred and twenty-three to eighty-seven votes. The temper and quality of the opposition will be best shown, perhaps, by extracts from the debate. Mr. Somes said:—

'The House would, no doubt, consider that, provision having previously been made for travellers and lodgers—(loud laughter)—and two hours being allowed for everybody else—(continued laughter)—it could not be for the benefit of the working man and his family that he should have six hours extra for drinking in public-houses. (Cries of "Oh" and disapprobation.) Let them remember that the working classes prayed for this bill. (Laughter and cries of "No.") The number of persons in favour of the total closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day was 903,987, or about one in twenty of the whole population of England and Wales. The great bulk of those who signed the petitions were of the working classes, who, most of any, were directly interested in the passing of the bill. (Cheers and laughter.) The working men said to him: "Do not the aristocrats pray, every day, 'Lead us not into temptation?' and should not the working men also be preserved from temptation?" (Hear.) The convictions from Saturday and Sunday nights exceeded those of every other day in the week. Sunday was the high day of England's drunkenness, caused by spending the wages that should go to the wife and family. (Hear, hear.)'

Mr. Pease, in a strain of quiet irony and rebuke, said that

'The bill had evidently produced a sensation among honourable members. The subject required to be better understood, that it might be duly appreciated. Did not the House believe that the chief difficulty in the way of all philanthropic and religious institutions was the drinking customs of this country? (Hear, hear.) As to the bill he seconded, all clergymen, all moral men, all religious people, and all Sunday-school teachers were in favour of it. He hoped the House would not oppose it, and he was satisfied, if they perused the bill, they would find it was not objectionable in its provisions. (Hear, hear, and "Oh, oh.") It was a measure much desired. He had presented petitions signed by tens of thousands of persons in favour of it. (Hear, hear, and "Oh, oh.") Those petitions were before the House, and it would be found that they were largely from the working classes, who were in the habit of using the public-house. They asked to be delivered from the temptations by which the law now surrounded them, and their prayers were seconded by clergymen of all denominations, and he was quite sure such authorities were of some weight with this House. (Hear, hear.)'

Mr.

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Mr. Roebuck followed, screaming out the coarsest invective, and appealing to the lowest prejudices of his audience. Even 'Tear'em' never dealt out a series of more illogical and incohesive utterances. He said :—

'The ground of this bill was twofold. There was a body of people in this country who were Sabbatarians; there was also a body of teetotallers. These two muddy streams had concentrated. (A laugh.) Running side by side for a long time, they had at last united their waters, and now they formed one foaming, muddy river, which it was difficult to stem and very disagreeable to see. [An Hon. Member: "And to smell."] Aye, and to smell. (Laughter.)'

The comparison may be 'muddy,' but wherein shall we detect the pertinence of the figure in the facts to which it is applied? How can those who love and use clean water be called 'muddy' people? Temperance men may occasionally stir up a muddy stream—as Mr. Roebuck's eloquence—but how are they to be identified with the dirty current itself? The honourable gentleman, forgetting the decencies of the place, screeched out with hysterical action, 'I spit upon your paltry pretence.' If there be nothing 'muddy' in drinking pure water, can it be said, with any more truth, that persons who desire to abate drunkenness on the Sunday, and who love a quiet Sabbath day, unbroken by the riot and blasphemy of the public-house, are therefore 'muddy?' We ask Mr. Roebuck, in his quiet moments, to consider why the House has already prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors both on Saturday night, and during Divine service and other hours of the Sunday? Are he and his compeers, concerned in this past legislation, 'canting hypocrites?' He is in a 'muddy stream' of his own feeding, and we leave him to scramble out as he may.

Mr. Roebuck, who taunted Mr. Somes with making the dinner and supper beer compromise, can, by his own confession, vote against his own convictions :—

'Parliament,' he said, 'had put a tax upon malt, and he had always voted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on that subject, but he had always felt he was preventing the poor man having his own beer in his own house, and driving him to the public-house. (Hear, hear.) He wished the House to understand that every man who went into a public-house was not a tippler. (Cheers.)'

This undeniable fact seems a very unsatisfactory reply to the evidence of the gigantic social evils of Saturday night and Sunday drinking, and as usual proves far too much. It is surely quite as good a refutation of the right of past, as of proposed, Sunday restrictions on drinking, unless Mr. Roebuck —who affects to have studied to be a statesman—can show that logic which is bad after Divine service, or between the morning and evening prayers, becomes good during Church hours! Since the truism, that every visitant to a public-house

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house is not a tippler, is one applicable to every degree of restriction, it becomes impertinent to any. Mr. Roebuck continued :—

'If the hon. member for Hull and his friends were really in earnest—if they were anything more than canting hypocrites—they would propose a law for the rich as well as the poor. Not only would they shut up every public-house—not only would they shut up the Star and Garter at Richmond, and the Trafalgar at Greenwich, but they would also shut up every club in London. (Cheers.)'

It is humiliating to observe that any number of gentlemen could be found to 'cheer' language so coarse, so reckless, so untrue, and even so self-refutory. Are not the 'Star and Garter' and the 'Trafalgar' both rich men's public-houses? These would be as much closed by the proposed measure as the lowest beershop. And again; are 'the clubs' of London really public-houses? If so, then they would be closed along with the 'Star and Garter.' Why then does Mr. Roebuck confound and confuse these private establishments with the public-houses, with which alone the law can deal? Working men can have 'clubs' if they please; but whether or not, and even supposing that riches did confer some peculiar conveniences of dissipation upon the aristocracy, how is that a justification for the continuance of a system that degrades the working classes, and casts burdens upon all?

'Last session he presented a petition signed by 20,000 people, and when he went down among his constituents during the year, what occurred? Several gentlemen came to him and said, "Oh, this is a people's measure, and you must support it." His reply was, "Prove that to me, and I will vote for the bill." They had a meeting in the open air, and it was carried against them by a majority of thousands. (Hear, hear.)'

This statement as to a 'majority of thousands,' in regard to a meeting which was hastily and unfairly summoned, is exaggerated and inaccurate; and even if it were true, Sheffield is happily by no means a type, morally and socially, of the majority of our great towns. Leeds, for example, gave a very different verdict; and we feel sure that even Sheffield, tested by a quiet canvass, would support, by a great majority, the principle of prohibition. But Mr. Roebuck is both practically and theoretically inconsistent; for, when the proposal was that the people should be permitted to veto all licenses if they pleased, he voted against the proposition, and on this occasion he argued thus :—

'A working man who had expended his week in hard labour was naturally glad to get out of Sheffield for a few hours on Sunday, but if the hon. gentleman's bill passed, he would find the door of every public-house shut against him. That man was not necessarily a tippler. What right had they to say to that man that he should only have his luncheon at one o'clock, and not at three, if he liked it best then? Public-houses in the country were only open now from twelve to three, and from five to eleven. What harm was there in that?'

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It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Roebuck never asked a few other questions. For example, what harm there was in public-houses being shut up to twelve o'clock, and from three to five? And, to ordinary minds, untrained to statesmanship, the question of luncheon time, and the 'rights' it involved, would seem to be the same whether before or after one o'clock. What right, we ask, had Mr. Roebuck and the 'House,' some years back, to say to any man, 'You shall not have your luncheon with beer until sermon and prayers are over—the public-house doors shall be closed until the church doors open?' When Mr. Roebuck has justified the past legislation of the House and the existing law, he will have answered his own question. The honourable gentleman makes 'pretences' to be a tribune of the people, but facts negative his claim. As the *Liverpool Courier* justly observed, in commenting upon the speech of Mr. Roebuck—

'If the matter were to be decided by those who have most interest in its decision, Mr. Somes would require the aid of neither the Lord's-Day Society, nor the temperance party. Thirty-four thousand labourers and artizans out of the 36,000, in Liverpool alone, petitioned that the public-houses should be either altogether closed on the Sunday or opened for only two hours. In Liverpool there are more drinkshops in proportion to the population than in any other town in the kingdom. That is to say, the working men of Liverpool know better than the working men of other towns, the full extent of the harm done them by the cruel interference of the legislature to prevent the publican from being amenable to the law which regulates all other Sunday trading.'

Temperance men may see, from this debate, the work that lies first before them. Outside agitation, the moral suasion of the platform, goes but a little way towards illuminating St. Stephen's. Rabid tongues must be silenced, adverse votes neutralized, strong interests and fears overcome, the legally-intrenched traffic sapped and mined, by firm, united, persevering political action. That party must either keep away from Parliament altogether, or act in such a decisive and patriotic a manner as will ensure attention and respect.

On the 30th May, Mr. Whiteside proposed in the House of Commons a resolution for reducing the duties on spirits. After a debate, adverse to the resolution, it was withdrawn. Some of the concessions are worth recording. Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in replying to the mover, said:—

'The principle on which Parliament had always acted with respect to the spirit duties was to impose on that article the highest amount of duty which it was possible to levy without increasing "distillation;"—"that whatever revenue was to be raised from spirits it was desirable that it should be raised from as small a consumption as possible;"—"that in dealing with tea, sugar, and such articles, the principle was to raise the revenue by a duty as low as possible, in order not to interfere with the expansion of trade; but the exact reverse of that principle was applicable to spirits, and it was sought to raise the largest revenue which could be got

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got from the smallest area of consumption;"—and that "ardent spirits were not only evils in themselves, but fruitful parents of crime." Alluding to Ireland, he quoted an old distich:

"Poor Paddy, of all Christian men, I think,
On basest food pours down the vilest drink."'

Sir Stafford Northcote said that the feeling of the 'House had never been to stimulate the consumption of ardent spirits as it had done in the case of tea and coffee.' And Lord Naas 'had always been of opinion that the spirit duties ought to be fixed at the very highest point at which they could be put, without increasing illicit distillation.'

With such a unanimity of feeling, how shall we account for the prior and subsequent conduct of the House? The thing is bad, and must be discountenanced, but houses for the sale of it must be forced upon the people, because some of them may think beer or brandy to be good! The House taxes this opinion 'as much as possible,' but will not give the population the power of suppressing the traffic in the article! Spirits are 'the fruitful parents of crime,' and are therefore to be discountenanced by taxation and disseminated by license! The sale of spirits, it is true, produces crime, but not nearly so much as the sale of alcohol in the form of beer, which is consumed so much more widely; yet the one is declaimed against as evil in itself, and the other is to be praised in the most outrageous rhetoric! Parliamentary opinion is obviously in a chaotic and curdy condition, and will require much 'pressure from without' to put it into any solid and consistent shape.

About the same time, Sir Robert Peel's Irish Beer Bill was introduced, making it legal to drink beer on the premises,—it had been an illegal fact previously,—and endeavouring to subject the Irish beershops to more effective surveillance. This purblind legislation provokes questions from the social reformer. Beershops were set up long ago to cure the evils of dramshops; and now the proprietors of these force Government to interfere with the former on the ground that they are the source of the mischief. Even yet, Government cannot or will not see that it is the thing which intoxicates, whether whisky, wine, or beer, wherein the evil resides, and from which the mischief inevitably flows. What matters it to the nation, whether it is bitten by the 'worm of the still,' or the snake of the vat? By 'pure' spirit, or adulterated? By what is called 'good ale,' or by the 'horrible stuff' of the brewers and publicans? All these things turn out the same, for they have all been tried, as regards drunkenness and its dark fruits. The weaker intoxicant prepares for the stronger, the wine for the brandy, the beer for the whisky. In this debate, however, we failed to hear the persuasive speech of Mr. Gladstone, maintaining his favourite dogma. And, in fact, not one of the apologies

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apologies so plentifully cast out in behalf of 'liberty' was urged here. Why should the rights of the 'one glass' of spirits man be less respected than those of the single-pot-of-beer citizen? Neither, in the case of a parallel question, but of minor importance,—Mr. Bass's Street Organ Prohibition Bill, as it should be called,—did we hear from Mr. Roebuck, or Mr. Packe, or Sir W. Jolliffe, or anybody else, the 'canting cry' of invasion of liberty. The press, as well as Parliament, gave it a general support. Even the *Saturday Review* talked common sense on this subject. It said:—

'The question ought to be settled in the most summary way. It lies in a nutshell. Law only exists to secure the happiness of the greatest number. Somebody must yield something. Are those who disapprove noise—and they are certainly a majority—to yield to those who like it? We have no doubt that there are people who really like hurdy-gurdies and barrel organs.

'We must make up our minds not to interfere at all with what, by a ghastly raillery, is called street music; or we must interfere effectually, and we can only interfere effectually, by total and absolute prohibition.'

This concerns the barrel organs; but what about the beer barrels? Mr. Roebuck did not say, 'I have no doubt there are poor people in London who really like hurdy-gurdies and barrel organs. They cannot afford to buy them, what right have you to hinder their gratification? If you are sincere, put down the rich man's piano; and his concerts at St. James's Hall, unless you are canting hypocrites. Mr. Bass, and Mr. Hope, and Mr. Delane, "I spit upon your pretences."'

Nobody said this; they agreed, Tory, Whig, and Radical, very much with the *Saturday Review*. Yet how much more pertinent, by how much more serious, the question becomes when directed to the drink traffic! 'Law exists only for the happiness of the nation. Somebody must yield something. Are those who disapprove of drunkenness, riot, blasphemy, beggary, lunacy, crime, and the heavy burdens which these cast upon them,—and they must certainly be a large majority before the Permissive Liquor Bill could operate,—are those, thus exposed to the wide-spread evils enumerated, to yield, not simply to those who like the drink, from which the mischief flows, but to those who merely dislike the trouble of home-brewing, or other trifling inconveniences involved in obtaining drink in other ways?'

On the 10th of March, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, the member for Carlisle, son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., and nephew of the late Sir James Graham, brought in 'The Intoxicating Liquors Bill.'

On Wednesday, 8th June, 1864, Mr. Lawson moved the second reading of the Intoxicating Liquors Bill, which was seconded

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seconded by Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester. The motion was preceded by the presentation, by various members, of an extraordinary number of petitions, bringing the total of signatures up to that time to nearly half a million. The speech of the introducer was a condensed argument, relieved by flashes of satire and dry humour, not too long, and admirably adapted, both in tone and matter, to the purpose and the House. It was an intellectual triumph, and remained, at the close of the discussion, absolutely untouched in any one of its positions. In looking over the debate, we do not observe, with one exception—that of Sir George Grey—that even any pretence was made of meeting the arguments.

And that exception reminds us of a seeming peculiarity in the intellect of Sir George, who is perpetually stumbling in his logic over false analogies; his smartest arguments being fallacies of that description. Take this example:—'The honourable member said that they prohibited the sale of immoral books, why not the sale of intoxicating liquors? His honourable friend, to be consistent, ought to propose a measure to prohibit the sale of books altogether.' Now a child might see, if not playing the lawyer, that as all books are not immoral, so all liquors are not intoxicating. Sir George, however, boldly shuffles his cards, and, amidst the plaudits of his audience, confounds the knave with the whole pack—the special with the general. Instead of concurring, formerly, in the act of legislating for the destruction of diseased meat, why did he not tell the House that, to be consistent, it should decree the destruction of all meat?

The grounds of objection embodied in the speeches that followed were fully anticipated by Mr. Lawson, but the honourable gentleman, having prepared them, went on to let them off, as if they were still quite pertinent to the occasion.

First came Captain Jervis, son-in-law of Mr. Cobbold, M.P., the Ipswich brewer. In one of the most incoherent speeches we ever perused, he moved that the bill be read that day three months. Though the 'choice' of just one hundred and fifty-six of the independent electors of Harwich, the Captain boasted that 'no man more *directly* represented the working classes than did he!' He had 'had the misfortune of spending five months, against his will' (on a business commission?) 'in the Maine Liquor Law States,' and could unfold a traveller's budget. And he certainly did so, though we do not find him adducing a single column of official or reliable statistics. Whether or no he went to see certain things, and saw them accordingly, we are prepared to affirm, from a personal knowledge of those States and their laws, that

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that he saw, or rather says he saw, what does not, and never did, exist to be seen. But before he comes to the facts, the Captain diverges to the philosophy of legislation.

'I altogether object to the principle of the bill. I cannot see that two-thirds of the ratepayers should have power to force the other third to become total abstainers. It is contrary to the whole of our constitutional system. If nine hundred and ninety-nine men drink water, I cannot see what right they have to compel me to do so.'

The case is put broadly, but not as the bill itself puts it, or as Mr. Lawson put it. The Captain, who 'cannot see' facts, can see and fight with fictions. His party were a little before pleading for 'home-brewed.' Now, the bill would clearly allow that, and even club-brewed. It has no machinery, then, for forcing men to abstain; it simply proposes to put into the hands of the ratepayers the identical power of veto on public-houses which the House has already put into the hands of the landed proprietors and the magistrates,—that is, its own class. An extension of an identical power from sixteen ratepaying justices of a locality to one hundred and sixty or one thousand and sixty ratepayers, or to a town council elected by them, does not contravene our 'constitutional system;' on the contrary, history shows that the power to do such things is the peculiar virtue of the constitution, its vice beginning where that power stops short. What else was the measure of municipal reform? How otherwise were 'close corporations' transformed into open councils?—how poor-law guardians originated?

Seriously, we commend to the members of the House, more especially to Messrs. Jervis, Scourfield, and Roebuck, the perusal of that able and timely publication, the 'Theory of Legislation,' by Jeremy Bentham, ably translated by Mr. R. Hildreth from the French of Dumont. Mr. Roebuck, in the days of a promising youth, was a disciple of Bentham, and we regret most deeply that, reversing the ordinary rule, he should have exchanged dialectic for declamation, calm philosophy in manhood for passionate invective in age. No one, however, can show more clearly than does his old master, Bentham, that the subject of intoxicants necessarily comes within the scope of both preventive and protective legislation. But, says Captain Jervis—

'I saw the futility of the operation of such a bill as this, and the total absurdity of the system. I say that, so far from the system tending to reduce intoxication, there is more of it than before the law was introduced—but it is hidden.'

If there be more drinking than ever, there must be more drink sold, and being sold in secret and with risk, it must

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necessarily fetch a much higher price. If this be so, how can we explain the extraordinary fact of the opposition of the American liquor traffickers to this system? If more drinking, then more crime, more pauperism, more taxation. How, again, can we explain the delusion of the people in so tenaciously adhering to their prohibitive policy? The publicans, in a *furor* of philanthropy, cry out for the repeal of a law which enriches them; and the educated, 'thrifty people,' on the other hand, madly adhere to a law which increases the burdens they complain of! Does the gallant member expect us to credit this? Did it never strike him that if the drinking be 'hidden,' its fruits can hardly be so? Why, then, did he not gather some police statistics to make his statements credible?

'Instead of going to the bar and getting what they want, they go down to a cellar and dwell there; and they are kept down, because the landlord knows that f they come up drunk, he will be punished.'

We never read a more striking testimony to the efficacy of the law. What a blessing if the hundreds of thousands of men and women nightly drunk in this land of ours could be made to dwell with the rogues who make them drunk, instead of being sent out amongst honest and sober people, a peripatetic pestilence and nuisance; a danger, disgrace, and burden to the community; a curse and terror to their homes. Would that every publican in Britain knew that if their customers come out or come up drunk, they would be punished as the makers of vicious, dangerous, degraded men. What a blessing to England it would be had we a law which should thus separate the sober citizen from the excited or intoxicated madman.

But the travelled Captain, like the German baron, has another version of the story, equally credible, consistent, and logical:—

'I saw this carried out in the State of Vermont; but I soon learned that the people went to the next State and got what they wanted. How does the law really act? Suppose you are travelling, and get a dinner of oysters and molasses placed before you, you find some milk and water set down before you. Your companions don't drink anything. After seeing this for some time, I applied to a friend of mine, who said he would introduce me to a friend of his. He introduced me to his friend; and he, in return for a "present of so many dollars," made "a present of so many bottles of sherry" to me.'

The people, after all, have no need to go into a cellar, or into a cupboard, much less to the next State, to drink! They have only to see 'Our Mutual Friend,' and exchange presents with him, instead of dollars and drink! The inconvenience is only nominal—but the objects aimed at, somehow, are accomplished. The drunkard no longer goes reeling, blaspheming,

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pheming, or rioting through the streets; the wife is no longer beaten and bruised; the almshouse is no longer filled; the house of correction becomes solitary, and the gaol is locked up. Such are the facts (we challenge Captain Jervis to refute them by statistics from the States); how they are to be reconciled with his curious stories, or the stories with each other, we leave the honourable gentleman to explain. We ask him, however, if for similar reasons alleged in this country concerning 'betting' and 'gaming,' that much of it is 'forced' to be private and 'hidden'—that men can be bribed by 'presents' to give the *entrée* into the London hell—or that gentlemen can bet with impunity in their clubs or houses (whether with shutters up or down)—or that the law compels a man who wishes to indulge in gaming, modestly or excessively, to travel from one county to another, or from country to town,—we ask whether this choice representative of the 'working classes' is prepared to move the repeal of the Acts of Parliament for the suppression of betting and gaming houses, and to propose that these establishments shall be licensed by law, and planted freely, like grog-shops, amidst the dwellings of the people? If not, the argument of the Captain is practically a *non sequitur* and an absurdity. But the gallant member has discovered the secret, hitherto unavowed reason for the enactment of the Maine Law!

'What was the real reason that guided the people in introducing this law? They are a very hard-working thrifty people, but not a very hospitable people. You may live a precious long time in Connecticut or Massachusetts, before you are asked out to dinner—(laughter)—and very often their excuse is, that they have nothing to give you but water.'

Why an 'excuse?' People knowing the gallant Captain's proclivities—and that rich and varied foods and natural beverage, or even tea and coffee—were 'nothing' in his sight, without the beer, brandy, or burgundy—could hardly be expected to invite him to an unsatisfactory feast; and we think no gentleman had a right to expect that people would violate their moral principles and social usages to please the son-in-law, or the agent, of an Ipswich brewer. We have visited the States named, and, known to be a water-drinker, were frequently invited to tables loaded with rich and relishing viands. We have the honour to know the author of the Maine Law—General Neal Dow—and can testify that he is a liberal and hospitable gentleman, who would bear comparison with any bibulous captain in the British army whatever—though far too enlightened and moral to introduce at his table what he believes to be the bane of moral and civilized existence.

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'But in case you do go out, you look with a curious feeling at a jug of water. Then they tell you to go to a cupboard, where you will get every delicacy of the season—brandy, and spirits of every kind. ("Oh," and "hear!") You have to mix it in there, drink it by yourself, and never take it out of the cupboard. I am not exaggerating in anything I have stated (!) You will often find that people, in their own houses, have the shutters down before they put the wine on the table, in case that somebody should report them.'

We do not recognize, in this description, the parsimoniousness previously hinted at. Nor do we see the necessity for that solitary 'cupboard,' in a room with the blinds and shutters down. Neither can we divine the reason why people should put 'wine' on the table, but confine brandy most sacredly to the cupboard? The Captain may say, 'Lest somebody should report them!' But report to whom? Is it only to the moral ear of society? Then, what has that to do with the Maine Law? Is it to the police? That will be the general impression and natural construction, no doubt. But in that case the gallant member was deceiving the House—and none the less on the supposition that some Yankee wag had hoaxed him previously. This is the second palpable, unhistoric statement of his speech. He began by talking of 'such a bill as this.' There is no such bill, or any act like that bill, in America. The Maine Law is a State act, operating at once upon the people of every locality, not a permissive act for the people of a locality to work at their own will. Lastly, we observe, there is no more any law in America, to prevent either poor or rich from drinking intoxicants at their own table, or elsewhere, than there is in England. The law affects the sale, and the sale only; and the Captain has himself shown that that is very different from 'forcing' people to abstain.

Next rose Mr. Bright, the member for Birmingham, who missed a splendid opportunity of adding lustre to his name, and aiding a cause wherein he first learned to be eloquent. He admitted that the question could not be treated as that of a few enthusiasts; drunkenness *was* a great evil; but education was the true remedy. The present licensing system, he allowed, was not satisfactory to the country; but Mr. Lawson's proposal was, to some extent, a revolutionary measure. The representative system did not imply the vote of thousands on each particular question; it meant that men selected from these should have confided to them the discussion and enactment of whatsoever measures might please them. He objected altogether to disposing of the interests of a great many families and a large amount of property, by vote of two-thirds of the ratepayers. He feared lest there might be, and he thought there probably would be, violent,

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violent, sudden, capricious, and unjust action upon the bill, which would have a very unfortunate effect upon the interests of those immediately concerned, might create violent discussions, and might even produce a pernicious reaction against the very honest and good object which Mr. Lawson had in view.

The country, after this, will see that it had been labouring under needless alarm in supposing that Mr. Bright is a friend of revolutionary 'democracy' (at home), or even a 'Radical Reformer,' who would give the people the power to protect themselves from a vicious system, which he cannot defend. All must be done through a 'representative,'—that is the end, and the people exist for the sole and natural purpose of 'electing' representatives? Our notions are different altogether; we think that a direct vote of the people of Birmingham, on a question so simple as the veto of the liquor traffic with the fruits whereof they are so familiar, is far more likely to be right than a direct vote for a member to represent them in matters of manifold interest and vast complexity. But is it not an astounding circumstance that Mr. Bright should forget that the present system is not 'representative,' in his use and sense of that word? And because it is not, he suggests that it be made so through town councils—the worst form of representation on which he could have fixed for licensing purposes. Mr. Bright's, then, after all, was the revolutionary proposal, since Mr. Lawson's would simply extend an existing absolute veto to a larger number of persons. Mr. Bright said:—

'There might be, and I think there would be, in all probability, violent, sudden, capricious, and unjust action upon the bill, which would have an unfortunate effect, of course, upon the interests of those immediately concerned; and I think might also create throughout the country violent discussions on the question, and I am afraid might even produce a great pernicious reaction against the very honest and good objects which my hon. friend proposes to carry out.'

This seems singular language to fall from the lips of the great anti-corn law agitator! and from one who has so often excited 'violent discussion' himself. Was 'liberty' ever won except by a sheer tempest of debate? Does not the very contest strengthen the champions of truth and humanity? Can the atmosphere be cleared, or kept clear, without the agency of storms? Mr. Buxton has rightly said that this question is but one aspect of the war between heaven and hell: shall heaven recede before the bugbear of 'discussion' and 'reaction,' raised by the rhetorical wand of the member for Birmingham?

Mr. Bright said he thought

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'A great injustice might be done to the property of persons having existing public-houses, if a popular vote was allowed suddenly to close those houses; and he would object, on the same ground, to any instant change being made by the municipalities.'

But how is it that Mr. Bright—a quondam temperance advocate, and who assumes to give special advice to that class of teachers—how is it that he, who of all men in the House ought best to know the tremendous moral and social evils connected with the traffic—so coolly and complacently champions the continuance of this unholy system on the low ground of property? What are millions sterling weighed against the interests of millions of sterling men? What is the 'money' of a privileged class in comparison with the 'morals' of a nation? Far better, if Mr. Bright, like Fowell Buxton, had sanctified his oratorical gifts to expose to just indignation a system so full of misery and uncleanness, and left the 'money' question, if it needs must, to be treated as a matter of 'compensation.'

Mr. Bright concedes a vast improvement in the habits of society—but, of course, this is owing to 'education' in the general, not at all to the mistaken and illogical education of the teetotallers!

With regard to Mr. Bright's proposal to allow the municipal bodies to determine the question, we can for once endorse the opinion of Mr. Roebuck, and support it by facts. He said, in reply:—

'The consequence of giving the power to the municipalities would be a constant system of debate and division in every borough. At present, the power is in the hands of gentlemen selected by the Crown, who by their position are above those influences to which the municipal bodies are open. That is an argument which I think deserves attention.'

So do we. We give below, in the words of Mr. Jeffery, J.P., an illustration that even magistrates are not always above those influences.*

* A striking case is just reported, in regard to the late Brewster Sessions at Liverpool, on the occasion of a license being demanded for a house close to the entrance of St. Thomas's Church:—'Mr Jeffery said the bench had for several years laid it down as a rule that no license should be granted within a certain distance of a place of worship. The first instance in which a deviation from the rule took place was that of an applicant named Horne, who had sought a license for a house in one of the Toxteth wards. The application stood at the end of the list, and it had suited the convenience of some of the magistrates, for reasons best known to themselves, to remain and violate the rule previously agreed upon. He felt that the bench was, by that vote, humiliated, and placed in a false position before the public; and from that day he had resolved that, so far as he was concerned, the law should be administered in its naked deformity, so that legislation might be more speedily brought about to remove this matter from the capricious judgment of the bench. He hoped the present case would be one spoke in the wheel of condemnation of the present state of the law; and that Parliament might be induced, as soon as possible after the next election, to take up the subject, and relieve the magistrates from the difficulty which attended their dealing with such applications. (Applause.)'—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

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They are always liable to be earwigged, or otherwise perverted in their judgment, by interested officials, friends, and neighbours. But town councils are far worse. Their members are elected in reference to many interests and qualifications, of which the traffic can only be one. A large number of the nominees of the tap and the brewery always contrive to get in; a large number also of persons owning public-house property, and even publicans themselves. In March, 1862, the *Leeds Mercury* published a letter from its late chief constable (addressed to a town councillor who was elected on the Alliance issue), from which the following is an extract:—

'There would be far less vice, immorality, and drunkenness in Leeds if the watch committee gave their full support and assistance to the chief constable in purging those sinks of iniquity and nurseries of crime that have been for many years a foul stain and a heavy tax on the borough. Witness what has been accomplished in Lands Lane, Lady Lane, and other places, by a little firmness and resolution, even in opposition to several members of the watch committee.

'Shortly after I was appointed at Leeds, a member of the watch committee called upon me with a list, in writing, of four public-houses, which were his property, and promised that, if I laid no complaint against them, himself and friends would support me in committee. He gave a similar list to the inspector next in command. These four were among the very worst conducted houses in the town.

'Now, if, instead of this, the sources of crime were fearlessly grappled with, what blessings would result? The law is clear, distinct, and stringent enough against publicans permitting drunkenness or disorderly conduct in their houses, and it inflicts heavy penalties for every infringement; but the law is set at defiance in Leeds daily, hourly, openly, and unblushingly, because, whoever, as chief constable, endeavoured to enforce it without the firm support of the watch committee would be sacrificed in the attempt, not by direct means, but by destroying his influence, thwarting his best intentions, misjudging his conduct, suspecting his motives, and rendering his life miserable. Look at the public-house influence, and you cannot be surprised at this. Remember the feeling that was aroused against your election to the town council, when the probability of the admission of one voice which might be raised against their unholy traffic excited such determined opposition.'

If we take a Scottish town, where they have the power, we shall find the council scheme a failure. The Rev. Mr. Nixon, of Montrose, says:—

'With regard to town councils, he would say this, that they could not get these bodies to demolish the public-houses that were demoralizing the creatures whom they (ministers) were trying by education to reclaim. They licensed scores of these sources of ruin to the community; they could not be got to demolish one of these houses; and yet they were asked to expect these bodies to set themselves, with self-denying zeal, to provide means for the reclamation of the people who were corrupted by what it was in the power of these bodies to put down.'—(Speech in Commission of Free Assembly, *Scotsman*, May 2, 1862.)

And these are the bodies to whom the advocates of the plutocracy would assign the protection of the people from an immoral, degrading, and pauperizing traffic! If 'the system is unsatisfactory' when worked by what Lord Bacon calls 'the distracted

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distracted government of justices,'* what a wretched mockery of protection it must be when entrusted to the 'tender mercies' of such corrupt and ignorant bodies as these 'councils' often are; where 'good dinners' and 'good wine' will induce them to elect a drink-vendor as chief magistrate again and again!

Mr. Bright does not deny the desirableness of doing something; otherwise we might adduce many reasons for doubting that education would ever succeed in destroying intemperance while the traffic is allowed to spread its snares amongst the people. The United States had an unparalleled machinery of education thirty years ago, and was nevertheless perhaps the most drunken of nations. The most ignorant provinces of France and of Ireland are at the same time the most sober; and 'The Condensed Argument' of the Alliance gives statistics showing that the most educated and religiously instructed counties of England are also the most pauperized and criminal.

It will not be possible within the compass of this article further to examine the speeches of honourable members in the debate on Mr. Lawson's bill. Mr. J. A. Roebuck, Mr. Wykeham Martin, and Mr. Scourfield, were followed by Sir George Grey, from whose speech we quote the following interesting passage:—

'Parliament would not be wise in discouraging all legitimate means of preventing and checking drunkenness. The law was not enforced as it ought to be by those in whom its administration was vested. Great complaints were made that no effective supervision was exercised over beerhouses, and he was, therefore, anxious to explain the provisions of the law. If a keeper of a beershop were convicted for the third time of permitting drunkenness and disorderly conduct in his house, he might be disqualified from selling beer during the space of two years. It might be said that this was not a severe punishment, because the beershop keeper would put a son or a friend in possession to carry on the business for him. The law, however, not only visited him with a personal disqualification, but declared that the house might be closed for the sale of beer. In the metropolitan districts, in 1861, there were no less than 44 beerhouse keepers convicted of a third offence. In the first five months of 1862 there were 15, and in 1863 there was not one case in which the license was withdrawn and the house closed. It was not generally known, he believed, that this power existed, and there was nothing more rare than closing a beerhouse for two years.'

After Sir George Grey, speeches from Mr. Humberstone, Mr. C. Buxton, Mr. Forster, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pease, and Mr. Vincent Scully followed. Our readers are, of course, well acquainted with the result of the division.

On the 25th July was passed the bill now entitled the 'Public-Houses Closing Act, 1864.' It had originated partly in the necessity of dealing with the nightly disorders and

* Advice to the King touching Mr. Sutton's estate (the founder of the Charterhouse).

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immoralities of the Haymarket section of the traffickers; and involved a minute instalment of prohibition—viz.: the total closing of the drink-houses from one o'clock in the morning up to four a.m. Here, at any rate, Sir George Grey adopted a right principle, so far as it went. We do not observe, however, that the members who, in the previous debates, had most 'canted' about 'the rights of the poor man,' objected to the passing of a bill which, undoubtedly, put several exceptional classes engaged in night work to considerable 'inconvenience.' Did they look at the general, and greatly countervailing good that would result, and leave the 'inconvenience' to rectify itself? We do not condemn them for their reticence; but (to borrow Mr. Roebuck's phrase) we lament the apparent 'hypocrisy' of their loud and angry outcries against the more complete and consistent closing bills, which, if passed, would have realized an immeasurably greater sum of good.

This act, whilst imperative upon the metropolis, is permissive with regard to the provincial towns. The permissive feature, introduced under the auspices of the Ministry, was retained in spite of very strenuous objections made at the instance of a section of the publicans. The latter, indeed, would have preferred an imperative law, operative everywhere at once, rather than leave its adoption to the will of the municipal authorities. The motive of the publicans was palpable. They dreaded the thin end of the wedge. The great Permissive Bill wedge of the Alliance was feared; and in this 'Public-Houses Closing Act' they actually saw the thin—the very thin—end of the terrible wedge. If the closing of public-houses in the dead-of-night might be referred to the people, whether representatively or otherwise, who could tell what further question connected with that traffic might not eventually come before the same tribunal?

The Conservative *Standard* calls this 'the most useful measure of the session. And what, we should like to know from the opponents of the innovation, who have talked so loudly about the liberty of the subject, and the cant of enforced sobriety, is the hardship inflicted? A few detestable traders in vice and fraud may have their fortunes damaged; a certain number of plethoric incomes derived from atrocious panderings to the folly of the young may be diminished; but these are positive benefits to society at large.' This argument of the *Standard* would cover much wider ground than at present it would dare to advocate. That the new act is working with excellent results, is unanimously confessed by the London daily journalists, not excluding the *Times*.

The new act applies permissively in the provinces to corporate

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porate boroughs and Districts of Improvement Commissioners. By a corporate borough is understood any place that is subject to the Municipal Corporations Reform Act of 1835; and by a District of Improvement Commissioners, any place within the jurisdiction of an Improvement Board as defined in the Local Government Act of 1858. The act bears upon two classes of dealers—upon licensed victuallers (including vintners), and upon refreshment-house keepers. The application of the act in the provinces depends upon the fiat of a corporation, or of an Improvement Board. These bodies must be set in motion, however, by requisitions of ratepayers. Any twenty ratepayers or owners may sign their names to a paper requesting the mayor, or the chairman of the Improvement Board, to convene a special meeting of the town council or of the board. With the prayer of such a requisition the mayor or chairman is bound to comply, and to give not less than a month's notice of the special meeting which he convenes. The act can only be adopted by a majority of not less than two-thirds of the members of the board or council present at the special meeting. Several towns are already moving in the matter.

In concluding this record and review of the session in its relations to temperance, we may congratulate the United Kingdom Alliance upon the ground that has been travelled, and the foundation for future work which has been laid. The gain of the agitation has been vast, the progress of opinion unparalleled. The vote upon the Permissive Bill, in this its first discussion in Parliament, represents 3,000,000 of population, though 319 members did not vote at all. Here is ample room for fresh converts if only the right methods of influence be adopted by the constituencies. The debate has given world-wide diffusion to correct information, and exalted the movement to the dignity of a parliamentary topic. It has revealed the argumentative nakedness of the opposition, and made them confess to being in a dead-lock. It has registered the admission of the extreme and growing popularity of the permissive plan of dealing with the liquor traffic. It has extorted not only an admission that the present system is bad, that something must be done, but it has originated a proposal kindred in principle, and been followed by a law which embodies the germs of the measure itself. These are cheering auguries of future and final triumph.

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Art. V.—BLUEBEARD'S CLOSET.

WHAT sort of a house was Bluebeard's, I wonder? Was it anything like mine? Had it a stone porch, bay windows, and Venetian blinds? Were the rooms snugly lined with Brussels carpets, and furnished with mahogany and oak and walnut, sofas and couches, and sideboards and easy chairs, with engravings and pictures upon the walls in gilt frames, and mirrors over the chimney pieces, reflecting the sky and the garden from the opposite window, and this hazy, pale English sky, just now so cloudless, and those beds of geraniums and calceolarias, standing like islands of beauty amid an ocean of green lawn? Was Bluebeard's wife anything like myself, and was the key of the mysterious closet anything like the keys I carry on my ring, or was it larger, like the key of our dining-room closet, I will say?

To my childish imagination, that abode of Bluebeard's was a very different-looking place to this of mine. Always it rose before me as a great marble palace, containing an almost endless series of rooms, full of ivory and marble, silver and gold, gauze and glitter, with richest treasures of art and nature embedded in their vast interiors, rooms of luxury and pride, while in the store-chambers were caskets of precious stones, boxes of rarest perfumes, chests of glossiest silks and softest wools woven into the loveliest patterns for the adornment of Fatima and sister Annie (by the way, how came Fatima's sister to have so English a name?) and their numerous hand-maidens; a huge chest of rings alone, for the ornamentation of Bluebeard's fingers; ditto for his wife, but smaller; ditto, but still smaller, for sister Annie;—a room for embroidered slippers, another for amber-mouthed pipes, another for scarfs, another for turbans, another for Cashmere shawls, one for heaps on heaps of gold and silver coins; one terrible room full of Damascus blades, and scimitars, and daggers, arranged in pyramids and towers on the floor, and in stars and diamonds and crosses upon the walls, Bluebeard's own especial store-room of destructives; and, behind all these and hundreds more, in the darkest, most solitary corner of the whole palace, the door of the little closet!

Poor Fatima! How often in my childhood have I pitied her, how often have I acted over in imagination the memorable scene between her and her infuriated husband, when the key of the unlucky closet was not forthcoming, and, when after many tears and prayers on her part, he stormed it forth from the feeble fortress of her trembling hand, with that awful tell-tale blood-stain upon its polished wards? And not only in imagination

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imagination have I enacted this scene, for a favourite game in my childhood's home was this tragedy of Bluebeard. On many a winter's evening, when our parents were away, how quickly have we five children, two sisters and three brothers, transformed our usual living room, the old-fashioned, unpoetical back-parlour, into a region of enchantment. With the round oak table of the kitchen dragged in to represent the celebrated tower from whose height sister Annie was to look out for the much-desired advent of the two delivering brothers; with a low chair for the steps to the same, two walking-sticks for the brothers' horses, the large kitchen carving knife for Bluebeard's sword, a few cloaks and hats, and two or three white handkerchiefs to serve as veils and turbans, we were all but completely fitted out, and could play our play in due splendour, and with thrilling effect. We had no audience, unless at rare times, when we might have coaxed the one servant of the household into the parlour to act as such, and to stare and admire. But the lack of patronage did not distress us. Generally we were both actors and audience, most deeply interested and delighted and horrified; seers and hearers, speakers and doers at once, and I am not sure but that our satisfaction was the greater on this account. But the closet? Where was that? Ah, I remember! We had only fully to open the parlour door that was sufficiently near the wall to form in this way a square recess, quite suggestive and mysterious enough, and a tablecloth pinned across was a door at once, only capable of being opened with the strange, awful key that Bluebeard (my elder brother) carried so prominently at his waist till the eventful period when he delivered it to me, his faithless, too curious Fatima. How well I remember the delightful savagery with which he clutched my hair, when I refused to give up the fatal key, and the joyful riding in of the two brothers on their bamboo horses, the fleetest of the fleet, to my rescue! We children enjoyed this touch of terror, beneath which lay the smile of conscious safety, this make-believe of horror, and were at once ready to laugh at our imagined frights and miseries the moment they were over.

And this tale of Bluebeard was decidedly one formed to take our sympathies, to give to us that slight sense of fear, that so deliciously flavours the uneventful, insipid lives of children who are confined most of the day between four walls, those thick, ugly walls that hide from us so much of the stirring, delightful outer world. That wooden table, that carving knife, those cloaks and hats, our every-day gear, put on fantastically as became the play,—those headless, legless horses, that usually most uninteresting parlour corner, became to us, when united to

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to this wonderful legend, things both beautiful and heroic and grand; and with them we were changed, also, into fierce Turks, accomplished princesses, and valiant death-dealing horsemen.

But what years ago was that! And what changes have fallen upon us and our stage properties! Cloaks and hats and veils and swords are all gone away into that vast dusthole of nature that must surely exist somewhere, or are changed into other forms, unrecognizable for ever by us. In extreme old age, the oak table may, perhaps, be doing duty in some humble home or other, or be helping in a feeble, octogenarian way other children to do something more than dream out their childish legends and fairy tales. The closet, however, is really gone, for the house in which we were born, and where we so often played our play, is pulled down, rooted up, and carted away as rubbish, who knows where? And for the actors, what rooting up and carting away have they not had!

To Bluebeard, my elder brother, has befallen the longest journey. On the far south-eastern coast of Africa he finds lions, serpents, and scorpions, calling more loudly for extinction than disobedient wives. Sister Annie, with six children, has other cares and anxieties than to know if the two brothers are coming; the two deliverers have had many flittings to and fro, and one since those early days has ridden many a mile through the unploughed lands of ignorance and sin to save captive women from a worse foe than the old wife-killer—the foe intemperance. And Fatima, too, has had her experiences. What woman of forty has not? But, thank God, the husband she has at length found is no Bluebeard, and has not one closet in his whole house with whose mysteries she is not acquainted.

So far I had written yesterday. To-day, if my uncle is to be believed, I must rewrite the last sentence. With him has come a shadow over my pleasant home. I am unhappy and not a little bewildered. Is it, or is it not true that in these well-lighted, beautifully furnished rooms, a sad tragedy has gone on for years? that beside this hearth, to which I so lately came as a bride, a suicide has sat? that from the closet in the next room, whose every cranny and corner I know, have proceeded shame and misery and death to one who formerly called my husband hers?

Let me tell how it was my uncle came to speak thus. Yesterday a carriage drove leisurely up the gravel path towards the front of the house. I was at my favourite seat near the drawing-room window; so, holding back the lace curtain that I might see more clearly, I beheld a well-known figure, habited in a brown coat and broad-brimmed white hat, step out of the carriage

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carriage, and mount the steps of the portico. It was my uncle's figure, thin and compact and alert, and at once I knew it, and went to meet it. I did not run or smile or feel eager in any way, for there is a something about my uncle that represses any outburst of enthusiasm, and in the sharp glance of his bright eyes is at times a sarcastic gleam, anything but encouraging to female impetuosity. When we meet we shake hands quietly; smile sedately, if we smile at all; and though we may not have seen each other for months, express no more solicitude or pleasure at the meeting than if we had but parted for a few hours. I had not seen him since my marriage, as he was abroad when that event took place, and for some reason or other he had given me to understand that it had been especially displeasing to him. But old bachelor uncles must not expect to be listened to always, when they prognosticate woe and trouble from a state of life they have never experienced, and therefore are quite unable to judge about. My uncle had ever an absurd dislike and dread of first marriages; second ones are to him still more terrible, and it was, of course, no surprise to me to receive from him in a letter, when I married Archibald Grant, Esquire, some rather hard words about foolish women of forty who are ready to marry anybody. Have I made it plain why I did not walk very quickly over the Minton tiles of the hall to greet him? and why I glanced a little nervously at the great hall clock, wondering how long it would be before Archibald returned from the works, hoping most fervently that I might get over the first encounter by myself, lest my husband should be too shocked at his new wife's strange relation? I expected a rough north-easter; I obtained a gentle westerly gale, that just lifted my sails, and carried me into the current of calm conversation. My uncle was at first bland and quiet, kissed my cheek, talked a little, rather seriously, but kindly, on my new dignity of wife and mistress, looked round observantly but good-naturedly upon the furniture and appointments of my new home, praised the appearance of the garden, seated himself in one of the most comfortable of the drawing-room chairs, and, till the lunch that I had ordered for him was ready in the dining-room, listened to my tale about Archibald and my father, my courtship and my wedding tour, with anything but a severe face. Once or twice I thought him looking melancholy, and asked if he were well, but, finding that he was so, thought no more about it. Lunch ready, we repaired to the dining-room, and, true to his old habits, he was silent during the meal. Afterwards he amused himself with looking round at the pictures upon the walls. Several of them were family portraits, and were not particularly

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cularly beautiful either as pictures or likenesses. These, after I had told him the names belonging to each, he passed by quickly; but one—of a young lady in a white muslin dress, with long fair hair, lovely blue eyes, and most delicate complexion—attracted a more lengthened attention. 'And who was that?' he asked.

'My predecessor, the first Mrs. Grant,' was my ready reply, 'and,' in a joke, 'don't you think me very like her?'

My uncle did not answer my question, so I went on. 'She was very beautiful, I have been told, and indeed she must have been so, if she was at all like that picture. I asked Archibald the other day how he could choose so plain a face as mine after having called one like that his own? But he did not make me much reply, and indeed he never does when I speak of Adeline. Hadn't she a romantic name? It is very provoking, too, for as I knew absolutely nothing of her before I was married, I am naturally curious about her. Archibald's mother is just as mysterious, and all the information I could get from her was, that that white muslin was poor Adeline's wedding dress, and that the picture was taken directly after she was married. And now, my dear uncle, you know all I know about Mrs. Grant the first.'

A strange expression flitted across my uncle's dark eyes as I spoke thus lightly. He turned upon me one of his reproving looks. 'And you ventured to marry a man about whose antecedents you knew so little? You knew he had had a former wife, but what she was, or how she lived and died, you knew nothing. O, the strange foolhardiness of women! They will leap into marriage without a serious thought,—into marriage, that most solemn and binding engagement of life, that places them, in the eyes of this nineteenth century English law, almost in the position of slaves to the husbands of their choice. Their choice, forsooth! They will let their friends choose for them, nay, they will marry without any choice in the matter. I have known such. And you, a woman in mature life, to be as silly as the rest! I am ashamed of you.' Here was the north-easter at last. A cold, cutting, neuralgic blast. But at once I drew up my hood, a hood I have learned to use at such times—the knowledge that all was intended solely for my good—and the north-easter was tempered to me. I ventured to say, 'You are mistaken, uncle, I have not married without thought. My husband is perfectly honourable, and of good family; my father thinks well of him; his position in the world is unexceptionable; and'—

'Certainly, certainly,' interrupted he, with that well-known sarcastical

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sarcastical glance full upon me; 'all is as it should be, no doubt. We have broken through no conventionalities, we have done everything most properly, that is what you would say. We have a well-furnished house, and a carriage at command; we are received into good circles; society finds no fault; and, therefore, the prudence of good morals ought not. But take this to heart, young lady, your old uncle says you have committed a great mistake. Do you know what your husband is? Do you know that his last wife's blood stains the floor of this well-carpeted house? Do you know that in that very closet,' and he pointed to the only one in the room, 'the history and mystery of that poor woman's end lies? Years ago you have talked to me of your childish games of Bluebeard; I tell you, now, you are dwelling in Bluebeard's house, and that is his closet.'

My uncle's eyes shot fire, the veins in his forehead swelled, as they always do when he is excited, but I knew his temperament, and though struck at his allusion to what had been in my thoughts that morning, and inclined to be a little alarmed, I took off a liberal discount from the meaning of his words, and the remainder was not so formidable.

He still continued pointing to the innocent-looking closet, that I well knew contained little beside a few bottles of wine and spirits, and a pint or two of whisky, my husband's favourite drink. I asked, 'What do you mean, uncle? I cannot understand you. Mr. Grant is no Bluebeard, and no murder has ever been committed in this house. And, as for that closet, I have the key of it myself, and know every corner of it.'

'So much the worse, so much the worse. Will you be for ever a child? If you have the key, as you say, open it, and show me if it does not contain what I say.'

I obeyed him. There stood the quiet bottles, a very common-looking, every-day sort of sight, and nothing else was to be seen but the shelves that held them, and a corkscrew depending from a nail. My eyes glanced downwards to the floor, and on it was certainly a broad red stain, but I knew its cause too well to be alarmed at it. I hastened to explain.

'If any one has told you a foolish tale about that red mark, uncle, I can only say that they have spoken untruly. Archibald told me all about it; he had the misfortune to break a bottle one day, and the port wine flew about, and fell upon the floor; Susan has not managed to scrub it away, that's all.'

'Pooh,' replied my uncle, shortly. 'Do you think I am speaking of a matter of wine-stains? It is blood-stains I see, not that sort of thing.' And he put his foot contemptuously upon

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upon it. 'Has it never struck you, Henrietta, why I never take wine or ale or spirits? Why such a closet as this is not to be seen in my house? You have been over it often enough to know that it is so.'

'Because you are a teetotaller,' I stammered, 'and'—

'You are so odd and absurd in so many other ways, that it is no wonder you are odd in that. Is not that what you wished to say? I daresay it is. I have no doubt it is. I know what you fine, well brought up young ladies think. A little wine is so nice, so perfectly proper, too, that only the bears and bores of society refuse it, and talk against it. But have you no serious moments? Do you never look around you with open eyes? Have you never thought on all the evils and misery wine-drinking brings even in circles like your own? How it dulls the eyes, and reddens the nose, and enlarges the waist, and turns a lady, that should be the quintessence of all that is graceful and beautiful and good, into a coarse, ill-mannered sloven and vixen, an embodiment of vice, without modesty and shame?'

'But,' I pleaded, 'you see things so strongly. Those are only the exceptions. Hundreds and thousands take wine without the least harm.'

'That I do not admit,' was his reply. 'But, supposing it were so, how many hundreds and thousands perish, in longer or shorter periods, through its seduction, and by one of the most terrible of deaths, the double death, soul and body perishing at once? And do you call hundreds and thousands exceptions? If so, they are exceptions that do anything but prove the rule.'

His words were certainly very strong and decided. His lance had no mercy in it. But I was in some degree thrust-proof, for I had years ago been supplied, by my father's aid, and that of many friends and acquaintance, with a tolerable armour of unbelief, and a spirit of opposition to whatever my strange, unworldly uncle Edward might say or insist upon. As to the blood and the murder and the Bluebeard closet, I understood him now. They were but some of his usual exaggerations. When my uncle paints a picture he uses no middle tints, it is all bright lights and the heaviest of heavy shadows with him—an intense lightning-and-thunder sort of chiaro obscuro. One can but shrug one's shoulders internally and pass on. I suppose he saw some of the outward tokens of this internal shoulder-lifting; at all events, he suspected it. He turned away from the closet, with a grieved air that, I will confess, cut me to the heart, for I would not willingly annoy him.

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In a repenting mood, I took him by the hand. 'You wish me well, dear uncle, I know, and, though we may have differences of opinion, we can always understand each other. I will ever love you and respect your opinion, as yours, though I may not be able to make it my own.'

'I do not wish you to respect an opinion only because it is mine,' was his answer, in a milder voice. 'I would much rather you would respect it, for the truth that is in it. My words or my opinions are of no moment unless truth dictates them. And when I tell you that those bottles contain the seven devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene, and that from that closet has proceeded suicide and murder, I tell you a simple unexaggerated truth, though you do not believe me. You say you did not know Adeline Grant, your husband's first wife; I did, both before her marriage and since, and have now in my possession some words she wrote down that it will be well for you to read. Your husband, too, was not unknown to me in his younger days, though I daresay he has forgotten me, and when I give you this record of a past life, once so dear to him, it is from the best of motives, both for your and his welfare. Will you promise me to read it?'

I promised; and he took from his pocket and gave to me a small roll of paper, containing a manuscript of not the cleanest description. As I opened it, I read on the outside, 'If Archibald marries again, let his second wife see this.—A. G.'

With trembling fingers I held the roll, a sudden fear possessed me, for it seemed to me that my fate was contained in it, and a certain unwillingness to peruse it took possession of me. I was happy now, why should I disturb my happiness by reading of past miseries? Archibald seemed to me the personification of a good husband, why should I needlessly remove the mask, if mask there were? And, besides, what terrible secret might not these ill-written lines contain?

My uncle saw my hesitation and divined its cause. 'Do not be afraid,' he said, encouragingly; 'though I have called Archibald Grant a Bluebeard, he has been one very unintentionally, and there is nothing in that paper that will make your husband less dear to you. Though I have been hard in my speech to you, and of you, I think you love him; and, when a woman loves, there are no faults and follies she will not forgive. Go, take it with you to your chamber, and read it when I am gone, alone, and at your leisure.'

I have done as he said, and now the manuscript lies before me, its contents all revealed to me. I transcribe it here.

'10th of June, 18—. Ten years ago to-day was my wedding-day

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ding-day. I was then twenty; I am now only thirty, yet the doctor tells me I must die, and I have seen trouble enough in this world to say, "Let me die, then, it is better so." And yet the hereafter! what will that be? Were it not for that awful hereafter, how gladly would I die.

'Ten years ago I was young and healthy and beautiful. Now, I am old, yes, old at thirty, and worn out—the prey of a disease that must soon be fatal; and, as for beauty, let any one look at me now, and say what beauty there is remaining about this pinched, sallow face, these sunken eyes, this drawn mouth? Only the grave-worm would think me beautiful.

'We were very happy the first year or two of our marriage; Archibald was kind and indulgent, too indulgent; all I did, and all I said, was right in his eyes and perfectly good; and long, long after I had ceased to be a sober, virtuous wife, he shut his eyes to my faults and sins, and would not believe in them. He honoured me as his true wife long after the real crown of honour had fallen from my head low down beneath my feet, and though he guarded me not from my besetting sin, nay, even ignorantly led me into it, I have nothing but words of love to bestow upon him.

'We kept much company, for my husband was inclined to hospitality, and I was fond of society. Indulged and flattered and admired, I thought of little but my own pleasure; and, when seated as hostess at a plentiful table, did not deny myself any luxury, either of meats or drinks. I had no desire to be abstemious, why should I? The taste of wine was pleasant to me, for at my father's house I had been brought up to like it, and with the rest of the family had partaken of it daily. There could be no harm in it, therefore, for my father was a member of a Christian church, of regular habits, and would not have suffered his children to use what he considered injurious or tending to bad morals. With his example and my mother's before me, for at the paternal home no one believed in or practised abstinence, I thought I was but pursuing the good old track of safety and honour long after I had passed the boundary line of temperance. I had no misgivings, but went on in my ignorance with a little more, and a very little more each day of the dangerous stimulant, till my husband one day laughingly drew my attention to the quantity I had taken at dinner. Blushing with mingled shame and anger, I referred to his own liberal draughts of whisky, and asked him if he grudged me a paltry glass or two of wine.

'"No, my dear, neither a glass or two nor a bottle or two, if

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if you like; you shall never say I am stingy; besides, it makes you so charmingly rosy. Here's to your health, my love." And he drank off the remainder of his tumbler of spirits with a smile on his lips. How easily he might have controlled me then; why did he not? He must have known the danger more than I did at that time, yet he put no arm out to save me, he even encouraged me to my ruin. But why do I blame him? He was walking the same dangerous path himself, and no doubt thought I should have the same power to keep clear of the precipice that he had so far always managed to preserve.

'In awhile, business called him to be much away from home, and he was generally absent the greater part of the day. This naturally brought less society of other kinds to the house. Indolent by nature, and accustomed to be amused and flattered, I needed some excitement to pass the weary hours, and found it in the gentle exhilaration of intoxicating drinks. When time lay heavy on my hands, I soon discovered I could make it lighter by mixing it with wine. The leaden moments lost their character and took wings when married to alcohol. And now, a closet that was in the dining room, and whose key was in my possession, and where my husband kept a little store of wine and spirits (he was his own butler, and liked to have the bottles ready at hand), became a snare to me. I could go to this closet quietly and take there a glass or two of wine or spirits without being seen by prying eyes, and, locking the door, could then go away with no tell-tale scent let abroad in dining or drawing-room for Juliette, the parlour-maid, to discover.

'When my husband returned home in the evening, he always found me cheerful and merry, with cheeks flushed just a little, and eyes twinkling bright as diamonds, to use his own expression, and he did not suspect the dangerous ally I had called in to aid me in passing away the tedious hours of his absence. So I was encouraged to go on. My mother was the first to perceive the strong hold the love of intoxicating drinks was getting upon me, and, with careful, motherly love, pointed out to me my danger, and besought me to greater temperance. I promised her, with some tears of shame, to refrain from excess for the future, but her own example of two glasses a day overcame the transitory effect of her precepts, for when with her I had taken a little, I knew not how to restrain the morbid craving that litttle aroused in me for more, and no sooner was she gone than my feet hastened almost mechanically to the too convenient closet. There I drowned my sense of shame, and the memory of her fears

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fears and admonitions, very speedily and effectually in so small a vessel as a wine glass.

'If my husband had but kept the key of the closet himself, all the misery that ensued might have been prevented. Or, much better still, if he had had no such closet; and wine and brandy and spirits had been exiled from the house for evermore,—ah, how different might all have been! Once or twice I have been inclined to give up to him the fatal key, tell him of my temptation, and beg him to remove me far away from the fearful snare; but my courage always failed, or rather, my evil appetite was become too powerful for my conscience to control. And so the days went on, and, as on a fast flowing river, I was borne swiftly and surely to destruction.

'In awhile a constant craving sickness pursued me. Too well I knew its cause. Low spirits, hysterics, nervousness, these were the names it went by, but the true name was drink-fever, that consumed the vital energies, while deceitfully it appeared to feed their flame, and kept me ever swinging backwards and forwards between the opposite poles of undue excitement, and extreme prostration. Why do I write all this down? It is intense misery to me to go over again the memory of my downfall, and in some sort I do it as a penance. Much more, however, is it in the hope that by so doing the remaining oil of my life-lamp may show to others, if never so feebly, the dark and slimy steps by which I slipped down to bodily death and spiritual loss, and so they may be warned in time. We had still occasional visitors at our house, though my husband's business engagements, and my own ill-health, and growing indifference to fresh faces, made it a much quieter place than in former years. Among the rest was a neighbour, Colonel Baynes. Accomplished, handsome, a perfect gentleman, in the world's meaning of the term, he made himself especially pleasant, and soon especially dangerous to me. I was still what was called beautiful, and he, a libertine at heart, praised the beauty he deliberately intended to destroy. But had I not first given way to the seduction of wine, his seductions would have passed me by harmless. Do you ask me if I loved him? Ask the fly if she loves the spider when he lures her to his web! No, I had no love for him. But I was charmed by him, fascinated with him, though at times a strange horror seized me when in his presence, and an intense loathing, the last struggles of my higher nature. And, even now, it appears to me so strange that I should have ever cared for one look he gave me, or have listened for a moment to his polite accents and impure talk, that I can only account for it by believing

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believing that at that time I could never have been really and truly sober. I do not believe Archibald knew the Colonel's character when he welcomed him as his guest. Perhaps, also, his better judgment was made dull and obscure by the stimulants he took daily: certainly, he left me much in his society —and—I fell!

'Remorse seized me, as it always does the wrong-doer. In vain I tried to excuse my sin by remembering the time of its occurrence, a time when I was quite incapable of knowing right from wrong, through the drink my artful seducer had induced me to take, knowing, well as he did, my weakness. In vain I strove to forget my shame in intoxication. I was maddened by my own self-reproaches. Sleep left me, or terrible dreams pursued me if I slept. I became reckless and careless of my life. My eyes were bloodshot, my flesh wasted away, an inward fever alone kept me up for awhile, and still I drank ever more and more to forget my misery.

'At length I became seriously ill; my complaint, I believe, was called brain-fever. I was delirious, outrageous, and endeavoured once or twice to end my miserable life. And now all was revealed to Archibald. My frenzy of intoxication, my wild, unguarded words, the confessions of Juliette, who had long known more than she dared reveal, all enlightened him. He was inexpressibly shocked; he had loved, idolized, trusted me, and till this last month, when my wild manner and feverish craving for intoxicants had puzzled him, had suspected nothing. What was I now to him?

'When I became sane, and saw his pale face and averted brow, I besought him to kill me, to let me die. I even pulled the bandages from my arm, where I had been bled, and prayed that I might be left to die thus, in my own guilty blood. And when not allowed to perish, I cursed the whole world, and my father and my mother, for having let me see the light, and more than all for having taught me the lust for wine. Ah, those were horrible moments. Yet the dreary secret was out that I had so carefully kept, the suspense was over that had been sapping the foundations of my life, and I could not, at all events, fall more deeply. So I thought.

'With wonderful forbearance, Archibald forgave me, on my solemn promise that I would never again see or hear from the Colonel, and that I would never more touch wine or spirits. Gladly and eagerly I promised both, and for awhile I kept both. The first was made easy to me. The Colonel was only too glad to leave the neighbourhood. He went abroad to India soon afterwards, and died of jungle fever. He and I never met again.

'But

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'But the closet remained. My husband still drank his usual wine and whisky, and his guests were still invited to partake of alcohol, and though now I passed much of my time in my own rooms, the scent of these insidious tempters reached me, and my promise fell before them.

'Juliette had been dismissed, and in her place was a woman of mature age, who was to be at once lady's maid and guardian. It was my own desire it should be so, and yet, once having outwitted her, and tasted of drink, I lived for the future only to do the same again and again. Again and again I visited the closet, at midnight when she slept, at early morning, at twilight. I lied and robbed. I sold my wedding jewels, and stores of clothes, to obtain the coveted drink. There was at last no sin I was not willing to commit for it—there were few sins I did not commit. And now, in this lone house by the sea-shore, where I am dying of quickest consumption, I have a few hours of sober time to call my own, whence I may look back with a shudder at the past, and give a hopeless stare into the future, the eternity, that beckons me. Through drink I am become a creature of ignominy and shame, spotted all over with sin, loathsome within and without, without the love of a husband, the respect of friends; unlamented, unwept, I must go to the grave, a suicide in very deed. Let no holy words be said over my corpse, for I have not deserved them. Only let me die—let me pass away. But, though dead, I would still speak, and tell my tale to the tempted. And should another wife sit beside the hearth, where I sat so long as mistress, and writhed so long as slave, let me utter a warning word to her. To my husband I cannot speak, I have wronged him too much—but to her, all unknown as she is, I may say, beware of my temptation. *Lock up the fatal closet* where was shed my soul's blood, where I poured into my throat the sweet, seductive draught of hell. And touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. When tempted to take only a little, remember my fate. I began with a little, I thought it would never be more, and yet here I am.' * *

There were words missing, there were words misspelled, blots were on the paper, and many marks of tears on the apparently unfinished manuscript, yet I made it all out, as here I have written it; and underneath the last scratches of the trembling hand that is now no more, I write, profoundly affected, 'I am warned, and I obey, H. G.,' and—I intend when my husband comes home to get his signature underneath mine, and 'Bluebeard's Closet' shall be a memory only.

My uncle adds, 'Would that in all England I could believe there

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there was no other wife-killer than the old cerulean-barbed Turk, and that "Bluebeard's Closet" was only to be found in the nursery tale. But, alas! poor Adeline Grant is not the only one who has met her death by closet-tippling. An old schoolfellow of my father's, who told him her tale of woe in after-life, said, "Ah, sir, I have supped sorrow by spoonfuls." How many have supped death by glassfuls! When will the world be wiser?'

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

THE SEVEN PHYSICAL FORCES OF CIVILIZATION.

According to the first of the two propositions which we have to demonstrate, the material indications of the degree of civilization of a society, consist: in the first place, in the number of physical forces employed by such a society; in the second place, in the sum of useful result which such a society has been able to obtain from these same forces. In fact, history, no less than the daily observations of travellers, concurs in establishing the exactitude of this two-fold characteristic.

The most reliable portion of ancient history is that which treats of the communities which inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, or extents of country connected with those shores by frequented roads. If we leave aside the Jewish nation—a nation which would merit a special study—this group comprehends principally: the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Greeks, on the one hand; on the other the Phœnicians, the Arabs of the shores of the Red Sea, and the Romans. If we study the annals of these different peoples and tribes, the first fact to attract our notice is the extreme simplicity of social relations, compared with their complexity in modern times. All the aforesaid communities labour by the aid of three physical forces only: the force of gravitation, common to man and to animals; muscular force, common likewise to both, but infinitely better utilized by man whether by means of tools or by the domestication and training of certain species of animals; lastly, the force of wind, the most wonderful, perhaps, of the primitive conquests of man, and one which affords the most striking evidence of his true superiority—the faculty of observation—and of his true pride—the predominance of the reflective powers over the brute instinct of self-preservation. But none of these societies penetrated the secret of the expansive force of gases (gunpowder), or of the magnetic force of the globe (the compass), which were only revealed to European societies towards the close of the mediæval era. Still less do they suspect the existence of the two last physical forces which have been mastered in modern days—dynamical electricity (the electric telegraph), and the elastic power of steam (steam-engine).

Such, then, was the order of the progression in the successive acquisitions of the physical forces, by the Indo-European race, and few families of Semitic origin intermingled with that race: in antiquity, three forces only; in the mediæval era, five; in modern times, seven.

This preliminary observation being admitted, let us now examine whether these

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these same societies developed their civilization according to a parallel order of progression. That such was the fact, will appear evident to most persons; but the proof ought nevertheless to be furnished, just as in beginning arithmetic we find it necessary to prove, that two multiplied by three are equal to three multiplied by two.

The proof we are in want of, is naturally derived from the signification of the word civilization, as interpreted by the great majority amongst us. If we were to understand by that term, a social state favourable to the development of a limited number of the remarkable individualities in politics, in philosophy, in the arts and sciences; but development founded on the subordination of the labouring and trading to the warlike class, the societies of antiquity would no doubt furnish us with an ideal. But modern conscience decides otherwise: modern conscience judges the degree of a nation's civilization, viewed from the moral side of the question, by the amount of the individual guarantees which that nation enjoys. Thus, while we endeavour to establish that force is the material criterion of progress, it is already proved and accepted that right is the moral criterion.

Social economy might rest satisfied with holding up to view the hideous diseases of body and mind, the everlasting conflict of brute instincts and their predominance over the faculties of mind, all phenomena strikingly characterizing the societies of antiquity; and, though in a gradually diminishing degree, the mediæval societies and those of our own day. But this science (social economy), was the first to establish a phenomenon of still more conclusive character. The successive transformation of the slave labourer into the serf, and of the serf into the workman; each of these evolutions, whether tumultuous or calm, penetrating more and more enormous masses with a continually higher sentiment of justice, the ultimate aim of civilization.

It is then indisputable that within the last three or four thousand years at least, the successive acquisition of the physical forces by our race corresponds with its progress in civilization.

In antiquity, the processes of productive labour are but few and stationary, compared with the rapid development they take in our own day. The processes of destructive labour, on the contrary, give rise to important changes from one century to another. War is then the great art, and its influence over the social economy of that remote epoch, is too profound to allow of our passing it over in silence.

Having vanquished the Medes, a nation devoted to science more than to rude labour, the Persians next destroy the Assyrian Empire, already long enfeebled by the participation of the priesthood in military affairs. The Persian nation, poor at its origin, sober, active, and hostile to luxury, is the first of our race among those known to us, to introduce science into warfare. The result of this superior utilization of the two forces, gravitation and muscular force, is to ensure victory at once to the small organized bands over the great masses. And thus we see explained, the successive subjugation of the Persians by the Macedonian phalanx, and of the Greeks by the Roman legion. Now, civilization, that is, the practical notion of right, became gradually ameliorated in the transition from the Assyrians to the Persians, from the Persians to the Greeks, and from the Greeks to the Romans.

It would be easy to establish the same concordance in respect to the other societies of the same period, who owed their material prosperity chiefly to the utilization of the third physical force—wind. Among these were, for instance, the Phœnicians and the Arabs of the Red Sea, monopolizing maritime trade north and south, until that monopoly fell into the hands of the Greco-Roman people,—then more powerful and highly civilized than the Semitic races.

Ancient history thus confirms in detail the result attained by a first general observation of ancient, mediæval, and modern periods.

Ancient

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This analysis also gives us insight into the fact that what we call a superior utilization of physical forces, has its origin in an entirely moral phenomenon, the exercise of the reflective faculties of man. Let us now proceed to examine the principal facts which marked the acquisition of the four last discovered physical forces by the Indo-European, in the mediæval and modern societies. It will afford us not only a new confirmation of our own first proposition, but the direct proof of the second.

Two of these forces, gunpowder and the compass, have generally been ascribed to the fifteenth century; the two last, steam and dynamical electricity, to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The history, however, of these four great discoveries, removes to a date far earlier than that assigned by tradition, the successive improvements which were destined to bring about such important results in the fifteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

With respect to gunpowder, everyone knows that it was not, as tradition would have us believe, a spontaneous discovery, due to the accidental approximation of fulminating substances, but, on the contrary, to laborious researches directed towards the progressive improvement of the inflammatory compounds, introduced many ages ago into the art of warfare by the Asiatic races, who dwelt upon a soil where these ingredients are found in abundance. Byzantine civilization owed to the secret of the preparation of these compounds, already greatly perfected in the seventh century of our era, the maintenance of the national independence during eight hundred years—an independence destined later to play so important a part in the civilization of Europe. Greek-fire had certainly no pretension to vie with gunpowder, but may be called its precursor. With yet a few more efforts, and the art of purifying saltpetre, combined with other no less ordinary processes borrowed from the alchemists, would transform a compound, destructive, no doubt, but destitute of expansive force, of elasticity, into a formidable agent of dislocation, before which the ponderous armour of the feudals, and the fetters imposed upon liberty of conscience throughout Europe, were alike destined to disappear.

With this enfranchisement, social economy sees the dawn of new destinies, in the apparition, on the stage of the world, of the maritime races of the North, an apparition which would have been impossible without the compass. But the discovery of that instrument, no more than that of the musket, was due to accident. The Mediterranean sailors had long made an unskilful use of it, as, in our own times, the sailors of the yellow race. It was then called the *marinet*, and required important modifications before it could be available for long voyages across the ocean. We must come down to the fifteenth century to find it perfected and connected into the compass, by an ocean race, the English, who thereby opened out new routes to the Portuguese and Spaniards, of which the political and social importance were incalculable.

All the examples we are acquainted with, of a superior utilization of the physical forces, bring out in astonishing relief the creative power of our reflective faculties. This highly moral conclusion is strikingly borne out by observation of the facts which put us in possession of the sixth and seventh physical forces, steam and dynamical electricity. Before it became transformed by man's intelligence into that powerful agent which we see every day at work—what, for instance, was steam? A substance of vague, æriform essence, already exhausted by the insignificant labour of raising the lid of the kettle? In order to utilize its elastic properties, to make of it a working force, and thus give it value in a social point of view, we might in vain have waited for a fortunate concurrence of accidental circumstances; in order to bring about such a result as this, nothing less was required than the actual process of laborious, humble, patient, and sagacious investigations, carried out

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out by aid of instruments already in existence, themselves the product of careful and skilful combination. What we have said above, touching the fruitful results of the invention of such instruments, dispenses us from again adverting to these well-known facts.

Of all the forces which jointly contribute to the life of European societies, the seventh, dynamical electricity, appears the most feeble, if its power be measured in a direct manner. Such, nevertheless, is the reciprocal influence of man's material conquests over nature, such their collective action upon the movement and organism of societies, that the apparition of this seventh force, yet in embryo, brings us into presence of the most important modifications that European ideas have undergone since the invention of printing. A new power has come to light; a power of altogether moral essence, but which required for its manifestation that the seven physical forces already named should be in existence: a power which is irresistible and never again to be extinguished, and which already re-acts favourably upon the material well-being of our race; a power, in short, which has received the name of *public opinion*, and upon which, on strict analysis, reposes the right of the weak.

The history of the origin and development of this power would no doubt carry us back to a remote age. But the apparition of a true European public opinion, can be said to date only from our own time, for the prior existence of a medium of universal character was required in order to bring to a focus all the moral and physical forces already assimilated. Now we possess just such a medium in the aggregate of those slender metal wires, which disseminate truth and falsehood amongst us with the like indifference. Many of those who read the telegraphic intelligence published daily, lament that falsehood should be mixed up with truth on so many questions. But this very circumstance contributes in the highest degree to form public opinion, and to render it supreme. The wicked are only to be feared when they remain silent: compel them to speak, and sooner or later they will throw off the mask. In the same manner the electric telegraph always ends by enlightening. Formerly, established governments monopolized the privilege of rapid information, and could envelop their actions in secresy. But since the humblest citizen of Europe is apprised in a few seconds of what is taking place at the four cardinal points of the earth, the governments can no longer maintain their reserve, they are forced to reply, and to vindicate themselves by addressing the public.—*From 'Physical and Moral Forces of Human Societies,' by Felix Foucon, C.E., in Transactions of the Social Science Association for* 1863.

CAUTION TO WOMEN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Women have not usually much acquaintance with law, and perhaps as a general rule rather pride themselves in their ignorance. But we are about to invite attention to a branch of jurisprudence with which, as the law of England now stands, it is essential for their honour and character that they should be acquainted. That we may teach by example, we will cite a case which occurred in the Divorce Court on August 5th, 1864. It was a suit not for divorce on the ground of subsequent immorality, but to declare that a certain alleged marriage had never been legally solemnized. It was brought by neither of the parties, but by the father of the supposed husband. And the plea was, not that it was a runaway match, or a mock ceremony, void of all reasonable show of legality, for it was duly solemnized by a clergyman in the parish church—but that it was bad because the bridegroom, whose name was George Henry Wells, had in putting up the banns omitted the name George,

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George, and had told the bride of the fact. For the law declares that if one of the parties is married under a false name, the error being concealed from the other, the marriage stands good, but if both parties are aware of the deception the marriage is bad. In this case it happened that the only evidence of the bride's knowledge of the omission of her husband's Christian name was that of the husband himself, who at his father's summons piously stepped into the box and swore his wife into a concubine. The judge told the jury that as the wife—for so we still take leave to call her—had not come forward to rebut this evidence it must be taken for true, and therefore the marriage must be annulled. We see no reason to dispute the legal presumption thus laid down. No doubt the bridegroom did tell the bride that he had dropped one of his Christian names. No doubt she replied, 'Oh, George, how could you?' and so was unable to satisfy the exigencies of the law by coming into the box and swearing ignorance of the fact. It would have been no use her swearing, though with perfect truth, that she had not the smallest idea that the fact made any difference to the legality of the marriage; that would have been evidence which the court would not have listened to. The law presumes that every woman, as well as every man, is acquainted with all its provisions, and it will let no one off from the most frightful consequences on the excuse that he or she had no knowledge that they were being incurred. Therefore it is necessary that all young women study carefully the law of marriage, and if they happen to be alone in the world, and not to have a father or brother to keep them safe, it is needful that they criticise with anxious attention every word that falls from the bridegroom's lips, lest what seems at the moment only a light-hearted folly may make the marriage vow, pronounced before God at the altar, only the convenient snare to effect their livelong shame. If in recommending this course we recommend what we know will never be adopted, if to expect that a woman in any circumstances, but above all when in the position of an affianced bride, shall apply the scrutiny of a sharp lawyer to the proceedings by which she is affected, is wholly out of the question, we certainly pronounce the condemnation of a law which makes such scrutiny essential to safety in a relation so important.—*Daily News.*

FEMALE ATTIRE.

The question of ladies' dresses is hedged about with many difficulties. The articles of female attire are so numerous, some of them of such mysterious use, and of such intricate construction, that it is not easy at first sight to perceive in them any very clear design or system of bodily covering. With the dress of boys or of men it is different. At a glance we see the number and the nature of their garments, the materials of which they are made, their shape and size; and we can judge at once of their suitableness to the age, health, and habits of the wearer. Take that of the schoolboy. Besides the universal skin-covering, linen or calico, his dress consists of three garments:—trousers for the lower limbs and lower region of the trunk, waistcoat for the upper region, and the tunic or jacket as a second covering, capable of being worn buttoned or unbuttoned at the desire of the wearer; the whole generally of some fabric woven of wool, soft, warm, light, and loose. In exceptional instances a duplicate of the first-mentioned garment, in the shape of drawers, is worn. In adult life this costume is varied but by the addition of skirts to the jacket, converting it into the coat. In summer or winter the dress is the same, differing only in texture of material, with an upper coat for cold or wet weather, large, loose, comfortable, fit alike for city-street or country-road, saddle or carriage. For this country and climate nothing can be better for boy or man.

How

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How complicated in comparison appears female costume! And yet, on a close examination, it is not only simple and clear and sensible enough in its original plan, but it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to that which we have just been describing.

Given the skin-covering of linen or cotton for daily or bi-weekly change, common to all ages and both sexes, there is then the covering for the chest or upper region of the trunk, corresponding to the waistcoat worn by men, or rather to that of small boys before their promotion to braces, when the trousers are buttoned to the waistcoat. As its name indicates, it is a body to the petticoat; it is usually made of jean, although a better material, and one which it is satisfactory to see coming into daily use, is knitted cotton work, soft and pliant, cool in summer and warm in winter, admitting of perfect freedom to the part of the body which it covers, and forming an elastic point of attachment to the garment which it is intended to support. Nothing could be better designed than this garment,—unless it be its continuation, the petticoat itself when properly fashioned, *i.e.*, of soft flannel, closely and fully plaited, draping around the lower limbs and terminating midway between ankle and knee; admitting of perfect freedom of motion, and yielding adequate protection and warmth. Here we have an entire covering, corresponding to the trousers and waistcoat of the other sex; and that the comparison is not a fanciful one will be admitted when it is recollected that the petticoat has formed, and still forms, part of the dress of the hardier sex in countries not very remote. There remains then the upper garment, overlying these, and covering the arms, corresponding to the jacket of the boy and the coat of the adult; and this is suitably and sensibly provided by the frock or gown, made of cotton, silk, or wool. The extra or upper coat worn by men in cold weather is variously represented by jacket, cape, cloak or mantle, scarf or shawl. Recently, too, the little round hat of straw or felt, common alike to boys and men, and equally good for either, has, with the not unsuitable addition of ribbon and feather, been readily adopted by ladies.

With this system of bodily covering it would be difficult to find fault. Wherein then the evil, of which we hear so much, of female costume? What is the nature of the evil, and in what article does it lie concealed? Let us examine the different articles. We begin with the first-mentioned, the covering for the chest. The more it is examined, the more it will be found to answer its purpose fully, *i.e.*, to yield adequate covering and protection to the back and chest, and, while supporting the petticoat, to transfer its weight to the shoulders. And this it does entirely when properly made; which, however, is unfortunately not always the case. On the contrary, in a majority of instances, it is made with the arm-holes too small, and the shoulder-straps too tight—by which the arms are, as it were, pinned down by the sides, to the sore confinement of the chest, and consequently the prevention of its proper development. For a large portion of the upper region of the trunk is dependent on the action of the arm for exercise; and the healthy development and healthy condition of the vital organs which the chest contains will, of course, be injuriously affected by that which injuriously affects the size and shape of the chest itself. This is important in another aspect besides its strictly sanitary one; for the confinement of the arms, especially with young and fast-growing girls, causes the shoulders to droop and lean forward, prevents the filling in and rounding of the column of the neck, and perpetuates in undesirable prominence the bony ridge at its base. Or, if this garment be not made sufficiently wide to admit of the full expansion of the lungs, evinced by the rising and swelling of the chest at every respiration, the same results will be produced. We must not therefore take it for granted that this garment is entirely satisfactory, although to it we are indebted for much help in the expulsion of stays; for we may now look upon tight-lacing

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tight-lacing as a thing of the past, and can no more believe in its existence among persons of ordinary information and education than we could credit the use of thumbscrews in a court of justice in this the nineteenth century —save indeed that we occasionally find tight stays worn by persons who, from long and fixed habit, find it impossible to relinquish their artificial support, now become a necessity to them. But we have yet need of care and watchfulness, lest the present otherwise unobjectionable garment should perpetuate some of the evils of its predecessor.

To the petticoat also unrestricted praise may be given, when made of suitable material, of proper fulness and length, and suspended to the body. But it is too often made of heavy, bulky, and stiff material, with no inlying yielding folds to open and close with the action of the limb which it covers, and therefore fails in affording the necessary warmth. Duplicates and triplicates of the garment are therefore added; and these, instead of being fastened to the body, and suspended from the shoulders, are, with broad and heavy bands, bound around the loins—the portion of the body of all others which, with young girls, should be left perfectly unconfined and unencumbered. This is not the place to particularize the nature of the evils which this pernicious practice would originate, and, where they already exist, would aggravate; but every one who is acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body will agree with me in condemning a custom so fraught with danger to the health and happiness, present and prospective, of the wearer.

Equally sensible is, and equally sanitary might be, the frock or gown, provided always that its shape and size bear relation to the duties, ordinary or extraordinary, of the wearer. Sanitary and comfortable, convenient and elegant, might this garment be at all times and seasons; but, just as we sometimes see a simple bequest from honest industry to charity proving a never-ending source of ruinous litigation, so has this garment, blameless in its original conception, proved from generation to generation a nidus in which Fashion has hatched her brood of endless absurdities, aimless follies, and meaningless caprices. For the mutations of this article of dress are endless, as they are aimless. The mode of to-day will be obsolete to-morrow—to be revived, it may be, on the day after; or the crotchet of a hundred years ago will be resuscitated without motive or cause. There is no certainty, no security, no pause, no resting place; because all change is dictated by Fashion, and Fashion disdains and disclaims all obligations to rule, law, or principle of beauty, utility, economy, comfort, or common sense. It has but one aim, one object, one desire—Novelty.

And yet out of the worst feature of this evil springs present hope; for all change must now be for the better. We have at last attained a point at which 'the force of Folly can no farther go.'

Were the subject less serious, and did it not concern health and happiness, there would be something quaintly absurd and comically amusing in the sight of a lady of the present day when out for a walk—literally carrying her clothes, holding them up, bearing them along, a burden in both hands. Either this absurdity must be, or there is the unpleasant alternative of letting them trail behind her, sweeping the dust from the road and from the pavement at every step.

The vices of this garment render nugatory the virtue of the others and originate fresh vices in them. It is to this evil of long, heavy, and bulky skirts, flounced tier above tier, that we owe our present infliction of crinoline. For it is simply impossible for a lady to walk about at all and have the use of her hands without some machine to assist in holding up her skirts; and here the propagation of evil by evil begins. The mass of skirt necessitates crinoline; crinoline necessitates additional petticoats for warmth and decency; and these are bound round that part of the body which most requires

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requires to be left unencumbered and free. And all for what? That young and old, ungainly and elegant, may look and move alike—may look and move like nothing feminine, like nothing human, like nothing endowed with life or power of natural motion—may possess the size and shape of a hay-cock, and the motion of a Jack-in-the-green.—*From 'Macmillan's Magazine' for September.*

OUTCASTS.

Oh! sinn'd against and sinning,
How wails my heart for ye,
While, all in vain, I strive to reach
Your fate's sad mystery!
Abject, and lost, and trampled on,
With snares and death around you sown.

Why am I here? Why are ye there,
With such abyss between,
Parting our mutual destiny?
Here foliage fresh and green,—
Around your path the scoriæ drear,
And sultry lava, all the year.

Here young fresh violets, roses, bloom,
With fruits of heavenly taste,
While deadly nightshade hedges in
Your upas-growing waste;
And rank weeds shelter slimy things
That crawl about the water-springs.

Why am I here, in free sweet peace,
With deathless hope within,
Borne up by all-prevailing Love
Far from the wastes of sin,—
While ye, alas! I weep to see
Your footsteps chain'd to misery?

Why am I here? O Father, God!
My spirit calls to Thee;
These are Thy children, let me go
And share their misery;
So I may lift one brother up
To drink from Love's o'erbrimming cup.

From Poems, by B. H. Farquahar, Author of the 'Pearl of Days,' &c. Glasgow: Bell and Bain.

REVIEWS

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sacred Scenes; or, Notes of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. By Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A. Pp. 400. Glasgow: Thomas Adamson, 165, Cowcaddens-street. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

AN excellent opportunity, and the kind indulgence of his congregation, enabled the much-respected author of this volume, in 1862, to undertake a tour in Egypt and Palestine. During his absence, letters descriptive of his travels and adventures were read from time to time to his congregation. These letters, enlarged and altered in form, are now placed together in a nicely-bound volume of four hundred pages. The route taken was from Glasgow to Marseilles, Toulon, Caprera, Malta, Alexandria, and the Delta, Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids; again from Alexandria to Joppa, and thence on to Jerusalem, where Mr. Ferguson met the Prince of Wales and the late Mr. Buckle. Excursions to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho, Bethlehem, Hebron, &c., followed next; and after these the journey was resumed to Nablous by Bethel, Shiloh, Jacob's Well, Joseph's Tomb, and the Valley of Shechem. From Nablous it went on by Nazareth, and thence to Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee; to Cana, Haifa, Mount Carmel; to Acre, Tyre, and Sidon; to Beyrout and the Dog River; and finally to Damascus, where the author leaves his readers, promising, perhaps, to complete the story of his journeying in a subsequent volume, if his health serve and his readers desire. The writer carries his readers with him very successfully, by help of the fulness of his detail and the intelligibility of his style. The omission of some of the hortatory and reflective matter he has interjected abundantly, would have improved the volume to our taste; but would possibly have been displeasing to his congregation. This is a pleasant book to read; written by one who took with him an observant eye and a reverential mind, and whose pen, facile and well able to describe, has produced a work for which, no doubt, thousands of readers will be disposed to thank him.

The New System of Musical Gymnastics as an Instrument in Education. A Lecture delivered before the College of Preceptors. By Moses Coit Tyler, M.A., M.C.P., Principal of the London School of Physical Education, Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, &c. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

DRAY-HORSE gymnastics, developing strength at the expense of velocity, flexibility, and grace; acrobatic contortions enabling the human body to do everything that it ought not to be able to do; these are systems to which the method of Dr. Lewis is thoroughly opposed. It was a happy thought to introduce music into gymnastics, and marry all the motions to harmonious sounds. For both sexes the new system is alike excellent; it is social, its actions are concerted, exhilarating, greatly assisted by the music which accompanies them, and exercising, without straining, all the muscles of the body. The lecture of Mr. Tyler does not so much explain as commend the new system of musical gymnastics, but none who have seen this in practice can fail to note its prodigious superiority to all the unmusical systems, whether light or heavy.

The Alexandra Magazine, and Woman's Social and Industrial Advocate. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

DEVOTED, as its name implies, to the industrial development and social advancement of woman. Its tales are not of the sensational school, and generally reward perusal. It has, besides, passages of valuable advice from pens abounding in good sense;

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sense; and is, on the whole, a very well-conducted magazine.

After having written the above, we have received the September number of the 'Alexandra Magazine' with which is now blended the 'Englishwoman's Journal.' A preface by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, formerly editress of the 'Englishwoman's Journal,' explains the motives of the amalgamation. The two magazines have been united, with an earnest hope that the joint periodical will, by reason of its greater cheapness, reach many homes into which the 'Englishwoman's Journal' did not penetrate. We are glad that the two magazines have been thus combined; and we can cordially recommend the 'Alexandra Magazine' as indispensable to all who desire information about the employment of women.

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine, and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

ABOUNDING in information invaluable to the gardener. We know of nothing to surpass, and very little to equal this, amongst floricultural issues. Almost every article in it is evidently from a mind full of information, rich in experience, and well able to make itself understood.

The Moral, Social, and Political Effects of Revenue from Intoxicating Drinks. By a Temperance Politician. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

THE writer ably examines the question of revenue derived from the sale of intoxicating drinks. Believing that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right or expedient, he applies this axiom to revenue raised from intoxicating drinks, and pronounces such revenue to be indefensible. Many, indeed, in the name of the public good, and with good reason, dread the abolition of taxes on alcoholic drinks; but the writer urges, with justice, various considerations showing the impropriety and folly of raising a revenue by such means; and he advocates the entire suppression of the liquor traffic as the only true remedy. 'The repeal of these duties (on alcoholic drinks) is desirable,' he says, 'not for the purpose of securing a free trade in intemperance, immorality, and vice, but to enable the Government to legislate with clean hands for their suppression. This revenue is indefensible from whatever point of view it may be regarded; it violates all sound principles of taxation, it fosters governmental extravagance, it renders an evil traffic apparently respectable, it strengthens and perpetuates its existence. It is one of the main buttresses of a system, respecting which it has been most justly affirmed by many crowded meetings, "that no considerations of gain to the vendors, or of revenue to the State, can justify the community in giving licence and sanction" to its existence. If the vendor of strong drink is pursuing a lawful calling, on what principle of justice is he impeded in his vocation? If beneficial, why is it not thrown open as freely as all other employments? The fact that such restrictions are considered necessary in the interests of morality, condemns alike the traffic and the revenue it contributes to the State. Abolish this source of revenue, place the power of its suppression in the hands of the people themselves, let the sale of these seductive poisons be placed under the ban of an efficient legislative enactment, let licensed temptations to excess no longer allure and seduce our population,—the result would soon be manifest in the vastly increased prosperity of all classes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer needs be under no apprehensions then as to his revenue; an enriched and prosperous people would contribute whatever might be necessary far more easily and readily than an intemperate and impoverished community, and the Government would have the satisfaction of knowing that no portion of its taxation was raised at the frightful expense

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expense of the health, morals, and prosperity of the people.'

A Book for Young Women. By the Wife of a Clergyman, author of 'How shall I come to the Table of the Lord?' Eighth edition.

A LITTLE book designed to set forth, in simple and readable style, the justice and mercy of God, and to give advice on forgetfulness of baptismal and confirmation engagements, neglect of prayer, of reading the Scriptures, of attending church and the table of the Lord, of disobedience to and neglect of parents, love of dress, want of thrift, too-early marriage, and other errors into which young women are apt to fall. The book is in its eighth edition, and must, therefore, have recommended itself very effectually.

A Book for Wives and Mothers. By the author of 'A Book for Young Women,' and 'How shall I Come to the Table of the Lord?' Third edition. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A STORY in continuation of 'A Book for Young Women.' It gives much good advice in language plain and simple.

The Sunday-School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament; with Explanatory Notes, and Hints for Teaching. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. Vol. I. The Gospels. No. V. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS excellent little commentary is now upon the 10th chapter of St. Matthew. For its size and price, we know of nothing better.

The Advantages of Temperance, discussed in a Series of Letters on the Sunday-closing of Public-houses, Mr. Lawson's Permissive Bill, and Working Men's Rights; with a Prison Warder's Testimony against the Liquor Traffic. By John Robert Taylor, author of 'Facts for the Thoughtful,' &c. London: James George Taylor, 13, Brownlow-street, Bedford Row.

IN this comprehensive pamphlet Mr. Taylor gives a commendation of temperance in relation to the natural, moral, social, and spiritual rights of man, and in a medical aspect; a copy of a letter from Professor Beesly in opposition to Mr. Somes's bill, and of Mr. Taylor's reply to it; a letter from Mr. Taylor to the 'Beehive,' embodying the substance of letters from the Rev. Bartholomew Nichols on Temperance Hay-making, and Professor Syed Abdoolah on Mussulman and Hindoo Drinking; a letter from a prison warder, in which he advises his brother not to take a public-house; an address of Mr. Taylor to the Lord Mayor, Corporation, and Citizens of London, &c.; a letter to the editor of the *City Press* on Ginshops and Workhouses; and, lastly, a number of reviews and editorial notices of Mr. Taylor's previous publication, entitled 'Facts for the Thoughtful.' In a note, the writer adds that 'this pamphlet will possess a melancholy interest for the friends of social reform, from the fact that the late Mr. Washington Wilks, the eloquent champion of the Permissive Bill, Freedom, and Reform, warmly supported the author in the idea of its publication, and, only a few minutes before he breathed his last, assured Mr. Taylor that it would be the means of accomp ishing a great amount of good.' It is dedicated to Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and the other supporters of the Permissive Bill in Parliament, and to the thoughtful electors of Great Britain, 'in whose hands will be the remedy for intemperance at the ensuing general election.' We desire for this pamphlet a wide circulation.

American Slavery: A Sketch. By the Rev. William Whitby. London: Richard Davies, Sutton-street, Commercial Road East.

IN eleven chapters the writer of this little work gives us accounts of the

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the origin, source, nature, and extent of American slavery, the slave voyage, market, and seasoning, American slavery, caste usages, and legal codes, and courts, and results. He treats also of the despotism of American slaveholders and slave oligarchies, and of the bearing of the American churches towards them and their horrible system; and, in a concluding chapter, urges upon the British people the performance of their duty to the American slaves. A convenient little manual of American slavery is thus provided. Under the head of duty, the writer teaches that we ought to have sympathy with the slaves, and with any righteous measure promotive of their freedom or welfare; we ought to pray for them; we ought to render personal, practical, and persevering aid to any righteous anti-slavery movement; we ought to treat fugitives in this country as free persons and as brothers; and we ought to render educational and religious assistance to the coloured people in the British dominions.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine: A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

For fastidious tastes, there is no temperance magazine so delicately adapted as this. The engravings and the printing are excellent; and a scrupulous care presides over the selection of the matter, much of which is of excellent quality.

The Three Gilt Balls; or, my Uncle, his Stock-in-Trade and Customers: A Lecture. By T. Turner. London: E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

An interesting lecture on pawnbroking.

The Wounded Stag; or, the Three Warnings. By the Rev. C. Overton, author of 'The Plank will Bear,' &c.

The Shabby Surtout. By Richard Hine, M.D. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A couple of Mr. Partridge's excellent 'Illustrated Penny Readings,' with woodcut illustrations. The Shabby Surtout is a garment worn by a benevolent young nobleman, who, disguised in it, is enabled to make sundry useful discoveries as he travels about the country. The 'Wounded Stag' is a tale in verse, well adapted to arrest the attention of the irreligious, and to conduce to serious thought and godly decision.

Does the Cap Fit? By the author of 'Little Martha's Bible.' London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, 24, Paternoster Row.

A sermon is casually delivered by an old friend of the rector of a rural village, and the good effects on the rector, on the squire, on the doctor, and in the almshouses, are described. The rector it makes more energetic; it induces the squire to send an order for 'three dozen of good port wine' to a poor relation,—a deed, by the way, much more kindly intended than wisely planned; it influences the doctor to excuse a poor widow from payment of a long bill; it helps to make the nurse of a tiresome old invalid more patient and attentive; and it even avails to improve the disposition of the invalid herself.

The Epistles of the Apostle Paul to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. Extracted from the Literal Translation of the Holy Bible. By Robert Young.

Biblical Tracts for Every Day in the Year, on the Most Important Facts and Doctrines of Scripture, Illustrated from Itself. By Robert Young, author of the 'New Translation of the Holy Bible from the Original Languages,' &c.

Supplement to the Bible. Marginal Readings for the English Bible, in Addition to those Given by the Editors

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Editors of King James's Version, being a Series of More Literal Renderings Derived from an Examination of the Original Scriptures when Compared with the Common Version, and with the New Translation. By Robert Young, author of various works in Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Gujerati, &c. Edinburgh: George Adam Young and Co., Bible publishers.

THE first of the foregoing publications contains five Pauline epistles newly translated by Mr. Young, whose endeavour it has been to adhere to the meaning of the original Greek as literally as possible. In the third, Mr. Young supplies literal renderings of many passages with which King James's translators ignorantly or by design took very undue liberties. The Biblical Tracts, of which thirty-one are before us, are fly-leaf comments and comparisons of portions of Scripture having regard to disputed points of doctrine, and drawing conclusions for the most part acceptable to orthodox Protestants, although not devoid of marked individuality in certain respects. The titles of some of these will show the nature of the questions opened up,—as, 'Age-during *versus* Eternal,' 'Baptism *versus* Immersion,' 'Creation Out of Nothing,' 'Divinity of Christ,' 'Elder and Overseer,' 'Inspiration of Scripture,' 'Ministrant *versus* Deacon,' 'Postures in Public Worship,' 'Sheol, Hades, and the Unseen State,' and 'Wines of Scripture.' Into controversies on points like these we do not here enter; but we are always glad to observe signs of dissatisfaction with the common translation of the Bible, having long been convinced that nothing is so much needed for popular use as a faithful and close rendering of the originals.

The Baptist Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathan; or the District and Parish Helper. London: Wm. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

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be said that the merchant has suffered under the present *régime*, whatever may be said of the politician. The only matter of doubt is whether the French might not now be enjoying greater freedom without sacrificing their material prosperity. Even with reference to this question, it may be suggested whether, after all, the policy which the Emperor has adopted is not preparing the way for a happier political epoch; whether, in fact, the enlisting of the sympathies of the heretofore unstable Frenchman in behalf of order, the making his worldly prospects dependent upon his self-restraint, is not the best preparation for that fuller liberty which the Emperor has promised, and which we trust the present generation will see established. On the other hand it must be admitted that this period of apprenticeship is full of dangers to those who are passing through it. If enforced political inaction has given time for the development of material prosperity, it has also allowed, and even promoted, the development of immorality. Debarred from the discussion of State affairs, many of the ablest writers of the day have devoted their abilities to fiction. The journalist, who lives in constant fear of warnings, is compelled to treat public questions in a vague and feeble manner. To atone for this, he offers his readers the *feuilleton*. The French newspaper reader thus becomes an inveterate novel reader. He is forbidden to expend his energies in political life. He finds the ordinary details of domestic life wearisome, and he requires the stimulus of 'sensation' tales, which are made increasingly exciting by being made increasingly immoral. This is no uncommon result. When a nation is confined to *panem et circenses* its character suffers, its moral muscles relax. Bread-winning degenerates into the most slavish mammon-worship, the suppliers of the games become the ministers of vice. Then, when the manhood of a country finds its favourite employment on the Stock Exchange, and its favourite amusement in prurient fiction, there is inward decay though there may be outward prosperity. We will endeavour to set forward fairly the lights and the shadows of the picture of French society, and then draw our conclusion as to how far it may be considered satisfactory, or the reverse.

The most important defect in the French Constitution—that which lies at the root of all that is wrong in French political life—is the absence of responsible ministers of the crown. The saying that 'the king can do no wrong,' which sounds like the most abject courtier utterance of Stuart days, is in reality the safeguard of a people's liberty. So long as the sovereign's advisers are responsible to the people for the sovereign's

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sovereign's acts, the people have the power to prevent or to enforce, which, when there is no ministerial responsibility, is impossible without a revolution. Napoleon nominates and dismisses his own ministers without consulting the legislative body. These ministers are not even expected to explain their conduct, and the only explanations vouchsafed are given by mere talking ministers, who have had no voice in determining the policy which they have to defend. The Council of State, containing from forty to fifty members, is nominated by the Emperor, and prepares the laws which the legislative body has the right to discuss only, and not to originate. The legislative body itself consists of less than four hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, and its functions are restricted to the discussion and voting of any laws proposed by the Council of State, and also of the budget. It has not even the power to receive petitions. The Senate has somewhat greater powers, but as it is for the most part composed of persons nominated by the Emperor, this privilege is of little advantage to the nation. Latterly the discussions in the *Corps Législatif* have been very animated. This is due to the recent election of some of the most distinguished men in France. The fact that these men were returned in spite of the utmost efforts of the Government, in spite of the enormous advantage which the ballot and universal suffrage offer to a despotic sovereign, in spite, too, of the great influence possessed by a Government which has agents in the shape of local rulers or prefects scattered up and down the country, is one of the most hopeful signs afforded by recent French politics. It proves that the ablest men in France are neither indifferent to, nor despair of, their country's prospects. It shews that the heavy bribes with which Napoleon has sought to purchase the support of the constituencies, and notably the Metropolitan, have failed in their object. It was Paris more especially—Paris, which the Emperor found a city of houses, and has made a city of palaces—it was Paris that shewed the most decided antagonism to the Imperial policy, and returned for its representatives, in every instance, men opposed to the Government. Next to Paris, the other great cities which the Emperor had beautified were the most restive constituencies, and neither blandishments, threats, nor the outrageous unfairness of the local authorities could prevent the most important places in France from following the example set by the capital. It is true that these men, were they five times as numerous, could, under the present laws which restrict the action of the *Corps Législatif*, do little or nothing in the way of legislation. But this they could do; they could arouse the attention of their countrymen to

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Meliora.

Art. I.—THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE.

1. *Le Progrès.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette.
2. *Modern France: its Journalism, Literature, and Society.* By A. V. Kirwan. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.
3. *Ten Years of Imperialism in France.* Impressions of a 'Flaneur.' William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.
4. *Reports of Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassies and Legations on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of the Countries in which they Reside.* Report of Mr. Grey, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

IF the President of the Social Science Association thinks it is not beyond his province to devote a portion of his yearly review to the political condition of foreign countries, we need offer no apology for asking the attention of our readers to the social condition of one such country. France is, of all others, the most closely allied to us. While diplomatists have endeavoured to maintain the old traditions of the Foreign Office, and to strengthen our union with the great German Powers, Mr. Gladstone has, by his commercial legislation, been establishing and confirming the Anglo-French Alliance. Recent events in the North of Europe have baffled the first, recent events in another hemisphere have made the second successful. The Dano-German War has made the people of England well nigh loathe an alliance with Germany. The American War, and the loss of their best customer, have made them more desirous than ever to cultivate the friendship of a country whose markets were opened just in time to prevent the ruin that would otherwise have followed the closing of the transatlantic markets. The material interests of the trading community are stronger than Foreign Office traditions,

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and if any English ministry is bent upon its downfall, it may ensure destruction either by making a defensive alliance with Austria and Prussia, or by making an offensive alliance against France. The experience of the four years which have passed since the Commercial Treaty with France was carried into effect, has removed the anti-Gallic prejudices which had survived the Crimean War. The Frenchman is considered no longer the Englishman's natural enemy, but his best customer. The Englishman rejoices in the prosperity of the Frenchman, for it is to the interest of the former that the latter should be prosperous. Hence it has come to pass that the statistics of French trade and commerce are read in this country with an attention short only of that which is given to our own Board of Trade Returns. Nor is this interest in French affairs confined only to commercial matters. French literature is more read in England than it ever was before. French politics likewise are more thoroughly understood, while, at the same time, some of the ablest of French writers are turning the attention of their readers to English literature. In a word, it is almost incredible to the Londoner of the present day, who runs over to Paris on the Monday and returns on the Wednesday, that, in this very nineteenth century, he was taught to believe the Frenchman to be the incarnation of all that was hateful, to be in fact a sort of fiend, thirsting for human blood and feeding upon frogs.

It would be an interesting question to ask how far the French have, under their present ruler, obtained social improvement and commercial prosperity at the expense of political liberty. A thorough Imperialist would assert that the good was unattainable without the evil. He would appeal with some show of reason to French history of the past eighty years in support of his theory. Certain it is that the French have repeatedly suffered the loss of material prosperity at the time of their greatest freedom. It must ever be thus so long as liberty degenerates into licence, so long as political activity manifests itself by the erection of barricades, and by bloody battles in the streets, or bloody holocausts on the scaffold. It was the utter weariness that followed the excesses of the last revolution, the disgust on the part of the people at the incompetence of the historians and poets who ruled, or rather failed to rule, the Republic, which led the French to submit to the forcible establishment of the Empire, and to the subsequent political restraint. France might have fared far worse. She might have become a second Naples had Napoleon been a second Ferdinand, and have declined in commercial prosperity at the time that she lost her political liberty. But it can never be

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falls into this custom, though it more usually contents itself with literary reviews, to which the foremost names of France are appended. Some of the tales published in the daily and weekly papers are unexceptionable; but this, unfortunately, cannot be said of all. Latterly, a new class of paper has begun to exist. It is not a newspaper in the ordinary sense of the word, but fills up the greater part of its pages with fiction and light miscellanies. One of these, the *Grand Journal*, an immense sheet, thirty-six inches by twenty-four, was started about nine months ago, and soon attained a circulation of thirty thousand, the novels of M. Dumas and other favourite writers being the great attraction. It would be well if the novels of French fiction never fell below the standard of the newspaper *feuilleton*. This, unfortunately, is not the case. The *feuilletonists* are purity itself compared with the authors of 'Fanny,' 'Madelon,' 'Cleopatre,' and the recently-published '*Le Combat de l'Honneur*.'

French fiction at once reveals and promotes immorality. Most of the popular novels are founded upon unlawful love. It is not that, as in certain recent English tales, bigamy is made the keystone of the plot, but that the story is pervaded by unhallowed passions. It is quite possible that a story in which the heroine is the wife of two husbands may not in any way stimulate to licentiousness; but when chapter after chapter is filled with voluptuous descriptions of the relations between a man and his mistress or his neighbour's wife, the effects are deplorable. Unhappily experience has taught the French that the most depraved fiction is not worse than the fact. The relation between the sexes in France is most unsatisfactory. Marriage is generally arranged by the parents of the betrothed before the latter are acquainted with each other. The girl is kept in the strictest seclusion before marriage, but after marriage is allowed a most dangerous amount of liberty. Even when that liberty is not abused, a good deal of unhappiness often arises between the husband and the wife by reason of her unpractical education. As M. About well remarks, 'Enter the college where we educate our sons, and the convent where we educate our daughters, there we find more than a difference; there is a barrier.' The girl brought up in the round of religious observances, and perhaps longing to devote herself to a conventual life, finds herself suddenly the husband of a shrewd, worldly lawyer, who reasons out everything; or of a sharebroker, who calculates everything. All he does or says scandalizes or frightens her who has been brought up to implicit belief, while her little prejudices make him shrug his shoulders contemptuously. 'Love smooths away

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away every difference until the last quarter of the honeymoon; but how after that? Every Sunday morning, every Friday at meal times, every day with respect to a spectacle, a sermon, a book, a dress, more or less high; about everything, about nothing, it is proved with bitterness that they were not brought up for each other.' The more the young girl has profited by her education, the more wearisome she will be to her husband, who would prefer less sanctity and greater worldliness, and who consoles himself by seeking less celestial attractions in other quarters. The result is seen in the large number of illegitimate births as compared with the legitimate, about three per cent., the prevalence of prostitution, and the small number of births altogether. In 1821, there were 963,358 births in France; in 1860, only 946,875. The population of France is scarcely increasing at all, and the average number of children to a family is but 2·5; so that the new generation does little more than replace the old.

Another of the social evils of France, traceable in a great degree to its imaginative literature, is the prevalence of suicide. This fact was pointed out in a very forcible manner by Cardinal Bonnechose, in the celebrated debate which took place last March on the petition presented to the Senate, urging the restriction of the sale of heretical books. The Cardinal, in a very able speech, described the enormous sale which serial tales, of a highly romantic character, had among the labouring classes. He said that every afternoon the vans, which took home from Paris the inhabitants of the villages round about, conveyed hundreds of readers devouring some morbidly exciting tale. They soon displayed all the symptoms of mental dram-drinking. They became listless at their work. They lived in a world of imagination; the real world was intolerable to them, and in the more aggravated cases they did not hesitate to make their exit from it. The number of suicides in France is frightfully large, far exceeding that in England, although *felo de se* is popularly supposed to be a peculiarly English offence. According to the Cardinal there are in France more than ten self-murders daily.

Fiction is not the only substitute for politics which a restricted press induces the public to seek. To more practical minds the Bourse offers attractions which they would not find in the *feuilleton*. Since the foundation of the Empire speculation has increased enormously. Not only is the Bourse itself thronged by recognized stockjobbers, but all its precincts are crowded with less regular practitioners, among whom may be seen a large number of women, who transact business on their own account. The money-mania has infected all classes—

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to public affairs; they could create a public opinion. This they have accomplished, and thus they have defeated the Imperial policy, which hoped to satisfy the people by providing them with 'bread and the games.'

While considerable freedom of speech is allowed to the Legislative Assembly, freedom of writing is forbidden to the press. There is no country in Europe except Rome where the journalist is so fettered and so persecuted as he is in France. It is at first difficult to understand how it is that Napoleon suffers criticism in the Chamber infinitely exceeding in severity the most pungent newspaper article that ever drew down an *avertissement*. This apparent inconsistency is explained by the fact that it is only recently his chief political opponents have entered political life. It is but within the last few months that men like Thiers and Berryer and Favre have been able to bring themselves to recognize the Imperial Government so far as to qualify themselves for the *Corps Législatif* by taking the oaths. Until that time the deputies were, with very few exceptions, the flatterers of the Emperor. There was until then no need to repress the legislative eloquence. Now the position is widely different, and it must be a source of great embarrassment to the Emperor, who is represented to be hesitating as to whether he shall strike a blow against the privileges of the deputies, or choose the better part of conforming himself to the altered circumstances, and of earning the gratitude of the noblest minds of France by assisting their endeavours to establish a Constitutional Government. But with the press it has been far otherwise than with the Parliament. Infinitely more powerful in France, the first had to be kept within far narrower bounds. The press is, indeed, completely at the mercy of the Emperor's will. No journal can be started without his consent; the selection of the editors must be made subject to his approval. The Emperor or his Minister for the Interior may consider any article objectionable, and, on the ground that it tends to bring the Government into hatred and contempt, may give the proprietor of the journal in which it appears a warning. After the second warning a paper may be suspended and suppressed; and at the time that we write the political world of Paris is excited by the suspension of a newspaper without the issue of the previous warnings—an attempt to exceed the rigour even of the rigorous press law. Under such circumstances, it is creditable to French journalism that it should in a large number of cases have preserved a high tone. It is, however, not always the most ably written papers which have the largest circulation. The *Siècle* has about the same circulation

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tion as the London *Times*, fifty-five thousand, but it is by no means the most influential French journal. It will not compare in this respect with the *Journal des Débats*, perhaps the most widely read of continental papers. Yet the *Débats*, in spite of its brilliant and at the same time scholarly articles, has steadily declined in circulation of late years, and sells not more than about twelve thousand, or less than one half of the number sold under the First Empire. The *Patrie* is a remarkable instance of change in the other direction. In 1844 it was sold for sixty pounds, which was one franc for each of its fifteen hundred subscribers. It now, though an evening paper, circulates to the extent of forty thousand copies, and it is said to be worth eighty thousand pounds. The *Constitutionnel* was at a low ebb in 1843; it had three thousand seven hundred and twenty subscribers, but its proprietor, more fortunate than the owner of the *Patrie*, sold it for about seventeen thousand pounds, which was really a very large sum. The purchaser of the *Constitutionnel* determined to obtain a circulation, and offered Eugene Sue four thousand pounds for 'The Wandering Jew.' He thus soon improved the position of the paper, and in 1852 sold it for seventy-six thousand pounds, the circulation in the meanwhile having attained twenty-four thousand copies, and the advertisements being worth twenty thousand pounds a year. The *Opinion Nationale*, started in May, 1859, had a daily sale of eighteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight during the first year. *La France*, which has been started more recently, has had a less successful career. It is the organ of a small clique, the hangers-on of the Empress, and of the supporters of the temporal power. The *Presse* has a circulation of twenty-five thousand. The *Moniteur*, although the official organ of the Government, is not public property like the London *Gazette*, but belongs to the descendants of its founder. Latterly the Paris journalists, and especially the proprietors of the evening papers, have been subjected to a very formidable competition by the publication of an evening edition of the *Moniteur* at one halfpenny. This paper is sent post-free by the Government, an act of favouritism that would not be tolerated in England; but which, nevertheless, has not made the paper successful.

The checks given to political writing have compelled journalists to provide some other attraction to their readers. The *feuilleton* is an institution which, though now naturalized in Germany and Belgium, had its origin in France. Most of the Parisian newspapers offer their readers a tale as well as the news of the day. Even the *Journal des Débats* occasionally falls

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which are being made in the capital. The traveller who pays his yearly visit there will see each time new works completed, such as would have taken five times as long in London. The new Boulevards, which now penetrate Paris, supply it with thoroughfares such as hardly any other city in the world possesses. Nor are they, like the famous New York Broadway, merely remarkable for the scale on which they have been planned, while defective in the working out of the details. Stately houses, regularly built, stand on either side, the roadway and the footpaths are perfection, and trees, young as yet, will hereafter serve to shade the wayfarer in the dog days. There is another way in which these thoroughfares may be regarded. They form admirable military roads. In case of another *émeute* the Imperial cannon would sweep them from one end to the other. Barricades would be almost impossible in streets of such width, where, too, the paving stones, which once played so important a part in street warfare, have been superseded by asphalte. Nor are the improvements of Paris confined to new streets. New public buildings, of great magnificence, have been erected at a prodigious cost;* some for show, like the new part of the Louvre; some for use, like the new *halles* or central market-places. About thirty thousand yards of new roads have been opened from the heart of the town in every direction. Most of the bridges have been repaired, fresh bridges have been built, and more than three-quarters of a million sterling was spent in redeeming the tolls on nine bridges. A great part of the embankment of the Seine on both sides has been renewed. Magnificent hotels, new theatres, new churches have sprung up. The cost of building is only one part of the expense. Whole streets of houses had to be purchased and pulled down, and it is affirmed that certain Government officials used to take advantage of their early information, and buy up the property which they afterwards sold again at a great advance to the Government. The Emperor has recently appointed a commission to ascertain the cost and extent of the alterations that are still contemplated. The commission is to state what works are most urgent, and how they can best be proceeded with. Nor is the cost of these gigantic operations the only consideration. These magnificent thoroughfares cover the ground formerly occupied by inferior houses. But the present handsome structures are no

* Mr. Tite, M.P., in a paper read before the British Association in 1863, and published in the 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' September, 1864, estimates the loss upon the construction of new streets at 60 per cent. upon the capital employed therein. The net cost of the Rue Rivoli is over three millions sterling, that of the Boulevard Sebastopol £1,391,486.

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homes for the working classes, and these, deprived of their old dwellings, find great difficulty in obtaining residences within their means. At the same time it is stated that no less than eighty thousand separate lettings, either houses or flats, are now vacant. House rent has risen enormously, and with it the price of food and other articles. Paris, once one of the cheapest of continental cities, is now probably the dearest. If the *ouvrier*, therefore, has been cared for by supplying him with abundant work, he has also suffered not a little from high rents and dear provisions. It was perhaps partly from this cause that the late elections turned out so unfavourably for the Government.

There is one reform which the Emperor has brought about whose benefits have no counterbalancing disadvantages. It will ever redound to his praise that, in spite of the vigorous opposition of interested or timid persons, he succeeded in procuring for his country the great blessing of free trade. The results of this enlightened policy are no doubt very surprising to the commercial classes in France, but are just such as experience had taught us to expect. The value of imports to France from England was increased by the Commercial Treaty, from two hundred and seventy-eight millions of francs in 1859, to five hundred and twenty-six millions in 1862. The increase in the exports from France to England during the same time was far less, but still very satisfactory, being twenty-eight million francs. It is, moreover, to be observed, that although the import trade appears to have progressed in less rapid proportion than the export trade, and although the gross total of the imports is less for 1863 than for 1861, the cause is to be found in the diminished imports of cotton, arising from the cotton famine, and of corn, arising from the bountiful harvests. If these two items be subtracted from the gross totals of the two years respectively, the value of the imports in 1861 was one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one millions of francs; and, in 1863, two thousand one hundred and twenty-six millions, being an increase of nearly twenty per cent., or thirteen millions sterling in favour of 1863. The most considerable increase has taken place in the articles silk and waste and wool, while there is a large decrease in cotton, showing that if the cotton manufactories of France continue to suffer from the want of raw material, the loss has in a great degree been compensated for in the two analogous branches of industry—the silk and the woollen trade. French shipping has, of course, increased with French commerce. The total number of ships entered inwards in 1863 was twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, of four million five hundred

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the labourer seeks for good investments, the very *blanchisseuse* is eager after stock, and both often fall a prey to the sharper. Formerly the *rentier* or the small landed proprietor would not have been induced, under any circumstances, nor by the most alluring promises, to part with his hoarded money. Now all is changed; the hope of making a lucky *coup* has excited all classes. An immense amount of capital formerly locked up is now set loose. To a certain extent the change has been beneficial; to the extent, that is, in which the money has been absorbed by substantial and beneficial undertakings. On the several occasions when the Emperor has been compelled to borrow money, the people have rushed *en masse* to inscribe their names for a sum far beyond that which they would have been able to contribute, with the knowledge that the total subscription would be so large as to make the allotment much below their demands, and in the hope that the allotment would not fall short of their means. The great credit companies were started to absorb the money of small capitalists. The railway companies took their share of the spoils, and it is a noteworthy fact that, whereas in England the usual price of shares is £100, the price of shares in France rarely exceeds £20. Recently a new class of investments has been offered to the speculating Frenchman. Foreign loans which could not be negotiated in England, and which formerly would under such circumstances have been considered as hopeless, are now freely subscribed for in Paris. Some of the speculators have grown rich; not a few 'shamefully rich,' as a dying English prelate once confessed himself to be. It is no secret that Imperial ministers have had transactions on the Bourse, and it is currently reported that the Duke de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, has availed himself of his early knowledge of political movements to effect pecuniary transactions by which he has amassed a large fortune. It shews how deeply the canker of gold has eaten into the heart of the nation, that this conduct, which would for ever ruin an English statesman, has in no way affected the position of the President of the *Corps Législatif*. The Mirès case is another proof of the mischief that has been wrought by this making haste to be rich. Mirès, a Jew by birth, migrated from Bordeaux to Paris, and soon obtained such a position as George Hudson, the railway king, held in England during his Prince's Gate days. His undertakings were always successful, and men courted him as though he had the power to make them rich or poor. But success excites envy in some minds, and just when Mirès had to provide a large sum of money for a Turkish loan, the concession of which he had obtained on very favourable terms, an associate

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associate pressed a heavy personal claim on him, and threatened him with the disclosure of certain irregular transactions if he did not meet the demand. Mirès refused, the charge was made, he was accused of having speculated with the securities entrusted to him, and he was found guilty, and condemned to five years' imprisonment. Mirès appealed, and eventually the sentence was reversed under, it is believed, the threat of disclosures damaging to persons of great influence. It is now made legal for the managers of joint stock companies to speculate with the securities of their depositors.

'Quickly come, quickly go,' is an old and true proverb. Wealth obtained in haste is in France, as elsewhere, spent in profusion. Probably not even in the days of Louis XIV. was the extravagance of the upper classes so unlimited; and in the days of Napoleon III. extravagance is not confined to the upper classes. The Emperor himself is spendthrift to the last degree. Although enjoying a munificent allowance, he is said to be constantly in straits. He enforces a large expenditnre upon his court, and sets the example himself. The *fêtes* at Compiègne, for instance, involve an enormous outlay, both to the Imperial host and his guests. No lady honoured with an invitation would venture to wear the same dress twice; and, as it seems to have been the one great object of the life of the Empress to make female attire as costly as it can be made, it may easily be imagined that the cost of a visit to the Emperor's hunting grounds is prodigious. The increase of carriages during the last few years is very remarkable. Formerly private conveyances were few in number, and mean in appearance. They now vie in number with, and exceed in appearance, those which are to be found in London. Most of them cost not less than £300.

Akin to this personal ostentation and extravagance is the outlay on the improvements of Paris. When Napoleon mounted the throne there was one class of the community in Paris which was particularly formidable, and which it was especially important that he should conciliate. This was the *ouvrier* class, whose communistic theories had already led to great disasters, and threatened still greater. The theory that the State is bound to find employment for the working man is one which no government can admit as a theory. It is a political heresy of the most dangerous kind, and must be vigorously denied. Not the less, however, has Napoleon found it expedient to act as though it were true, and to pacify the workman by finding the work which he would not allow it was incumbent upon him to find. The rebuilding of Paris is the result.

It requires no long interval to discern the immense changes which

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has had the effect of turning rapidly into a great reservoir all the rain which falls over a district of 1,800 square miles. This reservoir is about fifty-three miles long, and stretches between the plateau of the *landes* and the impenetrable barrier of the *dunes*. The land formerly covered by marshy water has been turned into pasturage. A perfect system of irrigation prevails, by which the superfluous water of the marshes is conveyed over the once sterile lands. To use the words of M. About—'See the balance of progress which the genius and the perseverance of one man have realized in a few years. Eighteen hundred square miles of land improved, brought into cultivation, acquired for the use of man; ninety square miles annexed to the soil of France by a victory without tears; fever driven from a country which it had rendered uninhabitable; the human race and every kind of useful animals improved and multiplied; an enormous increase of existence or of property produced on the surface of the earth.' It is to be hoped that the municipal councils will follow in the good path thus marked out for them.

One improvement effected under the Imperial *régime* has been a great boon to the seafaring class of the population. This is a modification of the old law of *Inscription Maritime* by the Imperial decree of October 22, 1863. Formerly not only every mercantile seaman, but every fisherman and ship-carpenter, was obliged to obtain the authorization of the naval officials at the place where he intended to exercise his calling. In return for this he was inscribed on the official list, and remained up to the age of fifty at the entire disposal of the Government, which might call him out for service on board the Imperial ships when it pleased, and compel him to serve as long as it thought fit. In theory a man could obtain the removal of his name from the *Inscription Maritime*, but only on condition of his renouncing every employment connected with the sea. Thus during the whole of the best years of his life he was at the disposal of the State, which could at any moment tear him away from home and family, and compel him to fight. This system, which has endured with slight modifications since it was devised by Colbert, is now abolished in all its most objectionable features. By the new decree every man above sixteen and under twenty-one years of age may, if he is found fit for service, be enrolled as an 'apprentice' for four years. After serving one year he receives pay as a seaman of the third class, and if after the four years he wishes to abandon a seafaring life, he is at liberty to do so, and is entirely free from any further demands by the State. Those who are enrolled are at the disposal of the State for only six years, and only three

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three of these are they compelled to spend on board the Imperial ships, or at the dockyards. When he has completed his twenty-sixth year, the seaman cannot be called upon again to serve the State, except in case of extraordinary armaments, and by virtue of an Imperial decree. It may easily be imagined that this reform has been received as a welcome gift by the seafaring population of France. At the same time it is hoped by the Government that this population will so greatly increase that the navy will not suffer for want of men.

The limits of this article prevent us from mentioning several important subjects, including the condition of the Imperial finances. Suffice it to say that the state of the French exchequer is by no means satisfactory, and that in spite of the nominal surrender by the Emperor of his right to levy supplementary budgets, and in spite of the ingenuity of M. Fould, the floating debt is still most undesirably large.

We must confine ourselves to one last point, the state of morals in France generally, and Paris particularly. This is one of the least satisfactory topics that can be discussed. In some respects Paris is superior to London. Vice is not suffered to parade itself so openly in the French as it is in the English capital. Prostitution is regulated by the police, and drunkards are seldom seen to reel through the streets, yet, nowhere is licentiousness more general than it is in Paris. Nowhere, at least in Western Europe, is the marriage vow more frequently broken. For this there is no such remedy as we possess. There is no divorce court in France. It is no unusual thing for Parisian newspapers to advertise establishments where unmarried ladies may be confined in secresy. The other gross vice of intemperance is greatly on the increase. A writer in the *Grand Journal* describes the progress in the consumption of absinth and its fearful effects. He says that whereas the common absinth, with a proportion of forty parts of alcohol, was formerly drunk in the proportion of fifteen to five of the Swiss absinth, which contains from sixty to seventy-two parts of alcohol, now the proportion is five to twenty. He describes with much graphic power the ravages produced by absinth. There are, as with us, the furious drinkers and the hardened topers. The first soon die. The second exhibit slowly aggravating symptoms—loss of muscular power, trembling of the eyes, the lips, and the facial muscles, dyspepsia, wasting, disturbed sleep, evil dreams, headaches, delusions, hypochondria, difficulty of speech, enfeebling of the intellect, general paralysis, epileptic convulsions, death. The moral faculties undergo a similar withering process. The wife and children are neglected, the man becomes intensely selfish and

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hundred and sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-five tons, and the total number of ships cleared outwards was twenty thousand four hundred and seven, of three million one hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and seventy-eight tons, making a total of forty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-eight ships, and seven million seven hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-three tons, which was an increase of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two ships, and one hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and thirty tons, as compared with 1861. Since this paragraph was written Napoleon has made a further advance on the path of free trade by giving notice that he will shortly abolish the differential duties in favour of French shipping.

It is due to the Emperor to say that he has not confined his efforts at improvement to Paris, although that city has had the lion's share. The provinces have benefited to a large extent. The construction of railways has proceeded very rapidly. No less than nine hundred and twenty-nine kilometres (about five hundred and fifty-seven miles) were opened in 1863. The six great companies, viz., the Orleans, the Lyons, the Northern, the Eastern, the Western, and the Southern, had, at the time Mr. Grey wrote his report, about seven thousand miles open, and had about four thousand seven hundred and fifty miles to construct, in order to complete their conventions. The number of shares in the six chief railways was two million seven hundred and fifty-nine thousand, the amount of capital of the old system about fifty-eight millions sterling in shares, and sixty-seven millions in obligations, and the capital of the new system one hundred and twenty millions in obligations guaranteed by the State. Unfortunately, it does not appear that the increase of receipts is proportionate to the increase of expenditure, for the profits have diminished as the mileage has increased. This is certainly not satisfactory; but it should be remembered that in all countries where railways have been constructed for a considerable period the most important places, those, that is, which produce the greatest amount of traffic, have long ago been served, and that all extensions of the railway system must be in less populous, and therefore less profitable districts. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that a railway may be of great advantage to the community, even though the shareholders derive but small advantage. The district profits by the diminished cost of travelling and of carriage of merchandize, even though the shareholders may incur a loss. The extension of the railway system is thus of great importance to the provinces.

The rural districts have every reason to be well disposed to the

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the Imperial *régime*. Agriculture and the agricultural classes have improved greatly of late years. The population of these districts has in many instances, no doubt, been actually diminished by extensive migrations to Paris and other large cities. But this has been to the advantage of those who remained behind. Formerly there was such a superabundance of agricultural labour that it could earn only the scantiest wages. The supply is less now than formerly, and the demand is greater, so that better terms can be obtained. At the same time agriculture is more scientific and enterprizing than it was. The establishment of agricultural meetings has been directly encouraged by the Emperor, who has given prizes to successful competitors. Just now the reclaiming of the *landes* is an important agricultural enterprize. M. About gives an account of the great things which have been accomplished in this unpromising district by private resources. An engineer devised some economical means of draining, costing about six shillings and sixpence an acre, and out of a desert he has made an oasis, which pilgrims from all parts of the *landes* visit. It is fifteen years ago since he bought the property, twelve hundred and fifty acres in extent, and it is now covered with woods, meadows, grain crops, and cereals. His tobacco crop brings him in every year six times more than the cost of the ground which grows it. The entire expenditure on drainage, buildings, &c., has been four thousand pounds, and in twenty years his woods alone will be worth ten times that sum. Having thus made his fortune, M. Chambelert might have been content with his achievements; but money-getting is not his principal object. His great ambition is to see the whole of the surrounding country reclaimed. He offers his services gratuitously to all persons who are willing to follow his example. The State, impressed by the magnitude of the improvements he has effected, has come to the assistance of the district, and has constructed three hundred miles of roads and ditches throughout it, which at once serve for communication and for drainage. M. Chambelert now seeks to persuade the communes to sell their lands, and the municipal councils have given them the alternative of selling or improving. The communes find it advantageous to get rid of half their estates in order to bring the other half into cultivation. In this case material has been attended by moral improvement—new churches and schools having been built in the district. In another year or two there will not be an acre uncultivated in the *landes* of the Gironde. In thirty years there will not be an acre which will not bring in 40s., and which would not sell for £40. Nor is it only that the land has been improved; the drainage of 750,000 acres has

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and brutal. He will deprive his children of their daily bread to obtain this poison, which, sufficiently destructive naturally, is rendered still more so by adulteration with copper in order to give it the green hue, which is considered a proof of its goodness. Even where the Parisian is not a drinker of absinth, he too frequently makes the *café* or the *cabaret* his home. There he breathes an air most foully polluted, and its effects upon the constitution are vividly described by the same writer as has depicted the career of the absinth-drunkard. Of home life, in the true English sense of the word, the Frenchman knows almost nothing, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the domestic virtues do not flourish in France.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of the condition of France. In many respects it has improved of late years, in some there has been retrogression. In material prosperity there has been an astonishing progress, for it is not only that Napoleon has spent large sums of money on the capital, but that he has added to the riches of the country by developing its internal resources and freeing its external trade. At the same time he has set an example of excessive luxury and show, which has been too diligently followed by his people. The worst feature of the Imperial *régime* is the restriction it has placed upon free thought and free speech. The press is subject to a bondage which it seems marvellous to us that any nation which has done and suffered so much on behalf of liberty can consent to bear. Deprived of the discussion of political affairs, the people have betaken themselves either to reckless money making or to fiction, in which the heroines are courtezans and the heroes their lovers. On the whole, therefore, we are bound to say that the balance of good and evil is decidedly and heavily against the present ruler of France. By how much the more the morals of a people are above its wealth, by so much must the French nation be considered to have suffered under the government of the Third Napoleon.

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Art. II.—A MORTIFYING RETROSPECT.

1. *Our Convicts.* By Mary Carpenter. London: Longmans. 1864.

2. *De l'Amelioration de la Loi Criminelle.* Paris: Cope et Marchal. 1864.

3. *Report of the Liverpool Police for the year* 1864.

So much has been said and written within the last few years on efforts for the diminution of crime and reformation of criminals, that it may be supposed we need no new work on this subject. But, however much may have been published, there is no book at present in existence holding the position to which 'Our Convicts' is justly entitled. It supplies a want long felt by the friends of reformation, namely, that of a popular exposition of the principles of reformatory treatment. The author points out who our convicts are, and the causes which have led them into crime; illustrating her arguments with very interesting narratives, derived sometimes from her own varied experience, but more generally from the reports of the late excellent chaplain of Preston Gaol, the Rev. John Clay, or from the newspapers.

The appearance of this book at the present juncture is extremely opportune, for while the discontinuance of transportation will compel us to retain our criminals at home, the new Penal Servitude Amendment Act, if its provisions be honestly enforced, will ensure their more rational treatment in our convict prisons. It is, therefore, highly expedient that the public should understand those principles of punishment which alone are able to effect true reformation.

The name of Mary Carpenter, on the title-page of this book, is ample guarantee for the value of its contents. The practical experience she has acquired by her long and unwearied labours in rescuing the perishing classes, gives peculiar weight to her opinions on the most efficacious method of reforming our criminals,—the cause to which she has devoted her genius and her life.

The present volume (the first half of the whole work) is divided into six chapters, the two first showing who are our convicts and how they are made; the third, the principles on which they must be treated if we desire to reform them; the fourth and fifth describe their management under the English convict system (now, we trust, for ever passing away), both during their imprisonment and after their release on ticket-of-leave; and the sixth is devoted to the subject of transportation.

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tion. In the two first chapters Miss Carpenter shows that the hardened criminals, who fill our convict prisons, are almost entirely persons who have either fallen into crime through indulgence in profligate habits, especially that of drunkenness, or they are the unhappy beings who, either as orphans or as the offspring of careless or wicked parents, grow up amid ignorance and vice, and take to crime as their calling as naturally as the children of the respectable classes learn the trade or profession by which they intend to gain their livelihood. Penal servitude is a punishment awarded only, except in rare instances, to offenders who have been repeatedly convicted; therefore the great majority of those who incur that sentence have pursued a criminal career for a long time, occasionally, indeed, interrupted by a term of imprisonment more or less short, according to the character of the offence for which they are punished. Practice in their nefarious calling, while it gradually closes their hearts against every good influence, makes them both skilful and daring in their evil pursuits. Such are the wretched creatures who compose the mass of our convicts; coerced into external order during their incarceration; but, alas, returning to society unreformed, ready to recommence their vicious career, thus spreading misery and pollution over the land.

The short imprisonments, to which persons convicted of petty offences are so frequently subjected, form one of the principal preparatives for admission to the convict prison. Such punishment is useless whether inflicted on children or adults; all it can effect is to make its recipients lose their wholesome dread of a gaol, and to bring them acquainted with criminals older and more hardened than themselves. To boys and girls this treatment is especially pernicious; it affixes upon these helpless creatures the prison brand, thus depriving them of all power of obtaining honest employment on their release. Miss Carpenter cites the opinions of judges, magistrates, and governors of gaols, all persons of great experience, on the subject of punishment, to prove the utter inefficacy of short terms of imprisonment to deter young persons from crime. It seems incomprehensible that such arguments should still require enforcing ten years after the Reformatory Schools Act, and seven years after the Industrial Schools Act have become the law of the land. These two statutes provide for the care of all young persons under sixteen years of age brought before the magistrates. The first deals with those who are sufficiently demoralized to need the correction and training they can receive only in a reformatory school; the second with those who are guilty of vagrancy

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vagrancy or other light offences, only requiring the more lenient discipline of an industrial school. Nobody disputes the benefits these institutions have conferred on the commuuity, yet we frequently hear of children being committed to gaol. Indeed, Mr. Weatherhead, governor of Holloway Prison, stated before the Royal Commission in March, 1863, that there were at that time fifty-one young persons under seventeen years of age in his prison, only two of whom were there as a preparation for entering a reformatory—the reformatory to which he alluded being Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, which was then really nothing more than a Government prison for juvenile male offenders, since converted into a prison for female convicts.* Surely some change in the law is necessary which shall render it impossible to commit children to gaol, except as a preparative for entering a reformatory.

With respect to another mode of convict manufacture, Miss Carpenter says :—

'Regarding it, then, as an acknowledged fact, that imprisonment of children is the surest way to raise for our country a large body of hardened convicts, and to ensure a continually recurring supply, what must we think of that system in our country which, while professedly established to relieve destitution, does its part towards converting the pauper into the criminal? Without attempting to discover how many of our convicts were reared and prepared for a life of vice in a workhouse, we can state that the system often adopted for juveniles in those establishments is such as must necessarily lead to their becoming convicts. It does so indirectly by the neglect of destitute children without their walls, and by the treatment of them very frequently when in the workhouse. We have already traced the history of the wretched convict D., and have seen him allowed to leave the workhouse to which he had been taken, without any effort to detain or reclaim him. We saw him afterwards apply for admission, when discharged from gaol, without a home, and softened by his solitary confinement;—we saw him refused, and again driven to crime.'

Further on, in allusion to some workhouse lads committed to prison for refusing to work, the author says :—

'It is possible, indeed, that the gaol has nothing deterrent for these unhappy lads, and that they have intentionally made their way there to escape from the workhouse; for the chaplain of a gaol has told us of a lad who, when advised to go to the workhouse after his imprisonment here, replied, "that they should not keep him there, he would run away, *as he preferred the prison, where he was better fed*:" and when on the point of leaving the gaol, when the same lad was asked what course he intended to take, he said, "*I will beg to get work in the brick-croft during the summer, and come here in the winter.*" '

It seems incredible that workhouses, supported as they are at the public expense, should send forth those whose calling it is to prey upon society; but, alas, such is the disgraceful

*We do not receive favourable reports of the Middlesex Reformatories, the only ones in the country excluded from the inspection of the Rev. Sydney Turner. The London police magistrates may perhaps feel no confidence that these institutions possess the power of reforming juvenile offenders.

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truth. The managers of these institutions have complete power over the child-paupers, and yet they cannot succeed in bringing them up to be honest and industrious. It is a notorious fact, that a large proportion of young persons brought up in our unions return to them as paupers, or enter our gaols as criminals.

Miss Carpenter introduces several narratives to show the existence of schools directed by adepts in crime, in which boys and girls receive regular instruction in their nefarious calling; and, although these abominable establishments are more carefully watched by the police than they used to be, we fear they still exist in considerable numbers, both in London and in the larger provincial towns.

Immoral books, and penny theatres, in which obscene and disgusting plays are performed, afford another mode of successful training to crime.

The lads under seventeen years of age who, after robbing various persons in Hull last year, agreed to *murder* the driver of the cab in which they hoped to escape from justice, confessed that their imagination had been excited by the perusal of such works of fiction as the 'Life of Dick Turpin,' 'Jack Sheppard,'* 'Paul Clifford,' and others. Mr. Clay's reports furnish further evidence of the pernicious influence immoral books exert over the youthful mind. Low concert-rooms and penny theatres, technically termed 'penny gaffs,' have done much in demoralizing the young. We trust these abominations are not so numerous as they were when Mr. Clay wrote his twenty-seventh report; but no doubt they still exert their baleful influence. We hope the penny readings, now happily so common all over the country, will prove formidable rivals to the penny gaffs.

The last incentive to crime mentioned by Miss Carpenter—drunkenness—is the most potent of agents for replenishing the convict prisons. The enormous evils resulting from an indulgence in this vice must be familiar to the readers of 'Meliora,' and we need not further discuss this portion of the subject, but will pass on to the chapter devoted to the principles on which criminals should be treated after they have entered the convict prison.

'We have,' says the author, 'traced the course by which convicts have arrived at their present very degraded and dangerous state. Though in some cases a succession of unfortunate circumstances, over which society had no direct control, may have carried on the unhappy victim from one step to another, each plunging him deeper and deeper in an abyss of crime, from which he was unable to extricate himself, and for which society could not be held *directly* responsible,—yet even in these cases we must have perceived that the prevalence of a more Christian spirit

* 'Reformatory and Refuge Journal,' January, 1864.

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in society, of a stronger moral repugnance to evil, of a greater readiness to help the weak, may have arrested the criminal in an earlier stage of his career. But, in the great bulk of the instances adduced, young persons have become gradually hardened in guilt through causes over which they had no control, and for which society is *directly* responsible. The practice still continues of sending children to prison, though for so long a time it has been declared by the highest authorities worse than useless, and though the existence of schools authorized by the Government renders this incarceration unnecessary. The workhouses do not yet provide a true home for destitute children, who find themselves better cared for in the hands of justice than in the keeping of those misnamed their guardians. Dens of infamy are still tolerated in our cities, to give to our young children that schooling to vice which no one gives them to lead them in the right way. The uncertainty of punishment, the glaring defects still existing in our criminal law, allure by impunity or slight punishment to repetition of crime. Society *is* responsible for all this, and therefore is bound to remedy as far as possible the evils arising from these various abuses. It is, then, our solemn duty, both as members of society and as professing Christians, to endeavour to bring these people to a sense of their responsibility to God and to man, and of their own immortal destiny.'

Reformers have often been stigmatized as persons who would treat the law-breakers more kindly than those who have suffered by their depredations. But in this they have been most unjustly accused; their aim has always been the diminution of crime, and they desire the reformation of the criminal, because they believe it to be the best means of attaining that end. And, in pursuing their desire, they have never endeavoured to shield a criminal from the suffering his sins have entailed upon him, because they believe that, rightly used, this suffering is the means of his amendment. It has only been of late years that reformation has had any part in the treatment of criminals; and even now it is only recognized by law with regard to penal servitude men. For the offenders confined in our county and borough gaols, who, we must remember, have not committed the repeated crimes which consign others to the convict prisons, the law recognizes no reformatory expedients. The efforts made towards their amendment have been, with rare exceptions, the work of benevolent officials, who have made the best arrangements in their power in spite of the numerous obstacles our prison code in its present state offers to their philanthropic efforts. Miss Carpenter adduces the successful labours of Colonel Montesinos, at Valencia; of Herr Obermaier, at Munich; and, lastly, the marvellous achievements of Captain Maconochie, in Norfolk Island; to show that, wherever reformatory principles have been acted upon, their success has been most encouraging. As the labours of Colonel Montesinos are but little known in England, and as the books in which they are described are not now easily to be met with, we venture to quote the short account of what he effected, which Miss Carpenter takes from the Recorder of Birmingham's book on the Repression of Crime,* to which we shall also add the Colonel's

* 'Suggestions for the Repression of Crime.' M. D. Hill. Parker: London, 1857.

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own explanation of the principles on which he founded his system, thus showing the progress of his own mind in becoming convinced of their soundness. The second passage is taken from a pamphlet by Captain Maconochie, containing copious extracts from a little work by Colonel Montesinos himself:—

'In the city of Valencia there has long been a penitentiary gaol, under the government of Colonel Montesinos, a gentleman who has made for himself a European reputation, by his skill in the treatment of his prisoners. He acted upon them by urging them to self-reformation. He excited them to industry by allowing them a small portion of their earnings for their own immediate expenditure, under due regulations to prevent abuse. He enabled them to raise their position, stage after stage, by their perseverance in good conduct. When they had acquired his confidence, he entrusted them with commissions, which carried them beyond the walls of their prison, relying on the moral influence which he had acquired over them to prevent their desertion. And, finally, he discharged them before the expiration of their sentences, when he had satisfied himself that they desired to do well, had acquired habits of patient labour, so much of skill in some useful occupation as would ensure employment, the inestimable faculty of self-denial, the power of saying "No" to the tempter, and, in short, such a general control over the infirmities of their minds and hearts as should enable them to deserve and maintain the liberty which they had earned. His success was answerable to the wisdom and zeal of his administration. Instances of relapse but rarely occurred, and the Spanish Government, rightly judging that talent like his ought to have the widest scope, appointed him inspector-general of all the prisons in Spain. It so happened, however, that the Legislature of that country was minded to establish a new criminal code, and (for what reason I know not) held it advisable to convert sentences of imprisonment for long terms of years, which prevail on the continent, into incarceration for life. This was done; but, unhappily, this was not the only nor the most pernicious change. In the chapters of the new code which relate to the management of prisons, governors are prohibited from offering those encouragements to the prisoners which had raised them step by step, until they were fitted for the enjoyment of liberty; and they also made it imperative that every sentence of imprisonment should be fulfilled to the last hour. The combined effects of these innovations teem with instruction. Prisons, which had been models of order and cleanliness, of cheerful industry, and of praiseworthy demeanour in general, now exhibit a painful contrast to that happy state of things; they have become the scenes of indolence, disorder, and filth; and the prisoners are either reduced to despair, or urged upon plots for escape, which, in a multitude of instances, are followed by success.'

* * * * * * *

'According to the views to which I was thus led in never forgetting that the double object of punishment is to reform those subjected to it, and to give a salutary warning to others, I sought by every means, and at any cost, to extirpate in my prisoners the lamentable germ of idleness, and to inspire them instead with a love of labour, seeking to impress this beneficial sentiment ever more and more in their hearts. But as unproductive works in the prison could by no means effect this, I made it a rule whenever any one showed a disposition to labour, but had no occupation which could contribute after his discharge to maintain him honestly, to endeavour to procure him such; and for this purpose I sought to bring within the prison as many different workshops as possible, allowing him to choose among them which was likely to be most advantageous to him; and now there are above forty of these all in full operation, and all originally organized and still maintained by the knowledge and capacity of the prisoners themselves. Neither for their introduction, nor for the rebuilding or repair of the prison, have I ever asked the Government for a single farthing, nor called in the assistance of any mechanics from without. It is true that the progress of these workshops has thus been very slow and troublesome; for, not having had funds at my disposal for the first purchase even

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even of the necessary tools and machines for them, I have been compelled to proceed only step by step in them. But, on the one hand, I could not help the want of money; and, on the other, I have always thought a frequent and intimate correspondence between the prisoners and persons of a different description outside objectionable, and I have thus had no choice. The establishment of one workshop, and the difficulties experienced in managing it, showed me how to introduce more, and to enlarge those already in operation, and I thus further acquired the gradual conviction that without the stimulus of some personal advantage accruing to themselves from their labour, it is difficult to obtain work, even from the already skilled, and almost impossible to get the unskilled to learn. Repeated experiments convinced me of the practical lesson involved in this maxim of social economy, and that what neither severity of punishments, nor constancy in inflicting them could exact, the slightest personal interest will readily obtain. In different ways, therefore, during my command I have applied this powerful stimulant, and the excellent results it has always yielded, and the powerful germs of reform which are constantly developed under its influences, have at length fully convinced me that the most inefficacious of all methods in a prison—the most pernicious and fatal to every chance of reform—are punishments carried the length of harshness. The maxim should be constant, and of universal application in such places, not to degrade farther those who come to them already degraded by their crimes. Self-respect is one of the most powerful sentiments of the human mind; for this reason, that it is the most personal; and he who will not condescend in some degree, according to circumstances, to flatter it, will never attain his object by any series of chastisements, the effect of ill [severe] treatment being to irritate rather than correct, and thus turn from reform instead of attracting to it. * * * It was not till after making many experiments of severity that I came firmly to this conclusion; but ultimately I made it the base of all my operations on the minds of my prisoners, and the extraordinarily small number of re-committals to my prisons, and the excellent health, and perfect state of submission in which those confined in them have always been kept, seem to me to leave no doubt of its soundness.'

* 'Account of the Public Prison at Valencia.' Translated by Captain Maconochie. 'Repression of Crime,' pp. 532-533.

Herr Obermaier pursued the same system at Munich, with, we believe, a like success. Miss Carpenter quotes a letter from Mr. George Combe to the *Illustrated London News*, dated July, 1854, describing his visit to this prison. Other descriptions of it have reached this country, one by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and another by the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, both confirming Mr. Combe's account.* We ourselves had the pleasure of visiting the Munich Prison in 1858, and can add our testimony to the description above-mentioned. As capital punishment does not exist in Bavaria, the worst criminals are congregated here. And yet, while we walked through the institution, we could only imagine ourselves in a well-ordered factory.

A few of the prisoners, too turbulent to work with their fellows, were occupied—and apparently busily occupied—in a separate room; but, as we understood, there were none in solitary confinement. Indeed, Herr Obermaier does not approve of this mode of punishment, because, as he justly remarked, 'as long as a man is alone he has no opportunity of showing his real character.' It must, however, be remembered, that

* 'Repression of Crime.'

Bavarians

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Bavarians who enter this prison are, doubtless, in a much more subdued condition than English criminals consigned to our convict establishments, and, perhaps, might not be able to bear the solitary cell; because in that country the trial of an accused person is a slow process, and he may have already undergone two years' incarceration when he enters the Munich Prison. Herr Obermaier received his appointment from the ex-king, Ludwig, who, he told us, was much interested in the system, and before his abdication would often visit the prison.

With the labours of Captain Maconochie the readers of 'Meliora' must be familiar. His success, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, offers irrefragable proof of the soundness of reformatory principles. Nor should it ever be forgotten that he was the first of our countrymen to reduce them to successful practice. What remained as unproven theory before his arrival in Norfolk Island had become indisputable fact when he quitted its shores :—

"'He sowed seed from which others have reaped the harvest fruits. Every man and every woman who will go to the holy work of raising degraded humanity with true heart, studying human nature, employing the means which experience has proved to be the most effectual, every one of these will have a greater or less measure of success, and without these all our machinery, all our physical agency, will be worse than useless. "Criminals, even the worst," writes the excellent chaplain of Preston Gaol, in his report for 1851, "are often capable of responding to kindness *which they know to be disinterested*, and will make efforts 'in the right direction,' when assured that their true welfare is an object of solicitude to those who have the care of them. In my own experience, I believe myself to have been successful in proportion as I have been able to persuade the prisoner that his temporal and religious good was our earnest desire and prayer—the great end aimed at by our discipline." I conceive that Captain Maconochie's remarkable success among the outcasts of Norfolk Island was chiefly owing to their conviction of his deep interest in their amendment. A transport now in our prison, who has already 'served his time' in the terrible hulks of Bermuda, still gratefully remembers an officer there in whom even the hardened convicts, when yellow fever was raging fatally among them, recognized a skilful, unwearied, and devoted friend. "It may scarcely be credible (I copy a passage from the prisoner's MSS.) from such a class of persons, but the prisoners in general paid more respect—indeed, I may say homage—to Dr. King, who was more than a father to all who came under him." Another convict, who had been under the well-organized system at Gibraltar, after giving an interesting account of the efforts made for their improvement by Mr. Kingston, the chaplain, writes :—'Now, I don't think but what any of the prisoners would have gone through fire, if he wished.' So it is; what these poor creatures chiefly need, in order to restore in them the image of humanity, is consideration and sympathy. It is not the mere governor—it is not the mere chaplain—but the earnest and pitying Christian, who, *while armed with authority to repress all tendencies to evil*, can at the same time touch the chord in the convict's heart, which is still capable of vibrating in harmony with what is good.'"

In concluding this chapter, Miss Carpenter cites a beautiful passage from one of the sermons of the late Rev. F. Robertson, of Brighton, describing the spirit which should actuate those who desire to labour in the sacred cause of reformation :

'"Our heart is enlarged." Now, what makes this remark wonderful in the Apostle's

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Apostle's mouth is, that St. Paul had received a multitude of provocations from the Corinthians. * * * In the face of this his heart expands, partly with compassion. Their insults and haughty tone only impressed him with a sense of their need, with the feeling of their wondering ignorance. They were his children. How could he resent even unmerited reproach from them, bound as they were to him by so dear a tie? He had suffered for them. He pardoned them, for they did it ignorantly. His spirit sought for them the only excuse that it could. Thus spoke before him One who loved even more than he; for the same thought occurs in the dying words of Christ—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." How worthy a successor of his Master's spirit! How generous! What a well-spring of love, inexhaustible in its freshness as in its life! And this is the true test of *gracious* charity. Does the heart expand or narrow as life goes on? If it narrows, if misconception or opposition wither love, be sure that that love had no root. If love is slain by injury, or even enmity, was it love in its truest sense? "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even publicans the same?" And this love is given to all, partly from looking on all as immortal souls in Christ. The everlasting principle within makes all the difference. For it is not the mere instinct of lovingness which makes the Christian; to love the soul in Christ, imputing righteousness to it as God does, knowing the powers it has in it to produce good, feeling what it should be and what it may become, and loving it as Christ loved it, this is Christian charity.'

In commencing her investigation of the English convict system, the author says:—

'The English convict system is professedly established on reformatory principles, and we must, in the first place, examine what these are, because the assertion has been recently often made that the reformatory system is a failure, since it is evident that the English convict system has failed, inasmuch as the prisoners placed under it have evidently not been reformed. Considerable suspicion has, therefore, been expressed by many of the soundness of the principle of reformatory schools, apparently under the erroneous supposition that the same leading features exist in these as in the Government prisons. The term "reformatory system," in reference to the convict prisons, is inapplicable, because, as will be shewn in this chapter, not only have they entirely failed in effecting reformation in their inmates, but because the principles on which they are conducted are totally at variance with those the soundness of which has been tested by the important experiments recorded in the last chapter, and which we, the managers of reformatories, have also proved to be true during the last ten years.'

A few pages further on we read an outline of an offender's progress through the convict prison. Placed at first, for a certain period, in solitary confinement, if he behaves well he gradually improves his condition, until he receives a remission of a portion of his sentence to which his good conduct has entitled him. Therefore, the charge made by the author that the reformatory principle is not in force in our convict prisons, at first sight appears unjust; but we believe that a perusal of the evidence she adduces fully supports the truth of her accusation, and proves that the only real principle in action in these establishments is that of keeping their inmates as quiet as possible during their incarceration, and of putting them out of memory the moment they quit the prison on their release. At the same time, Miss Carpenter is far from charging the authorities who direct our convict prisons with undertaking that which they have no intention to perform. Doubtless they

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they believe they are doing what they can to reclaim the prisoners under their charge. Our opinion is that they do not in the least understand the principles on which to found a real reformatory system. For instance, it is well known that indulgence in drink is the main cause that brings men into the convict prison. The true reformer would desire, if possible, to break the habit of this vicious indulgence, and wean the prisoner from his craving for drink. Nor is this a difficult task, because for months after a man enters the convict prison he tastes no fermented liquor. With the absence of drink the desire for it in most cases ceases to exist. Surely that is the time to show the convict that he can live without alcohol, and imbue his mind with those higher aspirations which will, perhaps, fortify him against indulgence when on his return to the world he once more finds himself within the reach of temptation. Surely our authorities could not have understood this, or they never would have made beer on a Sunday one of the rewards to which good behaviour entitles the inmates of a convict prison. And throughout the system of management we find similar contradictions. No wonder, then, that its failure has been so deplorable that criminals lose all salutary fear of the prison; that more than half of our convicts relapse into crime; that mutinies occur, and murders even are committed in these establishments. Nor is our disgrace confined to the knowledge of our own countrymen. A French judge, M. Bonneville de Marsangy, in a work lately published in France, 'De l'Amelioration de la Loi Criminelle,' speaks of our convict system in a manner very mortifying to the self-complacency of our national feeling.

'The report of the Commission of 1863 proves that penal servitude has been rendered futile beyond all conception. This punishment, the substitute for transportation, has no deterring power. Solitary confinement, which constitutes the first portion, is very rarely continued for the prescribed period (nine months). Far from dreading penal servitude, the convicts speak with satisfaction of the advantages this punishment secures to them, of the light and easy labour to which they are subjected, of the excellent food provided for them, and of the considerate manner in which they are treated.' * * * *

Miss Carpenter says:—

'We most earnestly hope that such a condition of things will not much longer disgrace our country. The evil *can* be remedied, because it has been remedied in our sister isle. Let us no longer remain in apathy and silence. From time to time panics have taken possession of the public mind, and the daily papers have echoed the alarm; articles in our periodical literature have endeavoured to direct public opinion; and to point out the true cause of the gigantic evil. The powerful pen of "S. G. O." has shown in the columns of the *Times* how "Guilt Gardens" are cultured, and their fruit brought to an appalling size—the fruit of the Upas tree which flourishes in them. But official reserve, and the confidence in the system evidently felt by our rulers, have hitherto prevented the public from so discerning the cause of the evil as to demand its cure for their own protection of life and property.

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property. It remained for the Royal Commission to enable these secrets to be thoroughly unveiled, and to let the public know from the directors and officers themselves, both the general principles and the details of the English penal servitude system, and to judge from them why "our convicts" are the terror and disgrace of our Christian country! If any should imagine that the brief extracts from the evidence here given present too unfavourable an impression, let them study the evidence for themselves, and form their own opinion.'

In treating of the disposal of our criminals after their punishment has been fulfilled, the author justly remarks:—

'To establish and manage an institution—whether an orphan asylum, a hospital, a reformatory, or a gaol—is a matter comparatively easy; but so to conduct it that the inmates, after having been the subjects of skilful management and under steady control, shall go forth as free agents, and without the help they have been receiving do their part in society under either favourable or adverse circumstances—this is the trial—this the difficulty.'

This, however, is the only test of the efficacy of such institutions,—the only claim they can make on the public sympathy, or the public purse. 'Society will always be ready to forgive if it has reliable evidence of true repentance;' and we have ample proof that prisoners discharged from well-managed county and borough gaols can procure employment *if they try*. At the same time it is notorious, that such is the prejudice against ticket-of-leave men that it is hardly possible for them to obtain employment if their condition be known. But this is not surprising:—

'As long as we know that the prisoners in them cannot be trusted even to take their meals together; that the trusted ones seize opportunities of stealing food from the others; that tools have to be carefully abstracted from the prisoners to prevent violence; that, notwithstanding constant precautions, terrible mutinies from time to time occur in those prisons, requiring for their suppression the aid of armed forces and even the presence of a ship of war, the chief actors in these mutinies being prisoners who were designated "very good," and that even at the present time fire-arms are required to be at hand to suppress rebellions among prisoners who "are supposed to be reformed."'

Besides, we know that the license to be at large during good conduct has been a sham, and really means unrestricted liberty to indulge in a vicious career. Certain it is that our convict prisons are unable to stand any real test of efficiency in reforming their inmates.

Conditional liberty, under supervision which has been found so beneficial a measure in most continental countries, and also in our colonies, as long as transportation prevailed, has never been tried in England. Notwithstanding that both the Penal Servitude Acts of 1853 and 1857 contain clauses empowering its use, and that the resolutions passed by the Parliamentary Committee of 1856 strongly urged that it should be put in practice, the Home Office has declined to make use of this power. At the same time, by giving each released prisoner a ticket-of-leave, on which very stringent conditions are printed,

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printed, it has led the public to believe that it really had adopted the principle of conditional liberty. Nay, it has gone even further; the Home Office has instructed the police to ignore ticket-holders, unless they should be found actually committing an offence. The police are empowered to enter public-houses, and if they should therein meet with unconditionally discharged convicts of known bad character, to warn the proprietors that unless they dismiss such customers they are committing an offence against the law; yet, should the officers see in the very same places ticket-of-leave men, they are instructed to take no notice whatever of *them*, because, forsooth, they are supposed to be reformed, and a publication of their antecedents might place obstacles in the way of their procuring employment; though why they should be supposed to be reformed when they keep bad company — a direct infraction of one of the conditions of their liberty — we must leave the inscrutabilities of the Home Office to explain, the more especially as Sir George Grey has stated that a license to be at large is not the slightest guarantee that its possessor is reformed, and that the sooner the public disabuse themselves of the idea 'that the holder of a ticket-of-leave is ascertained to be less likely to relapse into crime than any other discharged criminal' the better.

Well may M. de Marsangy say—

'As for me, I cannot understand how the English Parliament, notwithstanding the urgent appeals both of the public and the press, who in 1853, on the motion of Lord Grey, supported by Lord Brougham, had passed the enlightened act empowering the use of tickets-of-leave, has for ten years tolerated an administration of the law which has been a manifest violation of its principles and its aim—both of its letter and its spirit.'

It may be urged that we are attacking evils that no longer exist, which are remedied by the Penal Servitude Amendment Act. No doubt the new law will work great improvements if its provisions be honestly carried into effect, and we are glad to note from the last report of Major Greg, head-constable of Liverpool, that he has already appointed a competent police officer to attend to the new duty of supervising ticket-of-leave holders in that borough. But it behoves us to remember that many of the officers, whose system has so notoriously failed, are the same persons who are to organize the amendments provided by the new law, and that one of its clauses—police supervision over license-holders—was carried by the House of Commons after its rejection by the House of Lords, despite the opposition of the Government. Having now obtained police supervision over ticket-holders; our next step should be national supervision over our convict authorities.

Miss

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Miss Carpenter devotes the concluding chapter of the present volume to the subject of transportation; but as, since her book was published, indeed since this article was begun, the discontinuance of transportation, in deference to the urgent remonstrances of our Australian colonies, has been announced, it will be superfluous to enter into any discussion of this question. The author considers it might, under very careful restrictions, be carried on beneficially both to Western Australia and to the convicts. In this opinion we cannot concur, and we say this with great respect to the author. We, therefore, sincerely rejoice at its discontinuance, not less for the sake of the Australian colonies than for that of our own population. Transportation has been a curse instead of a blessing to this country; for, as long as there was any hope of getting rid of our criminals by shipping them off to the antipodes, the nation cared but little for their real reformation; now that we must keep them at home, the instinct of self-preservation will compel us to fulfil a duty to which philanthropy hitherto has urged us in vain.

Art. III.—THE LITERATURE OF TEMPERANCE.

1. *American Permanent Temperance Documents.* First and Second Series.
2. *The Temperance Society Record.* June, 1830, to December, 1835.
3. *The Preston Temperance Advocate.* 1834.
4. *Bacchus.* Prize Essay. 1839.
5. *On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors, in Health and Disease.* Prize Essay. 1850.
6. *The Band of Hope Review.* 1851 to 1864.
7. *The Scottish Review.* 1853 to 1862.
8. *The Argument for Prohibition.* Prize Essay. 1856.
9. *The Burnish Family.* 1857.
10. *Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention.* 1862.
11. *Works of Dr. F. R. Lees.*

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12. *Temperance Spectator, Church of England Temperance Magazine, British Workman, Western Temperance Herald, Irish League Journal.* December, 1864.

13. *Alliance News, Weekly Record, League Journal, Temperance Star.* December 3rd, 1864.

14. *Temperance Tracts:—Ipswich Series, Scottish Pictorial Series, Norwich Series.*

AS there were Reformers before the Reformation, so there was a literature entitled to the name of temperance long ere the modern temperance movement was conceived. The essential principle of that movement—that intoxicating liquors are not good as beverages, and that abstinence is the highest dictate and exercise of temperance concerning them—is embalmed in the most ancient records of our race. The 'wisdom of Egypt' acknowledged it; we discover it in the legislation of China; it passed current in the sacred cities, and was inscribed in the sacred books, of Hindostan; and it was shadowed forth, not obscurely, in various passages, narrative and preceptive, of the Hebrew Scriptures. The purest philosophy of Greece inculcated this truth with more or less consistency, and her poetry lent to it winged words of melody and beauty. Roman jurisprudence pronounced it good for Roman youth and matrons; Cæsar told of warlike tribes who held it in reverence, and practised it with vigilance; and Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' paid tribute to it in a remarkable burst of eloquence, which would adorn any temperance oration. In the 'Koran' of Mahommed—the masterpiece of Arabic literature—abstinence from wine takes rank with the prohibition of gaming; and were the literature of modern Europe carefully ransacked, many sentiments would doubtless come to light showing how much of the temperance teaching of these days had been anticipated by thinkers and moralists of old. Not to dwell on the notable instance of Fenelon, who, in his 'Telemachus,' written for the instruction of the Dauphin of France, gives temperance lessons that all who live in kings' houses might profitably ponder, and confining ourselves to our 'sea-girt isle,' the roll of illustrious writers who have given expression to temperance opinions is long and weighty. It includes the names of Shakspere as dramatist, Milton as poet and statesman, Butler and De Foe as satirists, Addison as essayist, and Pope as annotator upon Homer. Whole passages of Dr. George Cheyne's 'Essay on Health and Long Life,' published in 1725, are pre-teetotalism in its strongest physiological essence; and Dr. Armstrong, in his 'Art

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'Art of Preserving Health' (1744)—a noble poem, by a skilful physician—makes admissions fatal to the wisdom of any habitual use of 'even sober cups.' Bishop Berkeley, in his philosophical writings, and John Wesley, in his 'Primitive Physic' and 'Sermons,' use language which would now be deemed by many intolerably strong. Dr. Johnson, as reflected in Boswell's life of him, was practically for years, and uniformly in conversation, an enemy to the bottle; and, long before Boswell knew him, the same disposition was signally evinced in his reports of the Lords' debates of 1743 on the Gin Act, which are often quoted as genuine effusions, but may more properly be adduced as evidence of Johnson's ability as a temperance debater. Cowper's muse reproved with dauntless fidelity the Drink traffic and the Excise 'fattened with the rich result of all this riot,' but extended friendly recognition to the beverage that 'cheers but not inebriates.' Howard, far wiser in this respect than his splendid panegyrist, Burke, tested and affirmed the physical and moral advantages of abstinence. Dr. Darwin, in his 'Botanic Garden' and 'Zoonomia;' Dr. Beddoes, in his 'Hygeia,' and other writings; Dr. Garnett, in his 'Popular Lectures on Zoonomia;' and Dr. Trotter, in his 'Essay on Drunkenness,' inculcated a temperance philosophy, which, if followed up by associated effort, would have ante-dated by thirty years the temperance reform. The scientific student had before him, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' the experiments of Dr. Courtens, of Montpelier, made as early as 1679, and those of Mr. (afterwards Sir B.) Brodie on the action of diluted alcohol. Paley admitted the economical argument against ardent spirits, and the value of pledges for moral ends; and Mr. Basil Montagu, the editor of Lord Bacon's works, boldly arraigned, in his 'Essay on Fermented Liquors' (1816), the popular belief in the virtues of wine and beer. The 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' by Dr. R. Macnish (first edition, 1827), skilfully traced the causes, and warmly depicted the evils, of intemperance; but in some of its views and suggestions it was inferior to the earlier dissertations of Beddoes and Trotter.

In the United States of America the temperance movement, strictly so called, took its rise; and there, as in this country, literature was its forerunner and foster-mother. Dr. Rush, by his 'Medical Observations' (1793), and his 'Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind' (1804), erected a medical battery against the prevalent habit of indulgence in spirituous liquors. Yet more than twenty years elapsed without any social amendment, until, in the 'Six Sermons on the Nature, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of

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of Intemperance,' preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher, first at Litchfield, Connecticut, and repeated at Boston in 1826, and sent to press the same year, the pulpit battery was fairly laid alongside the false sentiments and pernicious drinking usages of the times. These celebrated sermons had been preceded by a number of single published discourses, addresses, and short essays, some of which indicated the necessity of abstinence from spirits as a beverage; but Dr. Beecher's sermons were unrivalled—and, it may be said, have rarely since been surpassed—for their minute dissection of the evil, their vivid delineation of its effects, their clarion calls to remedial action, and their clear-sighted apprehension of the coördinate coöperative forms which, in order to be effectual, that action should assume. The Six Sermons are a text-book by a study of which not a few living advocates of temperance might inform their judgment as to the first principles and indispensable policy to be embraced. As it will be undesirable to cross and recross the 'great salt lake' in the observations we have to offer, we shall concentrate in a few paragraphs all that our space permits us to say at present upon transatlantic contributions to temperance literature. The American press has poured forth a long and able succession of pulpit productions on the temperance movement—a result to be expected from the sympathy with it which the ministers and churches of all denominations in the United States have generally displayed. It is enough to instance in this connection the names of Palfrey, Edwards, Beman, Bacon, Channing, Barnes, Dickinson, and Cleveland, with a passing allusion to the 'Ox Discourse' of Rev. David Merrill, which circulated widely, and startled the Christian public. On the medical and physiological aspect of temperance, light was cast by the curious experiments of Dr. W. Beaumont on Alexis St. Martin, and described in detail (1833). Essays on this branch of inquiry were written by Dr. Reuben Mussey and Dr. Lindley (1835). Dr. R. T. Trall, in a short prize essay on the 'Philosophy of the Temperance Reformation' (1845), handled this subject with vigour, and with more judgment than he has recently shown in his 'Platform of the Temperance Reformation,' where not only is all use of alcohol as a medicine violently denounced, but a particular dogma—that 'alcohol does not act on the living organism, but the organism upon it'—is set forth as a great discovery, and as the very keystone of all true temperance doctrine and reform. In 1841, Dr. Thos. Sewall issued his 'Pathology of Drunkenness,' with seven drawings of human stomach, representing the effects of alcohol; and in 1843, in Mr. Delavan's *Inquirer*

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(No. 3) a free discussion was carried on between Mr. Delavan and Dr. Hun as to the scientific accuracy and utility of these drawings. An essay by Professor Youmans upon alcohol (republished in the Ipswich tracts) is perhaps the best American popular exposition of the pernicious influence of alcohol on the human system. The 'Permanent Temperance Documents,' consisting of the annual reports of the American Temperance Society, are of deep historical interest, and are otherwise important as a collection of testimonies and facts relating to the evils of drinking and benefits of abstinence. Dr. Justin Edwards composed six of these reports, and also a 'Manual,' very extensively circulated. Dr. Nott's 'Lectures' first appeared in 1840, and have passed through several editions, both in America and Great Britain (the last and most carefully edited was by Dr. Lees, in 1863); their reputation and influence being less owing to the originality of the views than to the lucidity, eloquence, and tender feeling of which they furnish an admirable example. One of the questions discussed by Dr. Nott—the relation of Scripture to the temperance movement, and the nature of the wines mentioned in the Bible—was antecedently considered in 1830 by Professor Moses Stuart, in a prize essay 'On the Wines and Strong Drinks of the Ancient Hebrews,' reprinted in this country, with a preface, by Dr. Pye Smith. The substance of Professor Stuart's theory was, that mixed and strongly-inebriating liquors, resembling the spirituous drinks and brandied wines of modern times, were condemned by the Divine Word. A theory proposed by Rev. Dr. Duffield, that 'yayin' was the Hebrew word denoting wine forbidden, and 'tirosh' the term denoting wine approved, was displaced by the republication of the English essays, 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus,' and by the controversy that ensued, in which Professor M'Lean, Prof. Stuart, and others took part. To afford a broad arena for this discussion, Mr. Delavan issued his *Inquirer* (No. 1) in 1841. Intimately connected with the general question of Scripture wines was that of the wine fit to use in the Lord's Supper. A prize essay, by Dr. C. Chapin, on sacramental wines, was printed in 1835, but the controversy did not grow warm till 1840-1, and it then lasted for several years. Dr. Nott, in his 'Lectures,' espoused the theory which disconnects Divine revelation from approval of the wine that 'bites like a serpent and stings like an adder.' In the lighter literature of temperance narrative and fiction America has excelled. 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' written by Hawthorne when new to fame, was a sparkling *jeu d'esprit*. 'My Mother's Gold Ring' appeared in 1833, the first of a series of exquisite temperance

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perance tales, by Lucius M. Sargent, whose only demerit is their shortness. Mr. T. S. Arthur is justly admired for his 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' and 'Six Nights with the Washingtonians;' but his brilliant pencil has produced other stories not unfit to match with those picturesque and varied tableaux. 'Passages from a Wasted Life' is a powerful blending of fact and fiction, which, though anonymous, is understood to be from the pen of Dr. Dix, to whom the literary limning of Mr. Gough's autobiography is ascribed. Mrs. Stowe and Mrs Sigourney are also to be classed among the temperance tale-writers of America; and to the latter we are indebted for some of the sweetest poetry consecrated to the cause of temperance. Besides stories and odes, she has also written some argumentative pieces of considerable power. As to American temperance poetry, in Mrs. Sigourney's hymns, Mrs. Dana's 'Lyrics,' and Dr. Marsh's 'Temperance Hymn Book and Minstrel,' we have most of what is valuable; though Dr. Jewett and Mr. Burleigh have written some vigorous verses. In the satirico-humorous vein, the Rev. J. Pierpont has excelled; and Dr. Cheever, of New York, will not have forgotten his youthful 'Dream of Deacon Giles's Distillery' (1835), which was adjudged a libel, but was not the less read and admired on that account. 'History of the Striped Pig' (1838), and Professor Hitchcock's 'Zoological Temperance Convention' (1850), are specimens of a literature enjoyed alike by the least cultured and most educated, when the execution is natural and piquant. In any *résumé*, however brief, of American temperance literature, it would be unpardonable to omit a reference to Mr. Delavan, who was for several years the greatest promoter of temperance periodicals, millions of copies of which were circulated under his direction, and many of them at his own expense. He had no share in the *Journal of Humanity* of 1829, the first regular temperance journal; but it was by means of the *Temperance Recorder* and *Intelligencer* that streams of knowledge periodically pervaded the State of New York, and penetrated to all parts of the American Union. Of Rev. Dr. John Marsh it is incumbent on us to speak with admiration for his labours as journalist, report writer, pamphleteer, preacher, and supervisor of other men's writings, for a period going back to the infancy of the temperance movement. Dr. Jewett and Mr. T. W. Brown, with some others, have wielded the pen with as much ability as the tongue. Of literature on the prohibitory question, the prize essay of the Rev. A. D. Kitchell (1848) may be noticed as specially excellent. American tracts on temperance (many of them issued by the American Tract Society) are above all computation;

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computation; and though distinctive temperance periodicals have greatly diminished of late years—Dr. Marsh's *Journal* being the only one that boasts an unbroken publication since 1837—there is hope that when peace shall return a striking improvement will in this, as in other respects, immediately appear.

Stimulated by the American documents that had reached him, and by long brooding over British drunkenness, Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, in Scotland, published, in 1829, a work of 123 pages octavo, 'On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance.' Many ingenious reflections, with copious extracts from American temperance reports and addresses, were contained in this essay—the alpha of a long train of writings whose omega is in the distant future. The temperance societies of Great Britain and Ireland, on the basis of abstinence from ardent spirits, soon sent out a flight of pamphlets and tracts; some by Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, others reprints of American papers, and others reports of speeches delivered by eminent advocates. Of these published speeches, none surpassed and few were comparable to the addresses of Mr. William Collins, of Glasgow; who likewise, by his monthly *Record* (sustained from June, 1830, to Dec., 1835), rendered efficient literary service to the struggling cause. In London, the British and Foreign Temperance Society issued a monthly *Herald* (Jan., 1832) and an *Advocate* (Jan., 1834)—both superseded (Jan., 1836) by the *Penny Magazine*. A monthly *Magazine and Review* (Jan., 1832) independently conducted, continued for about fourteen months. But, either for lack of time or application of talent, the movement against distilled liquors, which was inevitably transitional, produced no *magnum opus*, except a cheap and popular edition by Mr. Buckingham, of the report of his Select Committee, with the evidence taken on drunkenness in 1834. In the first week of January, 1834, the *Preston Temperance Advocate* appeared, edited and published by Mr. Livesey—the first serial devoted to the promotion of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The old societies were fast reconstructed or broken up, and new ones, on the exclusive principle of teetotalism, were formed in the course of the two succeeding years. A demand for a literature endorsing and defending this higher principle arose on every side, and caused efforts to meet this demand to be made by Mr. Livesey and his coadjutors of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance (now the British Temperance League); but, while American literature was drawn upon, original expositions were few. In the front rank of these few stood the written

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written form of Mr. Livesey's 'Temperance Lecture, based on the Teetotal Principle, including an exposure of the Great Delusion as to the Properties of Malt Liquor' (1836), numerous editions of which have since been printed—a model of perspicuous forcible exposition and appeal. By this and other publications, Mr. Livesey may be said to have constituted himself the Cobbett of the new social reform. The temperance journals of that period included the *Star* (Manchester, *Herald* (Leeds), *Guardian* (Isle of Man), *Pioneer* (Hull), and the pens of Messrs. F. Beardsall, John Andrew, jun., F. R. Lees, B. Crossley, W. Pallister, and R. Firth, were amongst the most active in supplying 'copy,' and keeping the fire burning. In London, the *Intelligencer* came out, under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Green, whose ability and knowledge of the press, and skill as a reporter, qualified him for the post. The northern journals, except the *Pioneer*, merged, in 1839, in the *British Temperance Advocate and Journal*, with Mr. (now Dr.) F. R. Lees as editor; but in London, a new official organ, the *Journal*, took the place of the *Intelligencer*, which Mr. Green, on his own responsibility, continued to edit. At the close of 1839, the *Journal* was edited by Rev. J. Burns (now Dr. Burns), and remained in his hands for several years. Up to this date the only additional works of much value which had appeared were a very instructive lecture, by Mr. Thos. Beaumont, the eminent surgeon, of Bradford, on 'Alcoholic Liquors;' Mr. Dunlop's erudite treatise on 'The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland;' and 'The Curse of Britain,' by the Rev. W. R. Baker—decidedly the most popular and comprehensive essay on the temperance subject that had then appeared. To Mr. Baker the temperance world also owes the 'Idolatry of Britain,' one of the most useful and widely-circulated of abstinence publications. Temperance literature was greatly enriched in 1840 by the appearance of 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus'—titles unfortunately suggestive of an opposition that was entirely absent. 'Bacchus' was the essay which gained the prize of £100 offered by the committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. Its author, Mr. Ralph Grindrod, of Manchester (now Dr. Grindrod, of Malvern), brought together in one volume a mass of facts and illustrations never before accumulated on the same topic. The volume was dedicated, with much good taste, to the temperance societies of America; and it was at once republished in that country, whence the degree of LL.D. was transmitted as a recompense for the learning and labour expended in its preparation. 'Anti-Bacchus,' though it did not gain the prize carried

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carried off by 'Bacchus,' had a larger immediate sale, attributable to its cheaper price, and its more flowing style. Its author, the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, was a man of great natural powers, and a master of energetic, racy composition. The chapters on the wines of Scripture in both 'Bacchus' and 'Anti-Bacchus' excited much interest and discussion in America, as we have before said, and also in this country; but in the later editions of 'Bacchus' this chapter was excluded, and the other contents were much augmented.

Among other medical expositions in favour of total abstinence, reference may be made to many passages in Dr. Edward Johnson's 'Letters to Brother John, on Life, Health, and Disease,' and a tractate by his relative, Mr. Walter Johnson, M.B. But the want of a standard work on the physiology of the question was strongly felt; and it was in accordance with its unostentatious benevolence of character that the late Mr. Joseph Eaton, of Bristol, offered, in 1849, a prize of £100 for the best essay on the physiological operations of alcohol. The prize was awarded to the essay of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, which appeared in 1850, dedicated, by permission, to Prince Albert, under the title of 'The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease.' A new and shilling edition, by Bohn, under the title of 'The Physiology of Temperance,' was afterwards issued. Of the unsuccessful essays, one only was published—'Temperance and Total Abstinence,' by Dr. Spencer Thomson. The work of so distinguished a physiologist as Dr. Carpenter could not be received but with great respect in scientific circles; and his treatment of the subject, though not free from the reserves and qualifications of a *savan* studious to prove himself impartial, was sufficiently favourable in all leading points to the temperance principle to stamp it as a sterling acquisition to the medical literature of the question. Dr. Carpenter's other contributions comprise a reply to Professor Johnston's objections; a pamphlet on 'The Physiological Errors of Moderation,' in reply to the *Westminster Review* article of Mr. Lewes; and an article in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1861, in which the great work of MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, on the *rôle* of alcohol, was made the text of a discussion subversive of the conclusions advanced in the same periodical five years before. Dr. Charles Wilson's 'Pathology of Drunkenness' (1855) is a small but interesting and able production. 'Alcohol: Its Place and Power,' by the late Professor Miller, is a delightful book, abounding in sparkling *bonhommie*, but with no lack of the philosophic spirit; and with it we may link 'Nephalism, the True Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience,' of

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of the same author, thankful, as we turn over the glowing pages, that such memorials have been left us of one who lived to bless his kind. The 'Physiology, Health, and Disease,' of Mr. Henry Mudge, conveys the matured convictions and experiences of a judicious and vigilant practitioner; and his more recent 'Guide to the Treatment of Disease without Alcoholic Liquors' is a handbook for want of which many estimable helpers have been lost to the temperance cause. Of other contributions by English pens to the concordance of total abstinence with medical science, the name is legion. To the name of Beaumont may be added those of Cheyne, Higginbottom, Fothergill, Courtney, Hicks, Dyer, M. Syder, Chadwick, R. D. Thomson, Figg, and, not least, Dr. M'Culloch, of Dumfries, of whose brilliant lecture to the medical students of Glasgow University many thousand copies have been dispersed, and have proved a ready antidote to error, whispered in the ear by certain of the faculty, and proclaimed upon the housetop. The researches of men of science unconnected with the temperance cause have confirmed all that its other advocates have taught. The prize essay of Dr. Percy (1835), the experiments of Dr. Prout, the writings of Dr. Huss (Sweden), the great work of the French chemists on alcohol followed by the recent lectures of Dr Ducaisne, the experiments and papers of Dr. Edwin Smith, the salutary treatment of fever without alcoholics, or with a very sparing use of them, by Dr. Gairdner, of Glasgow—all point in one direction, and read one lesson to the observant inquirer. The late Sir John Forbes's *British and Foreign Medical Review* was never tardy in a good word for temperance; and in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, the *British Medical Journal*, the *Lancet*, and *Medical Gazette and Times*, repeated expression has been given to the views persistently upheld by temperance reformers.

The only temperance works of an encyclopædic character have been three. The 'Temperance Cyclopædia,' of the Rev. Wm. Reid (1851), was a well-devised approach to the object indicated by the name; much useful information being arranged under a series of topics, such as 'Intemperance Described,' 'History of Intemperance,' &c. In 1855, a new edition, in monthly numbers, was issued, and new stores of good matter were introduced under the several chapters. In 1862, a third edition was announced; but this being nothing besides the second edition a little enlarged, the omission of the earlier date made it abound in chronological solecisms of the strangest kind. The 'Teetotaler's Companion,' by Mr. Peter Burne, first appeared in parts in 1846, and its broad

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broad page and large type offered a surface recommendation which was well seconded by the multifarious contents. The fact is, that an enormous pile had been collected by Mr. Burne, a Macclesfield operative, who had assiduously cultivated his talents, but in preparing it for the press he was indebted to the aid of Dr. Lees—aid rendered without any remuneration except the satisfaction of service to a fellow-labourer and the common cause. A supplement to the 'Companion,' under the title of 'The Concordance of Science with Scripture' (1847), was published, and by assistance from the same quarter. 'The Temperance Dictionary,' by Rev. Dawson Burns, of which thirty-four monthly numbers have been printed, follows the alphabetical arrangement, and if it can be carried out will form a stupendous depository of whatever concerns the temperance movement, or relates to intoxicating liquors and drinking customs. Further progress is suspended, we learn, till a more rapid issue of the whole work can be ensured. The chief societies of the kingdom have their honour involved in the removal of any merely financial obstacles to the completion of a work which would be altogether unique in temperance literature—a synopsis of all that has yet appeared, and of very much besides.

Here we must pause to name a temperance scholar and critic of cosmopolitan repute. When a pale and studious young man rose in a meeting of the first Leeds Temperance Society (1836), and refuted the objections of some of its leading members to the total abstinence principle, it was plain that no common champion of the new doctrine had arisen, who would, if life were spared, make a mark upon the age. That life has been continued for nearly thirty years, and, amidst frequent attacks of severe and debilitating sickness, has justified those auspicious omens. As secretary of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance, and editor of its *Advocate*—and afterwards as temporary proprietor and editor of that journal, when its monthly circulation was largest—Dr. Lees displayed that learned industry and controversial acumen which are now indelibly associated with his name. His 'Standard Temperance Library' (1843) comprised various supplements to the *Advocate* (1841-3), with the 'British Permanent Temperance Documents,' reproducing the substance of various old English treatises on the use of water and abstinence from vinous liquors. The three volumes of his temperance writings contain his 'Illustrated History of Alcohol,' his prize essay on Deuteronomy xiv., 25, 26, and his principal answers to opponents of temperance—'Democritus,' Mr. G. H. Lewes, &c., &c.—who have in the course of twenty years

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years drawn the sword in defence of alcoholic drinks. The 'Paradise of the Pacific' is evidence that, though the bent of his mind is metaphysical and logical, he has at command the colours that embellish the historic page. By some who ought to have known better, it was sought to fix a stigma of 'ultraism' on Dr. Lees. What he really has done has been to affirm and defend the accordance of teetotalism with the laws of physiology, sociology, and political economy; to oppose the teaching that would represent the letter or spirit of Scripture as hostile to teetotalism; and to uphold the use of the unfermented blood of the grape in the Lord's Supper as a return to primitive custom, and as fitly symbolizing the pure and precious blood of Christ the Redeemer. What there is 'ultra' in all this we honestly fail to see. Men will someday be ashamed of a parrot-cry like this raised against an honest and devout attempt to harmonize temperance practice with the will of the Creator, as declared in Nature and His written revelation. Views which might, with more plausibility, be charged with ultraism (such as that the use of alcohol in disease is always injurious—that any use of intoxicating drink is sin, *per se*, irrespective of the circumstances and knowledge of the user,—and that taking alcoholic beverages unfits for Christian communion), have never entered into his temperance prelections. The mental characteristics of Dr. Lees are not unlike those of Bishop Warburton, whom Dr. Johnson described as 'a man of vigorous faculties, of a mind fervent and vehement, and supplied by unlimited and incessant inquiry, with a wonderful extent and variety of knowledge—exerting at once the powers of a scholar, a reasoner, and a wit.' Some may point as another feature of resemblance to the controversial asperity of both writers. In regard to neither can the charge be wholly denied; but it ought to be remembered that Dr. Lees has had to do with some opponents unscrupulous and insolent to a degree, and that he has never failed to reciprocate the courtesies that do honour to the polemical arena. A cheap re-issue of his temperance writings (excluding those of minor or passing interest, and extracting the superfluous stings from others), the whole well classified, and with a copious table of contents, would be a treasure to the student. The edition of Dr. Nott's lectures is an example of judicious rehablitation. A 'Temperance Text-Book,' for which an American publisher has made proposals to him, would fill a void that, amidst the profusion of publications, has never been supplied.

The Wine Question, as it is called for brevity, has been discussed in most of the standard works already named, and most

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most elaborately in the writings of Dr. Lees; but in 'Tirosh lo Yayin' (1841)—a treatise reprinted with Dr. Lees's works, and, therefore, mistaken by some for his literary offspring—an able attempt was made to distinguish the specific difference between 'tirosh,' as generically denoting the solid, and 'yayin,' the expressed liquid, fruit of the vine. The examination of many other terms was also pursued, and had the style been more vivacious, the worth of this remarkable disquisition would have been better known. 'The Wine Question Settled,' by Rev. B. Parsons; 'Rescued Texts,' by Mr. H. Mudge; 'Apostolic Temperance,' by Rev. H. Gale (now Dr. Gale); Archdeacon Jeffrey's 'Sermon on Alcoholic Wines;' Mr. Peter Mearns's second prize essay on 'The Jewish Passover and Christian Eucharist;' with earlier pamphlets, by the late Rev. F. Beardsall and Dr. Firth, cannot be omitted from the scantiest catalogue of compositions on a question which will amply repay dispassionate investigation. In Kitto's 'Cyclopædia of the Bible,' articles from Dr. Lees vindicated a theory but little considered by scholars; and in Barstow's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' the same views have been expounded and maintained. Of discourses and religious appeals to Christians on the temperance reform the press has been prolific. The annual sermons of the late Rev. J. Sherman, delivered in Surrey Chapel, were among the most impressive of their class. Dr. Burns has preached many excellent discourses, and published some of them. 'The Temperance Pulpit' is a volume of sermons of superior merit, issued by the Scottish Temperance League; and we do not see why the publication of a sermon monthly—divines of all Christian churches to be the preachers in print—should not prove a successful endeavour to scatter temperance light into the pews of all denominations. In Dr. Guthrie's 'Sins and Sorrows of the City,' the pictorial and pathetic powers of that great preacher are splendidly conjoined. 'The Pastor's Pledge' (1840, a new edition, 1863), by Rev. W. Roaf, of Wigan; Rev. G. B. Macdonald's 'Letters to a Friend;' Rev. R. Tabraham's 'Appeal to the Pious;' the tracts of the late Archdeacon Jeffreys (never excelled for cogency and suavity combined); the Dean of Carlisle's 'Why I have taken the Pledge;' Rev. W. Robinson's 'Clergyman's Reasons;' Rev. Newman Hall's pamphlets; and Rev. R. Maguire's 'First Words on Temperance,' are specimens of a literature that cannot be too quickly multiplied and too broadly diffused.

In biography, the 'Life of Father Mathew,' by an ex-teetotaler (Mr. Maguire, M.P.), and the 'Life of Joseph Sturge', by Rev. H. Richard, a non-teetotaler, contain the amplest records of

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of distinguished abstainers; if we except the 'Life and Memorials of Robert Kettle,' by Rev. W. Reid, and Rev. A. Wallace's 'Memoir of J. Stirling,' the first agent of the Scottish Temperance League. Mr. James Silk Buckingham's 'Autobiography' was cut short by his decease before it had arrived at the period of his temperance career; but this had been anticipated in his 'History of the Temperance Reformation,' the most valuable part of which was autobiographic. 'The Nemesis of Drink' is an autobiographic sketch, phosphorically bright, like the waves of the midnight sea, and reminding us of Charles Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard.' 'The Life of Colin,' edited by Rev. R. Richings, is a homelier and more hopeful narrative. Mrs. Wightman, in her 'Haste to the Rescue,' and 'Annals of the Rescued,' has contributed chapters of varied interest and extraordinary instructiveness to the true science of temperance and religious evangelization; and nothing less can be said of the experiences of a true Christian heroine, recorded in Mrs. Bayly's modest *brochures*, 'Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them,' 'Mended Homes,' &c. Of general histories, the largest is Mr. Couling's, carefully and candidly arranged, but much too meagre to satisfy curiosity, and wanting in the proper perspective of historical composition. Mr. Lewis's 'History of the Temperance Movement in Scotland' deals chiefly with divisions on points of policy. One of Chambers's tracts, written in part by Dr. Lees, gave some well-compressed information on the rise, progress, and influence of the temperance movement. No. 1 of the 'Select Tracts,' issued by the then National Temperance Society, furnished a clear *coup d'œil* down to 1854. The narrations of Mr. Dearden and Mr. Teare relate to the first years of the teetotal agitation. Local histories, also, not a few, have been written. All these, with the early periodicals and reports, will go to supply material for the historian, yet to show himself, who shall do justice to the greatness and glory of the temperance enterprize.

The genius of poetry has not withheld some of her gifts from the literature of temperance; but hymn writing has monopolized too much of the talent that might have aimed at more extended verse. Mr. Henry Anderton was a ready and happy rhymer, and was sometimes visited by the true poetical afflatus, as the volume of his poems, recently collected and edited by Mr. Edward Grubb, as a labour of love, clearly proves. Mrs. Balfour's 'Garland of Water Flowers' (1840) contained temperance poetry of the true Parnassian perfume; and her 'King Alcohol's Walk' joined keen satire and pathos to heroic metre in the pitiless exposure of England's curse.

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curse. Some short, beautiful poems have proceeded from the pen of J. C. Prince. Non-abstainers have struck the temperance lyre—as Dr. Mackay, in his 'Whisky Fiend,' and *Punch*, in his 'Drop of Gin.' Of temperance hymn books, melodists, song books, &c., there are probably a couple of scores. Of hymn books, the one issued by the Scottish Temperance League is the one most commonly used; yet there is room for another which shall bring together the best singable effusions. Bands of Hope have melodies and music to their hearts' content; and the ballads of the Rev. Dawson Burns are a handful of entertainment and instruction from a hive where honey for the young may be plentifully gathered. The Rev. F. Beardsall, by his 'Trial of John Barleycorn,' led the way in a species of composition which, by dramatic personation, has delighted bands of juniors and their seniors; and in several temperance productions of the late Mr. Featherstone ('Trial of Dr. Abstinence,' &c.) the same vein is further explored. So far as we are aware, the 'Temperance Emigrants,' by Mr. Dunlop, has been the only effort to give the materials of a temperance story in a strictly dramatic shape; though some of Mr. Cruikshanks's marvellous creations have been represented on the boards of the London theatres. While we write a French play, *Les Drames du Cabaret* (the dramas of the drink-shop) is correcting English notions of Parisian sobriety. Of temperance allegories, the 'Drunkard's Progress' and Dr. Henry's 'Drunken Sea' are favourable illustrations. 'The Temperance Fables' (1840), of the Rev. J. Collinson, did not meet with much success, although the fables were ingenious, the morals orthodox, and the woodcuts striking. The 'Crack Club,' of the same author, was also cleverly conceived, but the execution lacked the originality which the plan required. Part of the design, however, was well sustained.

Temperance works of fiction have increased till they may be said to have engrossed more than their lawful share of the money and time expended on temperance literature. The objection raised against all fiction with a specific moral—that it produces an unnatural arrangement of the parts, and a troupe of puppets rather than beings of flesh and blood—is nothing more than the statement of a flaw to which that sort of fiction is liable. To what degree, if any, the flaw is present, can only be learnt by an examination of the works of fiction so produced. A temperance tale must necessarily deal largely with drinking and the consequences; but there is no necessity why the events should be exaggerated, the personages artificial, or the *tout ensemble* a caricature or absurdity. The most successful writers of English temperance fiction have been women—

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women—Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. E. S. Oldham, 'Fairleigh Owen,' 'Bruce Edwards,' &c. Mrs. Balfour began to show temperance 'truth in fairy fiction drest,' as early at least as 1840; and no one acquainted with those stories—the bulk of which, we fear, are beyond recovery (though two or three have been reprinted)—could be astonished that the first prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League should have been carried off by so powerful a mistress of the 'witching art.' The 'Burnish Family' (1857) set at rest the question whether a temperance story need be dull, verbose, and onesided; and it was no doubt owing to the literary excellence of this novel, and its commercial 'run'—37,000 copies having been sold in nine months—that the Scottish Temperance League directors were induced to advertise higher prizes for more of the same popular material. 'Drift,' 'Retribution,' 'Glimpses of Real Life' (a collection of shorter tales), and 'Troubled Waters' have since appeared from Mrs. Balfour's pen, and in each have reappeared the same fresh, buoyant style, graphic portraiture, pregnant observation, variety of incident and adventure, and admirable union of the darker and brighter phases of actual life. Only a fervid and fertile imagination, a broad and genial nature, and a knowledge (very rare in a lady) of the world, could have enabled so much that is original to be produced by one writer in illustration of a single virtue and its opposite vice. Mrs. Ellis, in her 'Family Secrets' (1842), made bold and impressive use of the deceitful influence of drink, in her vivid descriptions of domestic sorrow and trial. She is credited, by rumour, with the authorship of 'My Brother; or, the Man of Many Friends' (1856), a tale with a well-educed temperance lesson; and in the 'Brewer's Family' (1863), she draws the veil from a scene which has its counterpart in many a family that has fattened on the unrighteous mammon of the drink-traffic. Her 'Voice from the Vintage' (1843) is an argument, not a story, and an argument strongly put. Mrs. S. C. Hall has made Irish character place its ban upon the 'cratur;' and in the tale of the 'Drunkard's Bible,' a fine conception is finely treated. Mrs. Wood's 'Danesbury House' (of which about 90,000 copies have been sold) is open to the charge of an accumulation of horrors and a defective *denouement;* but the descriptive ability is remarkable. Of all temperance tales, 'Danesbury House' comes nearest to the 'sensational' type. Mrs. Wood, though not a teetotaler, has in one of her recent novels brought drink into play as a maker of mischief. 'Fairleigh Owen' has produced 'Steyne's Grief,' 'The Lathams,' 'Ritter Bell,' and not a few

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few other stories, which have found extensive approval, and possess merits deeper than the attractions of a lively manner. The Scotch lady who took the *nom de plume* of 'Bruce Edwards' had reason to complain that the exaggerated applauses of her countrymen dashed much of the pleasure which her 'Rachel Noble's Experience' would have imparted had expectation been less highly raised. Mr. D. Macrae, in his 'George Harrington,' gave promise of an excellence which we hope his new prize tale will amply redeem. Mrs. E. S. Oldham, whose 'Haunted House' was given to the world in our own pages, is the winner of the prize of £250, offered by the Scottish Temperance League—the largest *douceur* ever received, we presume, for a single temperance story. We have no fear that the anxiety to enjoy 'By the Trent'—the title of this golden legend—will be thwarted by any defect of artistic skill and dramatic power. A line of recognition is all that we can at present extend to a bevy of other lady writers—Frances Palliser, author of 'Glenerne;' Nelsie Brook, author of 'Gertrude Winn;' Adeline, author of 'Chalton Manor;' Mrs. Hanson, author of 'Fanny Lee's Testimony;' Kate Pryer; and M. A. Paull, a liberal contributor to the fiction department of temperance journals. We must similarly despatch (better than the 'happy despatch' of Japan) the 'Kester Lane,' of Rev. J. C. Street; 'Love's Labour Not Lost" by Rev. J. Kane; and a number of tale-tellers, anonymous and named, who have in general done well what they have attempted. Mr. W. Gilbert, in his 'Shirley Hall,' and other works, has made the ravages of strong drink the burden of some enthralling narratives. 'Janet's Confession' in 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' by 'George Eliot' (another lady), is a temperance monitor; as was also 'Horace Saltoun,' a remarkable story in 'Cornhill.'

The tracts published on the temperance question baffle all enumeration as to their title and drift, or the copies have been scattered, like snow flakes, over the length and breadth of the land. The New British and Foreign Temperance Society issued one series, afterwards adopted and increased by the National Temperance Society, of which more than three million copies were sold. The Ipswich series, collected by Mr. R. Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, numbers between four and five hundred separate publications, which have been printed to the extent of upwards of fifty million pages. There was also a Bristol series, and there is a Norwich series—both deserving to be well spoken of. The Devon Temperance League has also commenced a distinct series. The Scottish Temperance League publish a pictorial tract monthly, the average sale of which

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which is 20,000; and a New Year tract obtains a circulation of never less than 100,000 copies. A series of non-pictorial tracts, in double columns, was also prepared by the Scottish League, but has not lately been added to. A series of tracts by the late Rev. Thomas Spencer deserves warm commendation. Of Reports of societies, the pile is far-reaching. Those formerly composed by the leading associations were more elaborate than recent ones have been. The reports of the World's Convention (1846), of the Ministerial Conference (1848), of the Ministerial Prohibition Conference (1857), of the National Congress (August, 1862), and of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention (September, 1862), are works of a standard character, and contain papers that worthily compare in all intrinsic qualities with the papers read before the most learned societies of the kingdom. At the annual meetings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, papers on temperance sociology and politics have been read, and printed, fully or summarily, in the Transactions of the Association. In the International Philanthropic Congress, held at Brussels in 1856, similar papers were presented, and discussion ensued.

Various manuals and catechisms have appeared, one of the best being by Mr. James Clarke (1837). Another, by Rev. W. R. Baker, was aptly executed. Almanacs date from an early period of the movement. Lately, those by Messrs. Tweedie and Caudwell have been the principal, and have been compiled with commendable assiduity and skill. The British, Scottish, and North of England Temperance Leagues issue annual registers. There is yet room, however, for a 'Temperance Year Book,' which should contain a summary of all the interesting events of the year, all the available statistics, and a *précis* or reprint of all important documents.

The juvenile or Band of Hope movement, has a literature of its own. Mrs. Balfour's 'Morning Dew-Drops' (1853)—a rather fanciful but pretty title given to an enlarged edition of the 'Juvenile Abstainer' (1843)—is a charming companion for children of ten years old and upwards. The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union has published many good things for the service of members and teachers of Bands of Hope, and has a monthly organ, under the control of the Rev. Mr. M'Cree, a man of rare and popular talents. The *Band of Hope Review*, edited by Mr. Smithies—a name deservedly dear to teetotalers, young and old—and the *Adviser*, issued by the Scottish Temperance League, are monthly periodicals, half-penny marvels of pictorial beauty and interesting letterpress. The sale of the latter is nearly 90,000 per month, and that of the

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the former is much larger. A catechism for Bands of Hope, by J. P. Parker, is ably drawn up, but would be better for the removal of some obvious blemishes. Foremost among the literature originated by the United Kingdom Alliance, is included the prize essay of Dr. Lees, the 'Argument for Prohibition' (1856), the sale of which reached 40,000 copies; also, a 'Sequel' to the Essay and 'Supplement to the Sequel,' by the same author. Within the last six months, the 'Condensed Argument'—both a condensation and expansion of the orginal 'Argument'—has been published as a sixpenny volume, or at half that price per hundred copies for free circulation among electors. Two editions, of 20,000 copies each, have been required to supply the demand for this compendium of the whole case for permissive prohibition. The papers read before the first meeting of the General Council, and Dr. Burns's sermon on the 'Lawlessness of the Liquor Traffic' (1853), the 'Report of the Ministerial Conference' (1857), 'The Politics of Temperance' (a series of six papers, 1857), 'A Vindication of the Principles and Policy of the Alliance' (1862), a pamphlet of the late Washington Wilks, and his two last speeches in defence of the Permissive Bill, and 'A Review of the Speeches in the House of Commons, on the Second Reading of Mr. Lawson's Bill'—these, with numberless leaflets and reprints, have proceeded from the Alliance press, and have carried conviction to the minds of ten thousands. Of equal or greater value to the cause of the Alliance have been its additions to the periodical literature of which we must briefly speak. Dr. Lees's 'Teetotal Topic' (1846) was the first quarterly periodical of a temperance tenor, sixteen pages quarto. The 'Scottish Review' was issued by the Scottish Temperance League as a shilling quarterly, from Jan., 1853, to Jan., 1862, inclusive; and usually gave two articles per number, one of them a story, bearing on the temperance theme. These, and the general literary articles, were in most cases of superior merit. 'Meliora,' commenced April, 1858, as a quarterly journal of social science, has never proved unmindful of the task of exhibiting the harmony of true science with every phase of temperance reform.

Of weekly and monthly publications abandoned or merged into others, the number may be estimated at from fifty to sixty. The London *Journal* and *Intelligencer* were for some years the only weeklies, with the curious exception of the *Teetotaller*, conducted by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds for above a year. Steel engravings were presented with many of the numbers, but the sale fell off, and Mr. Reynolds brought out the *Anti-Teetotaler* as a successor—very short-lived, as it proved—

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proved—to the previous speculation. In July, 1861, the *Temperance Advocate*, the organ of the British Temperance League, appeared as a weekly journal, and so remained till the close of 1862, when the effect of the cotton crisis seemed to compel a temporary return to the monthly issue. This backward step might have been prevented by a display of timely generosity, and the committee will consult the interests of their society by reverting as speedily as possible to the abandoned track. The *Weekly Record*, started April 5th, 1856, by Mr. Tweedie, of London, has taken a double price and size since the beginning of 1864, as the organ of the National Temperance League; and both the original and selected articles render it well adapted for family reading. The Scottish Temperance League publishes the *League Journal* (1d.), which has various attractive features; and Mr. Caudwell's halfpenny *Temperance Star* helps to brighten hearts which intemperance had made dark. The *Christian News*, of Glasgow, though a religious organ, has been from its first number an unfaultering defender of the most advanced principles and lines of action. Of the *Alliance News*, which has twice enlarged its dimensions without adding to its price (1d.), we may not speak without reserve; but by general consent it would not be easy to exaggerate its importance to the movement by its action on public opinion, and by its enlightening and encouraging influence on the friends of prohibition. Its forty columns, weekly, of general news, special information, and interchange of thought, delight its regular readers, and ought to command for it a welcome in every temperance homestead. Among the extinct monthlies of leading mark were the *Recorder*, *Chronicle*, *Gazette*, *Teetotal Times and Essayist*, and *Abstainer's Journal*. The last-named succeeded the *Scottish Temperance Review*, on which many talented pens were engaged. Another monthly, the *National Temperance Magazine* (1844), conducted by Mr. Thos. Cook, of Leicester, set up a high standard, and ran a short but commendable career. Mr. Rewcastle, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has made honourable efforts, extending over a quarter of a century, to establish a periodical temperance literature in the north of England. The existing monthlies are the *British Temperance Advocate* (1d.), the *Western Temperance Herald* (1d., begun in 1837 by Mr. Joseph Eaton, and long continued as the *Bristol Temperance Herald*), the *Temperance Spectator* (2d.), founded Jan., 1859, as a critical journal, and has made its standing good; the *Church of England Temperance Magazine* (3d.), commenced Nov., 1862, edited by Rev. Robert Maguire, and made the vehicle of many admirable papers by abstaining

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clergymen; the *Irish Temperance League Journal* (2d.), the only Temperance periodical in Ireland; the *British Workman* (1d.), with a circulation of a quarter of a million; the *British Workwoman* (1d.), and other periodicals more or less devoted to the temperance system.

A single sentence is all that we can spare in recognition of the many literary aids to temperance afforded by Mr. John Cassell, the eminent publisher, in his *Standard of Freedom* (a weekly newspaper long since given up), his *Teetotal Times* (monthly), and prizes for essays on special topics (1846-7), his cheap re-issue of Beecher's Sermons, Baker's Idolatry, &c., and the frequent favourable articles in his *Family Newspaper* and *Quiver*, weekly periodicals of myriad-fold circulation.

We should be entering on a separate field of inquiry were we to discuss the literature on the temperance question scattered through the newspapers and magazines of the last thirty years. The most elaborate of these papers may be simply named: one in *Tait's Magazine* (Nov., 1845), by the distinguished Thomas De Quincey; in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* (Oct., 1847), afterwards republished in a pamphlet, by Dr. Carpenter, and containing the nucleus of his subsequent prize essay; in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1854), by the late Rev. J. W. Conybeare; in the *North British Review* (Feb. 1855), by Mr. Charles Buxton; in the *Westminster Review* (July, 1855), by Mr. G. H. Lewes, virtually cancelled by an article in the same review (Jan., 1861), by Dr. Carpenter. All these, except Mr. Lewes's, are papers distinctly commendatory of the temperance movement. Some of the monthly magazines and newspapers have from time to time raised cavils and objections; but the tone in literary circles is sensibly softening; and from the most hostile portion of the press it would not be hard to extract admissions of every important position claimed by the temperance advocates. Some recent articles in the *Times* have really amounted to this —'Do as much good as you can and please, but don't worry us into giving up what we mean to cling to as an indulgence.' Among the short treatises composed against the temperance movement, few have reached above mediocrity in any branch of literary handicraft.

Much temperance literature has irretrievably perished for want of some effort to preserve it as it has appeared. Societies and men of means should make collections of past and current publications; and it may not yet be too late to rescue from oblivion many relics of intellectual activity that we should regret to lose. Of equal urgency is the adoption of more methodical and more persevering endeavours to disseminate the

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the literature of every species—books, pamphlets, tracts, and periodicals—that is coming forth ever and anon. The press must be worked more powerfully if the millions who never enter a temperance meeting are to be informed and convinced. It would be worth all the expense of a convention of leading men to consider how the circulation of our best publications can be extended in a measure commensurate with the vastness of the change of opinion and practice that has yet to be effected. The soundest knowledge and ripest intellect can do but little, when the printed page on which they are impressed has a limited diffusion. Circulation to a publication is what calibre is to a cannon. Temperance literature, with all its drawbacks, is capable of great things, if it can be brought into contact with men's minds. It has about it the imperfections that are never absent from all things of earthly origin; but neither is it without a resemblance (to borrow from Massinger an image applied by Macaulay to the works of Milton) 'to those flowers and fruits of celestial origin which invigorate and heal—which are powerful not only to elevate but to purify.'

Art. IV.—THE EPIDEMIC OF FEAR.

THE qualities which in combination destroy or prevent the sensation of fear are of two kinds, each being twofold in nature. There is valour and there is courage, of which it may be remarked that the one is commonly, but by no means exclusively, masculine, and the other often, but not solely, feminine. Physical valour is evinced by a readiness to attack or repel any danger, whether sudden and sharp or expected and foreseen; the danger arising from some living, active being, with whom there may be struggles, and over whom there may be even conquest. Soldiers, sailors, or hunters would be worth little who did not possess at least a moderate amount of valour. Courage only would hardly make them, in their respective callings, successful men. There is likewise moral valour, which consists in a prompt willingness to attack or defend matters in the abstract, such as unpopular laws or opinions, grievances, salient wrongs, oppression, arising from the undue exercise of authority or straining of power, whether by Government or the Church, or by society; and the tyranny of the last is perhaps not the least or the easiest to bear. And this kind of warfare is carried on only by moral and abstract

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abstract means, by writing, by speech, by demand, and fearless expression of sentiment. Sir James Macintosh particularly notes the difference between valour and courage. Valour, according to him, can only be displayed against present danger from a living, if not a human, adversary. There was a little tale published many years ago, called the 'Chelsea Pensioners,' in which this distinction is very happily preserved. The hero is especially courageous with respect to inanimate dangers; but, being deficient in valour, he fails ingloriously on the field of battle, and dies afterwards of grief and mortification. Courage properly signifies that mental quality which neutralizes or extinguishes any fear arising from inanimate or impersonal dangers. There is only courage, for instance, in scaling a precipice, unless it be to battle perhaps with a sea eagle, in which case valour would be called into play; there is the courage which confronts without fear the approach or the menace of certain death, as by runaway horses, by the falling of an avalanche, by railway collision, by drowning, by the rising of the tide, and in general by all the vast, irresistible, inanimate, and impersonal forms of danger. Without this quality there can never be shown that presence of mind by which such perils are often baffled and turned away, for very valiant spirits frequently 'lose their heads' entirely when exposed to this class of calamity. There is one form of courage which does not blench even before the surgeon's knife, and which in days of old endured, and rejoiced to endure, martyrdom at the stake, and quailed not at the cry *Christianos ad leones;* but this kind is partly physical and partly moral, for though patiently defying suspense, and pain, and suffering, there is in it neither intention of resistance nor hope of victory. Moral courage is that faculty or frame of mind which enables us to bear menace, scorn, and censure, with equanimity and indifference; to face poverty, neglect, and disgrace, with calm and composure, and undauntedly to express our sentiments, and follow the conclusions of our own judgment in the teeth of opposition, difficulty, and danger. That courage which is steadfast before death is an amalgamation of the physical and psychical—the first is undismayed by the bodily pangs of dissolution, the second does not shrink from that which is to follow. It is common enough for men of their own free choice to run the risk of death by violence, especially if it be of a description not likely to be entirely solitary and uncheered by applause; but, according to the experience of all medical men, it is the other sex who receive with the most composure the fiat which condemns them to die in their own beds by a lingering and painful disease.

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Very great physical timidity is consistent with a large degree of mental courage, and in such cases the first may by a vigorous effort of will be crushed into quiescence, and this more particularly with reference to a peril not altogether new or unforeseen. Many years ago two youths were making a walking tour on the south-west coast of England, and fell in with two full-grown ruffians, who were escaped convicts, as it afterwards transpired. One of the lads was engaged bathing, so that his companion was taken at a disadvantage, and having first knocked down and stunned the latter, the men employed themselves in rifling his pockets. The elder and stronger lad, whom we will call Hefton, had the quality which we call valour in excess, and did not know fear as applied to any living thing; so, having heard cries, he returned hurriedly, half-dressed, and contriving to hurl a flint with such force and precision as to bring one man to the ground, he flung himself on the other, and seized his hairy, muscular throat with hands and teeth, so that after a deadly struggle the fellow retired, dragging off his wounded companion with him.

Help was very needful for the younger lad, but the night was closing in, the tide was rising, and though the gravel-bed where they stood was hardly within high-water mark, the black and precipitous rocks behind them forbade any ascent at that point. In this dilemma Hefton set off along the beach with the intention of seeking assistance. By half-wading and half-swimming he made considerable progress, but though unfortunately he plunged out of his depth, and in rising struck his head against a stone, he managed to drag himself on to a narrow ledge of rock and lay there, stunned and sickened, for how many hours he never knew; but when he came to himself the moon was shining on the waters, which were now on a level with him, and swollen and still like a vast lake. In relating this incident to us in after years, he confessed how little he possessed of that concentrated and unimpassioned courage which can cope with a danger, deadly indeed, but without life or stir in it, and what a nameless terror crept over him at the thought of plunging into that dark sea, with no human being near to watch and cheer him on. In his weakened state he felt that it was more than probable that if he tried to swim that desolate waste of waters his dead body would before morning lie on the sands. On the other hand, to leave his injured and wounded comrade, a delicate lad, to lie out through the night, alone and uncared for, would be murder and nothing less; so he made the plunge, feeling, as he owned, as utter and desperate a coward as ever was born

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born. With that energetic common sense hopelessness sometimes developes, he struck out intrepidly from the shore, as by following closely all the various creeks and inlets he would but waste his strength and diminish his chances; and though, from the fact that the tide was on the turn, the steady suction from the shore was felt with an awful distinctness, he nevertheless succeeded in rejoining his friend, and both lived to tell the tale. We have always thought that there was more real bravery in his last feat than in his first, for death is often dared in hot blood by those who tremble at the idea of deliberately perilling life in cold. This age has been accused, unjustly as we think, of a deficiency in moral courage, and it has been said in bitter jest that we have transferred to Mrs. Grundy and the police that fear which we used to have of the devil. Yet there has been one distinct species of heroism eminently developed within the last twenty years. If the mass are, as we freely acknowledge, more than ever slavish in their submission to that majority which never ceases to demand that all other people shall resemble itself, there are among the thinking few many noble examples of the highest form of moral courage; we mean the courage to leave a creed, or a faith, or a party, even when falling, not because it is a losing side, but because it is felt to be a false one.

Epidemic is the name applied to diseases which arise from some particular cause, and are transmitted without reference to locality, as distinguished from *endemic* (indicating diseases which habitually infest the population within certain geographical limits) and *sporadic* (occurring in isolated instances only). That such a thing can arise as an epidemic of fear, that it is a malady not only epidemic, but highly infectious, or at least 'catching' (as the popular term is) in its nature, and that one or two excited individuals are able to communicate it with extreme rapidity to an indefinite number of people, is a sober truth to which history witnesses, and which the experience of the present practically affirms and corroborates. Such a disease appeared some little time ago, the exciting cause being the sudden revival of the garotte system; and the murder of the unfortunate Mr. Briggs has originated another, which, in fact, now rages among us with considerable violence. It is not too much to say that of the many railway outrages, so-called, which fill the newspapers, one-third, if not one-half, have arisen out of the excited imagination of the travellers. Nor is this surprising; it is, on the contrary, quite in accordance with average human nature as it commonly disports itself. To withstand this particular epidemic, one has need not only of courage, but of valour, and that not only physical, but

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but moral, and how many of us are so happily endowed as to own no deficiency in these virtues? We may be shut up in a carriage with a homicidal lunatic, or with a wretch who will murder or maltreat and rob us, or with a woman who will make odious and unfounded charges against us; or suppose we are not a man, but a woman, all these things might happen to us, except the last, but in lieu thereof we might be exposed to insult worse than robbery. Man or woman, then, we are caged up alone with our foe in a carriage when the train is going, let us say, forty miles an hour, and there is no stoppage for twenty-five or thirty minutes, we having no communication with any other living being, guard or otherwise. From all this there is simply no escape, except by casting oneself out on the line with a tolerable certainty of a horrid death, or by a hand-to-hand struggle, which will probably ensure precisely the same result. And the strain on purely moral courage is not less great. Many a man would rather be robbed and half-murdered than appear before the magistrates to defend himself from the most unfounded accusations of an unscrupulous woman, and many a woman would prefer to be stripped of her last shilling rather than have to stand in the witness-box to give evidence against even the most disgusting ruffians. While fear in the female mind is desperate, unreasoning, and (in no evil sense do we write the word) shameless, in the male it is timorous, abject, and hypocritical, calling out loudly for new laws, for more horrible pains and penalties, for more signal examples of vengeance in case of misdemeanour, and this it does always, as it is careful to state, not for the comfort of the individual, but solely for the good of the public. Men were more afraid of the garotter than were women, and the result of careful investigation, and very numerous inquiries, has been to convince us that men are more afraid of the fate of poor Mr. Briggs than are persons of the other sex. On this point we conceived it well to demand feminine counsel. 'Why is this?' we asked of a clever woman, 'explain to us this seeming anomaly;' and she replied, 'Because we women are always afraid. We are used to it, and don't mind it a bit. We are in perpetual fear of drunken men, and robbers, and tramps, and beggars, and mice, and rats; of mad dogs and bulls, and spiders, as well as of wild horses, and cows with horns, and wasps—it is a chronic disease with us; but you men are not used to feeling afraid, and you take the complaint badly, and bear it impatiently.' Some little time ago, one evening towards dusk, a gentleman entered a second-class railway carriage, unoccupied except by a tall, thick-set, grimy-faced

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faced man in the further corner. 'So, you're not afraid to travel wi' me aloan, sir?' remarked the man as soon as the train was in motion. 'No,' said the gentleman, 'I certainly am not, why do you ask?' 'You hadn't ought to be, sir,' was the reply. 'You see, I'm a stoker, and met with a haccident, and I've been away on sick leave, and am coming back wi' a free pass (here he exhibited a dirty-looking bit of paper). On this morning I got into a carriage aloan, as it might be this here, thinking I'd get a whiff of baccy, an a biggish gent comes up and opens the door and looks in, and bangs it to again. So, thinks I, I'm safe; but no! presently up he comes again wi't guard, and they both looks in, and guard were a kind o' coaxing of him to get in; "No," says the gent, "not if I know it." So they shuts the door again wi' a bigger bang, and I thought I'd seen last o' them. But no sich thing. Up comes t'guard, and he says to me, says he, "I say, Tom, come away into my van, or ride o' the engine, for here's a gent as darn't travel wi' ony man aloan, and there's no room for him save in here," says he; so I ups and goes, and when the gent had come to his journey's end I went back, and soon a pretty little miss, fresh from school, comes in, and shuts the door, and settles herself in her seat quite comfortable. So I says to her—so, miss, you are not skeared to travel aloan wi' me, and she says, "No, sir, no one ever wanted to harm me, and I'm sure you don't." Right you are, miss, says I. But, Lor bless you, sir, perhaps she hadn't heard o' Mr. Briggs's murder.' 'So you think the men are more frightened than the women?' observed the gentleman. 'Yes, I do, sir. I know as many gents ride very uncomfortable since Briggs came to his end, when they've no money, just the same as when they have; for one of 'em says to me, "folks don't know whether we have money or we haven't, till they try." Some of 'em goes wi' pistols and popguns, and the like, and I know one stout young fellow that travels with a knuckleduster on his right hand, which he keeps constant and ready in his breeches pocket. No, sir, I can't say I've heard of the women being frightened, at least *over frightened to try it.* You see they are used to it. There were an old lady that took a first-class ticket through, as went third-class after all; cur'ous enough, not because there were a man in the carriage, but because there were no man nor woman likewise.'

This particular epidemic of terror with regard to railway travelling has given rise to a host of anecdotes, some of which are amusing enough, and of more than one it may be said, *se non è vero è ben travato;* but incidents equally curious and also true have come to our own knowledge. A gentleman happened

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pened to be travelling by the night mail, and perceiving that his solitary fellow-traveller displayed unmistakable signs of mistrust and uneasiness, our friend hit on the expedient of presenting the stranger with his card. The other immediately returned the compliment. And it was not without a feeling of intense relief, more mutual perhaps than our informant chose to admit, that the discovery was made that they were two highly respectable members of the same profession, residing in adjoining squares in London. In another case two commercial travellers, who were respectively in charge of small samples of exceedingly valuable goods stowed away on their persons, found themselves the joint occupants of a carriage under circumstances similar to those recorded above, and became, consequently, exceedingly disquieted in their minds. The furtive, suspicious glance which the one cast on the other, whenever that other chanced not to be looking, to be instantly returned in kind as soon as his eye was turned away, had such an effect on their nerves, that each man resolved secretly to change his carriage at the very next station. In accordance with this determination, so soon as the train began to halt, the one on the near side, who had been holding the door in readiness, darted out without perceiving that his companion had rapidly and noiselessly disappeared through the door on the off-side. The first man rushed in hot haste to get a glass of Dutch courage, in the shape of brandy, and then ran along the platform and entered a carriage half full of women, just in time to see the head and shoulders of his quondam associate appear at the opposite side, and finally the gentleman himself, evidently animated with the same motive, enter the compartment. The truth was so transparent that one might have thought they would both have regarded the affair as a joke, but this they did not do; on the contrary, they were slightly indignant and rather cross. And the account they afterwards gave of the matter was so exceedingly contradictory, that it was only by our confidential agent comparing notes with their wives, that we have been enabled to lay before our readers the circumstance as it actually occurred. We had lately some conversation with an intelligent railway official on the means by which railway travelling in England might be rendered even moderately secure. The two points under discussion were the patrolling of the guard along the carriages, according to the continental custom, and the plan of having windows between the compartments, so that the passengers in one carriage might be, if they chose, perfectly well aware of what was going on in the next division. Both of these plans he pronounced to be perfectly practicable, but

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but added that they were, in his opinion, measures too unpopular ever to be carried out. The directors, he said, would object to the first, and the public to the last. By lengthening the platform step, and placing an iron hand-rail, with short breaks at necessary intervals to allow of the uncoupling of the carriages, it would be entirely safe for an active, careful man to go from carriage to carriage on the quickest train, with even less risk than a sailor runs in going aloft on a dark night with a pitching sea. But the number of guards would, he said, have to be greatly increased. Each guard must attend to his break, and it is not easy to see how a man can leave his place and walk to and fro, and yet be ready to apply his break at the first signal from the engine driver. Here was an intelligible reason, as it seemed to us. The question is one of £. s. d., and this is the real cause why a company will never adopt the plan if it can be decently opposed, or dexterously shirked. He did not think the public would object to it; quite the contrary. If passengers break the rules as to behaviour, smoking, &c., it is only by connivance of the guard they do it, and therefore his surveillance would be a matter of indifference so far as their operations were concerned. Against the window scheme there were reasons quite different. That he was well convinced would be unpopular with the public at large. For example, a great deal of card playing goes on in railway carriages, especially with the betting fraternity in the racing season, and more especially on the lines in the neighbourhood of turf meetings. A party of sporting men coming to or from Doncaster or Newmarket take a carriage, and will give a munificent tip to the guard to secure a quiet course for their operations. A board, on which is inscribed the word 'engaged,' is hung up in the window by the obliging official, which, as soon as the train is in motion is removed, and becomes the card table. This is replaced for the moment at any roadside station, and thus full security from interruption is attained. It is unnecessary to point out how highly distasteful to this class of travellers any scheme for the public safety would be which invaded their privacy. Of course, we know how these things are managed abroad. Privacy is secured except with reference to the guard, who constantly patrols at uncertain intervals along the train, smiling and scrutinizing, with, in France occasionally, and in Germany always, a cigar between his lips. He knows the occupants of every carriage and their several destinations, and takes their tickets before they alight, with careful regard to the saving of any unnecessary expenditure of time. There is, of course, a sufficient staff of guards to prevent any break being left without some

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some person to look after it; but, owing to the accurate time-keeping (for in France a man may set his watch by the train), the use of the breaks, except at certain known points, is scarcely ever signalled for.* A tolerably varied experience in railway travelling has led us to conclude that the first-class carriages are the most comfortable and safe—in a collision, but not in other respects. It will not be forgotten that it was in a first-class that Mr. Briggs was murdered; but though the murderer is caught and hung, and we have a kind of gloomy satisfaction in the idea that our violent death would, too, not go unavenged, that satisfaction grows evanescent and faint when we reflect that with ordinary prudence and the most moderate continence of speech, Müller might have lived on undetected. The third-class carriages are always cheerful, draughty, and noisy; they are, as respects chances of violence, the safest. The second-class are cold, often dirty, and occasionally on some lines (as portions of the North-Eastern) uncushioned. The company's servants and workmen are allowed to travel second-class, and they are perhaps the roughest-looking, though not the least respectable, people there to be encountered; but for noise, annoyance, and actual riskiness, commend us to a party of half-drunken reapers, who, sickles in hand, occasionally ensconce themselves. These are customers so dangerous that, as we heard a station master loudly aver, nothing would induce him to be shut up with them. As with these gentlemen time is money, they can and often do afford to travel second-class, instead of by third or slow trains, where their quarrelsome propensities would be held in check by sheer force of numbers. It is a lamentable fact, that nothing short of a man being brawlingly or incapably drunk will induce a ticket clerk to refuse him a ticket, or a guard or porter to exclude him from the train. To put men, even in the first stage of intoxication, in a carriage alone with

* It cannot be too often or too distinctly stated, that nine out of ten of our railway accidents are due simply to the invariable want of punctuality, not only at the roadside stations, but in the departure of the train from the starting point as in the arrival at the terminus. It appears to be so settled an article of faith with the managers of companies, and with the public, that such a state of things is inevitable, that we should in all probability long since have held the universal belief if we had not remembered that across the water, a couple of scores of miles away, they do these things differently. In defence, it is urged that the passengers come late, or that the ticket office is overcrowded, which prevents the train starting at the appointed time. But how do our neighbours face these difficulties? By the simple expedient of opening the ticket office fifteen minutes sooner than we do, and unhesitatingly and invariably closing it five minutes before the time for each train to depart.

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women in *any* class of life is, however, an offence which ought not to be passed over, especially when the attention of the guard has been called to the circumstance.

'I am more afraid of gettng a thorough fright, than I am of being really hurt,' said a clever, excitable woman to us; and what she openly owned to, it is probable many other women and some men secretly feel. The capacity for fear is largely influenced by the extent and kind of knowledge or experience possessed. He jests at scars who never felt a wound, and he who knows nothing fears nothing; but with larger information, and a better appreciation of danger, fear grows rapidly, and it is not until the last stage is attained, and knowledge of the means for protection and defence is added to the knowledge of peril, that courage and calm conquer, or at least neutralize fear. The conquerors of the world's battles and storms, and rulers of nations, those who 'are of the canvas which men use to make storm stay sails,' are almost always of a cast of mind at once apprehensive and resolute.

A girl who neither knows nor dreams of harm is, perhaps, one of the most fearless of created beings; but a woman who reads our daily police reports, and newspaper accounts of accumulated horrors, may be excused for living in a state of chronic terror. Yet further instruction and reflection will make it evident, even to her, how few these crimes actually are in proportion to the extent of our population; how many chances there are against any given individual being the particular victim; how often the exercise of common prudence would have prevented the possibility of such mischance, or a moderate degree of firmness and presence of mind have averted the worst consequences of any catastrophe. It would seem that the tendency of thought at present is to esteem personal prowess more highly than courage; and, in obedience to the popular sentiment, the growth and display of the first is much more luxuriant than of the last. Now, we should conceive it to be a point of high wisdom in those who have the power of influencing public opinion, and in those who are entrusted with the training of young men and boys, to withstand this error; and, without depreciating the merit of valour, to teach that personal daring, as compared with sustained courage, is not only a more common virtue, but also a much less difficult one to practise. The necessity and value of such teaching may be estimated by a reference to the experience of actual every-day life. If a boat is upset, or a lad falls overboard, or a wretched woman throws herself from Waterloo Bridge into the river, some brave man always volunteers to risk

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risk his life in the endeavour to save them; or if a vessel is in danger of being wrecked, there is never any lack of brave hearts and stout arms to strive to afford assistance. But let a ship strike on a hidden reef, and begin slowly to go down in a calm sea, or be burned by fire down to the water's edge, it is only by the sternest discipline that the men are restrained from staving in the spirit casks and drinking themselves into insensibility, or seizing on the boats and leaving the less fortunate to their fate; and when the discipline has been of a lax and unimpressive sort, or when, perhaps, none of any kind has been maintained, fearful scenes have occurred, and in the very nature of things must and will occur, so long as deeds of momentary and passionate daring are held in higher esteem than the deliberate efforts of a calm and patient courage. Again, in any conflagration where there is danger of loss of life or property, it is the rule, and not the exception, that volunteers in plenty should present themselves, not only ready, but anxious to attempt the most desperate and forlorn deeds of heroism. But in a densely packed meeting, or a crowded church, or theatre, or concert-room, places from which egress is tedious under favourable circumstances, and under any other difficult if not impossible, all who have had the ill-fortune to be present when a cry of 'fire' has been raised, will be tempted to confess, as we do with humiliation, that the men are actually shamed by the women; that their conduct is unworthy of their sex, and that it is the young, strong, active men, who, in the first instance, give signs of frantic, unreasoning, and selfish terror, spring over the benches, swing themselves over the balustrades, crowd the passages, block the doors, and then scuffle, fight, and trample, with all the uncalculating brutality and desperation of savages. Any distinct and earnest expression of written opinion, which would recognize the rarity and importance of calm and sustained moral and physical courage, any training and teaching which would tend to make men realize their deficiency in this respect, and anxious to remedy it, would be very timely and valuable.

And having said thus much on the subject of men's education, we would suggest, with regard to the training of women and girls, that a greater valorousness of spirit, a more energetic disposition to defend themselves actively, might be instilled with very obvious advantages, more especially with reference to the small accidents of ordinary life. Some women fear a wasp more than they do the dentist's strong chair, and are rather proud of showing that they do. Others will endure the torture of a severe sprain rather than the approach of a black

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black beetle or a mouse. That women have a special faculty of courage and presence of mind when there is occasion for the defence or protection of those they love, as all men have experienced so all men will admit. Both in the world's history, and in the pages of domestic annals, we find many a touching tale which illustrates this trait, of which, perhaps, one of the most pathetic is the well-known incident so often the theme of the artist, where the mother offering her breast, and smiling to conceal her anguish of terror, thus wiles back her child from the edge of the chasm. In accidents on the road, by water or by fire, women, who generally do, as regards themselves, the precise thing they should *not* do, and unhesitatingly jump out of a carriage dragged at full speed by maddened horses, or run about all ablaze from room to passage, and passage to room, whenever they are on fire, crying for help, yet fleeing from it till all human aid is given in vain, yet almost always instinctively do the right thing when such things happen to their children, their husbands, parents, or any one for whom they deeply care. In domestic distresses, in all the minor operations of household surgery, it is always some woman to whom the victim instantly betakes himself for relief. Sometimes it is an old nurse, sometimes it is a delicate-looking, timid mother, occasionally it is a strong-minded, but benevolent cook. No matter who, but it is always a woman who cuts out the thorn or the broken needle, who rolls up the eyelid and extracts the offending fly or torturing atom of grit, who eases the jammed finger, sews up the cut, extracts the first tooth, or holds the broken limb until the doctor's arrival. Granting this, and no son of woman will deny it, it seems ridiculous, unseemly, and ungraceful for an active, strong-limbed girl, or a healthy, full-sized woman to run away from a cow that thinks no evil, or to recoil with terror and disgust from a caterpillar, an earwig, or an earth-worm, creatures with which in her infantine days she has been on terms of intimate and affectionate friendship. 'A moose is an awsome beastie (Anglicé, little beast), it's no like a mon,' said the stalwart Newhaven fishwife; and it is related how a certain handsome, high-spirited, and gifted woman, Mrs. Woffington, the actress, was one day philandering with her lover near the canal in the Park, when she caught sight of a little animal skipping about on the opposite bank. She regarded it with curiosity and delight. 'Oh! you pretty creature,' said she, 'now you are a rabbit, at least I think so.' 'No,' said her companion, 'that is a rat.' 'Ah! ah! ah!' (screams and cries from Mrs. Woffington, which caused the rat to disappear). 'Depend upon it,' she said, 'it's true what they say of me, that

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that off the stage I'm the greatest fool there is. You see the thing did not frighten me, but the name did. I'll never be so absurd again. Ah! ah! here it is again' (scream and pinch as before); 'take me away from this place, where monsters from the deep disport themselves,' and she flounced away, looking daggers at the rat. Yet this was a woman who took the stage by storm, and had, as Sir Harry Wildair, conquered the hearts not only of men, but even of other women.

Far away in the interior of Germany, among forests and lofty ranges of hills, is an old town, antique in appearance, and primitive in its ways. The narrow, crooked, unpaved streets, are darkened and overhung by grotesquely carved houses, and more than one stork's nest may be seen perched undisturbed thereon. The young scholars, in their quaintly-cut Geneva cloaks, still chant old Lutheran hymns along the streets at midday, and the horn of the watchman is heard the night long from the belfry tower, to warn the inhabitants of peril by fire, and to re-echo the hours as the bell strikes the men of the Fatherland being too lazy to count for themselves. Flanking the town there towers a craggy mountain, crested by a strong old *Festung* or fortress. This fortress is used for several purposes, and it contains a *Gast-haus*, a magazine for arms, and a museum of valuable curiosities and antiquities. There is a large banqueting hall hung round with specimens of ancient armoury; this opens on to a corridor, one side of which is adorned with a large fresco, representing a banquet in the hall, but the guests are depicted as in disorder, and suddenly rising from their seats in affright. Their several countenances are all expressive of alarm and dismay. In the corner stands one of the large cumbersome stoves still used in Germany, on the top of which a gaily-attired little page has just managed to scramble and seat himself, whence he regards in trembling security the scene below. The noble and gentle guests are all in full retreat from the table to the other end of the saloon; but one woman of distinguished presence and remarkable beauty is advancing with a large plate of apples, cherries, and other fruits, which she calmly presents to the unbidden guests whose unexpected appearance has caused this consternation—a brace of huge grizzly bears. The vast paw of one has overturned a goblet of crimson wine, and the other animal in his progress has caused considerable destruction, for they appear regardless of the viands, and rather intent on pursuing the guests; but are depicted as suddenly fascinated by the plate of delicacies held forth to them by this heroic woman, and, pausing in their career, seem disposed to 'rest and be thankful.' Such is the subject of the picture; and

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and in the corner of the fresco are appended in German characters these lines:—

Dem Männlein in der Ecke dort
Woll'n wir das Leben lassen;
Mit Leuten die sich fürchten
Thun wir uns nicht befassen;
Shau lieber doch die schöne Dame hier
Die träget hohern Muth:—
Sein wir galant Herr Bruder, wie schmecket
Der Confect und auch die Kirschen gut?

Which may be roughly translated thus:—

The manikin in the corner up there
We will suffer to exist;
With people that are afraid
We will have nothing to do;
Rather let us look at the beautiful lady,
She has a more noble courage (and says):
Let us be on good terms, Sir Brother.—How do you like
These sweetmeats, and these excellent cherries?

The old soldier, who is the guardian of the fortress, threw open the oriel window of the corridor, and directed our attention to a kind of pit beneath, in which two half-grown young bears were wandering to and fro. He then informed us that the picture, containing actual portraits, and dated in the fifteenth century, had been painted to perpetuate the memory of an incident which had really occurred; that through the drunken carelessness of the keeper, in neglecting to provide his charge with food, the enraged animals had broken loose, and, entering the banqueting hall, had caused the scene so faithfully though rudely pourtrayed. And from that time it had been the custom to keep bears in the den beneath the window to immortalize the courage shown on that occasion by a lady of high degree, of whose title and name, however, he appeared uncertain.

We thought it a very pretty story; but it is too probable that the little page would have courageously descended from his perch with appropriate outcries, the gentlemen would have valiantly rushed forward *en masse* with sticks and staves, and the nobly-born lady herself, would she not gladly have scaled the lofty stove and have there remained if, instead of a couple of bears, a brace of rats had scampered in?

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Art. V.—THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS OF 1864.

Profiting by the experience of the past, the Social Science Association has lately attempted to impart a more practical tone to its proceedings; first, by exercising a larger amount of discrimination in the selection of the papers read at its annual meetings; second, by proposing certain special subjects for papers and discussion. The results of the York Congress have proved that these changes are undoubtedly steps in the right direction. The meetings may be less numerously attended, and less brilliant in appearance than those which took place in London or Edinburgh, but the real aims of the association are more largely advanced thereby, and its sphere of usefulness proportionately extended. At previous gatherings the proceedings did not possess any definitive objects. Papers on every conceivable subject were sent in, and subsequently grouped together in the best manner possible. So chaotic was the confusion that anything like order seemed utterly unattainable. Instead of bestowing a proper share of attention upon the principal social questions of the day, the association found itself rapidly subsiding into what has been aptly termed a 'ventilator of social crotchets.' Still, its generous and well-intentioned labours have not been wholly without fruit. They have greatly accelerated the progress of scientific investigation respecting the cause and nature of the various ills and adverse influences which have so long retarded the development of our social welfare. They have also tended to direct public attention and thought into less showy and pretentious, but more useful and productive, channels. The principal shortcoming of the association appears to consist in its failure, comparatively speaking, in defining the principles on which all real social progress is based. It battles with *effects* rather than with *causes*, frittering its efforts in palliating the social ills of the day, rather than in providing a remedy. Much of this, however, is due to the diverse character and habit of thought possessed by the various members of the association; at the same time, this circumstance might be rendered of great utility, for it is only by the careful comparison of opposite opinions that anything like an approximation to the truth can be properly arrived at. By concentrating its efforts on the consideration of certain select questions, the association—providing those questions be properly chosen—may greatly utilize its labours, and prepare the way for the enunciation of principles on which the true social welfare of mankind greatly depends. Something of this was observable in the general tenor of the addresses delivered by the presidents of the various departments. These manifestoes, as compared with those of preceding years, indicate an improved comprehension of the real objects and labours of the association. At first, the formation of the association was regarded by some ministers of religion as an attempt at supplanting the laws of God by the rules of man. Possessed of something like the Eastern idea of destiny, they could not immediately perceive how the efforts of those who laboured in the field of social science could be made to harmonize in any way with the doctrines of Scripture. To such mistaken individuals the Archbishop of York administered a well-deserved rebuke. In the sermon preached before the members of the association, he pointed out how the exertions of those who attempted to ameliorate the social condition of the people were not antagonistic to the success of efforts made to promote the cause of religion, the interests of both being identical. Time was when a prelate who ventured to speak thus would have found his utterances regarded with suspicion and dislike by his fellow-labourers in the Establishment. That it should now be otherwise, affords a gratifying proof of the continued advancement which this country is making in a truer perception of the real value of 'social science.'

The seeming diversity of the principles of that science was well illustrated

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in the speech of the venerable president of the association, which might fairly be taken as a synopsis of the labours of the Congress, although the introduction of political topics considerably marred the effect which the address would otherwise have produced. It was less, however, of a speech than an essay, the various portions of which were loosely strung together, producing a somewhat bewildering effect on the hearer, who found himself travelling, in company with the speaker, over every possible political and social topic. Lord Brougham was most successful when treating of the questions of law-reform and co-operation, respecting the latter of which, he well and truly observed that 'The incalculable benefits of co-operation to the comfort and independence of the working classes are even surpassed by the advantage which the community derives from the reconcilement to each other of the different bodies that compose it. There no longer prevail the feuds which most of us remember to have set against each other—the master and the workmen, the middle and the humbler classes. We shall soon outlive all strikes of men and combinations of their employers in self-defence; and the time will never more return which brought a special assize to this great county for the trial of outrages not only upon property but life; and though doubtless the progress of the people in education and moral improvement has been evinced in this happy change, that improvement has mainly served to bring them into mutual amity by the great progress of co-operative industry. To this is the whole happiness as well as improvement of the people due.

> "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in these words—health, peace, and competence,
> But health consists in temperance alone,
> And peace, oh virtue, peace is all thine own."'—POPE.

The addresses of the presidents of the various departments were simply so many amplifications of the several portions of Lord Brougham's lengthy essay. Sir James P. Wilde's speech was eminently characteristic. It was a kind of *résumé* of all that had heretofore been done in the cause of law reform, and a statement of what yet remained to be effected. The general tone of his observations was clear and sensible, but the bold and fearless utterances of the older law reformers were missing. The speaker seemed to feel this, and more than once exhibited signs of breaking through the conventionalities which restrained him. As one of Her Majesty's judges, he found himself compelled to be extremely cautious and guarded in all that might issue from his lips. He was trammelled with the heavy and cumbrous harness of official responsibility, and opposed by the precedents and traditions of that bench of which he has become one of the brightest ornaments. Yet these very circumstances, which conspired to give additional force to his remarks, clothed them with an air of authority which they would not otherwise have possessed. Had Bentham been living, that philosopher would have felt flattered by the recognition of so many of his views by such a distinguished lawyer as Sir James P. Wilde. Well did the latter observe that 'the great evil which has ever beset our judicature, is that which legal education engenders—the prizing above their worth of refinement and precision. This it was that in legal procedure sacrificed the substantial rights of thousands at the altar of mere words. The fear of going too far being ever present; the fear of not reaching justice faintly felt. Positive injustice worked in the present to avoid possible injustice in the future.' Another of Sir James P. Wilde's remarks is likely to become a popular watchword. 'The law,' said he, 'was made for man, not man for the law.' The whole history of law reform could not have been more comprehensively stated than in that one short sentence. The Archbishop of York occupied in the Church a position analogous to that held by Sir James P. Wilde in the legal profession.

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fession. Possessing much enlightenment of mind, his address was remarkable for the liberality of its sentiments and the catholicity of its views. Forty years since few would have dreamed of hearing an archbishop extolling the blessings of extended education amongst the people. There were men sitting at his side who could well remember the time when the bishops and clergy were averse from the education of the poor, lest encouragement should be afforded to the propagation of revolutionary and anarchical doctrines. The objections urged by the archbishop against university examinations for women naturally awakened much opposition and controversy, yet it cannot be denied that he seized upon the weak points of the argument put forth by those who are desirous of opening the universities to the gentler sex. He said that 'of two things both created of God as man and woman it was wrong, perhaps, to say either was the higher; but distinct they certainly were. They needed, they completed each other; and as in rude times womanish men were despised, so now the highest civilization would err if it aimed at producing mannish women. A woman's mind could not be trained too high, but it must be cultivation proper to her constitution, mental gifts, and work in the world. Woman was equal to man, but equal by being herself, and not a pale copy of him. Our great living poet had given us a beautiful picture:—

> "Everywhere
> Two heads in counsel, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world,
> Two in the liberal offices of life,
> Two plummets dropt, for one to sound the abyss
> Of science and the secrets of the mind,
> Musician, painter, critic, sculptor, muse,
> And everywhere the broad and beauteous earth
> Should bear a double growth of those rare souls—
> Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."'

He did not deny that the present system of female education was defective. It required sifting and reform. 'It was less known,' said he, 'and examined than any kind of male education, and secresy harboured quackery.' If the speech of Sir James P. Wilde betokened the advance of more sensible and enlightened views amongst the members of the legal profession, the character and tendency of the archbishop's observations seemed to mark something similar in the case of the clergy. The delivery of each address may be regarded as a favourable omen.

The speech of Sir Charles Hastings, as president of the Health Department, possessed a peculiar interest, from the manner in which it attempted to illustrate the assertion 'that physical laws of nature, affecting our physical condition, as well as regulating the whole material system of the universe, are universally acknowledged to exist and constitute the elements of natural philosophy and chemical science. . . Accordingly the laws of nature have formed an interesting subject of inquiry to philosophers of all ages, however few may be those who have attempted to point out in a systematic form the relations between those laws and the constitution of man, which, nevertheless, must be done before our knowledge of them can be beneficially applied.' Sir Charles mentioned, at considerable length, the important questions of town sewage, infant mortality, epidemic diseases, and overcrowding of dwellings, but he scarcely alluded to the vice of intemperance, and the terrible nature of the ravages committed by it. This detracted much from the value and efficiency of an otherwise excellent paper; however, Sir Charles, in ignoring the evils of intemperance, merely followed the example of others equally eminent with himself in the ranks of the medical profession. Our medical men are, generally speaking, more fettered by

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by the shackles of their professional education and position than, perhaps, any other of the learned professions. They remain faithful to the exploded theories of the past, and adopt with the utmost reluctance any changes, however necessary, which may be forced upon them. Of course there are many exceptions, and the example of these is all the more honourable by reason of their being exceptions. Perhaps a lingering feeling of self-interest may lie at the bottom of this, for the more that the laws of nature were understood and acted upon, the less demand would there be for the services of the physician or the surgeon. Mr. Edward Chadwick, as president of the Social Economy Department, found it necessary, more than once, to touch upon subjects connected with those alluded to by Sir Charles Hastings; but the principal feature of his speech was undoubtedly his sketch of the progress of the cotton manufacture. This progress was described in a singularly interesting manner, and for once the dulness of statistical details was lightened by a charm not frequently experienced. In one portion of his paper he alluded to a town in France from which the vice of drunkenness was alleged to have been entirely banished. This had been brought about by the working men of the place refusing to associate with any who were guilty of drunkenness—by, in fact, enforcing a diluted kind of prohibitory principle. Such a thing, however, could not be practised in England, so long as the licensing system remained on its present footing. Mr. Chadwick was more happy in describing the future of labour. His remarks on what employers *might* do towards affecting some amelioration in the moral and social condition of the employed were of great importance, and must have found an earnest response in the heart of every right-thinking man who heard them. Mr. Chadwick has made many excellent speeches in his time, but it is questionable whether he ever surpassed the one delivered by him at York. It was a model of its kind.

The papers read resolved themselves into the five groups of Jurisprudence, Education, Health, Social Economy, and Agriculture. These, in their turn, were divided and sub-divided to an extent which we do not care to follow. Many of the papers were of an eminently practical character. There was less display and more utility than before, the writers seeming to have recognized more fully the importance of the task undertaken by them. The temperance movement, however, was poorly represented, and, but for the presence of the deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, there would have been little to show that any such thing as a temperance organization was in existence. This was a serious mistake, and one which should be avoided for the future. There were many occasions, especially in the Reformatory Section and the Health and Social Economy Departments, on which the value of temperance principles could have been illustrated and enforced; in more than one case they would have furnished the key to otherwise difficult problems. It might also have been pointed out how all the great social movements, such as co-operation amongst the masses, have been influenced by the diffusion of temperance principles. Indeed, this was indirectly acknowledged by several of the leading members; Lord Brougham himself remarking—when speaking at the working men's meeting—that temperance was a part of the co-operative system, and that to it he might say the savings were very much owing. 'Instead of spending their money at the public-house, or even getting beer to their own dwellings, they reduce the quantity of beer they drink as much as possible. They find it better for their working powers to take less than before, and the profit they make is proportioned to that saving.'

In the Jurisprudence Department several important questions were treated, if not with the care and deliberation due to them, at any rate with something like earnestness and attention. Amongst the foremost of these were those relating to the laws of real property, the principles on which the law should

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should deal with questions of responsibility and mental competence in civil and criminal cases respectively, and the ameliorations required in the institution and conduct of criminal prosecutions. These questions, like several others, were apparently of more interest to the legal profession than to the general public. We say *apparently*, for the real gainers by any important change would be the public themselves. The discussion on the laws of real property was remarkable for the unanimity with which those laws were condemned by nearly all who took part therein. Mr. Charles Neate, M.P., alluding to the frequency with which the laws of entail and settlement were spoken of as a remnant of feudal times, said it would be more correct to speak of them as being an abridgment of feudal liberties. He traced the history of the laws from the earliest periods to our own time, and, after analyzing their present state, warmly denied the right of any individual to the absolute disposition of the soil, unless he could show that it was for the public benefit that any such privilege was held by him. According to him, the soil was the patrimony of the nation. The Rev. J. E. Thorold Rogers, Oxford Professor of Political Economy, took a somewhat similar view of the question, and instanced Sussex, which, in 1714, contained 3,000 voters, but now possessed only 700—the effect, according to him, of the laws of property. It is not a little indicative of the immense strides which liberty of thought and speech has made in this country, that two such papers from individuals of such reputation as Professors Neate and Rogers should have failed to awaken suspicion or alarm. A few years since those gentlemen would have found themselves denounced as revolutionary firebrands, and, perhaps, charged with attempting to foment sedition and rebellion. Times have indeed changed. Who would have thought, thirty years since, that two professors—men eminent for their learning and ability—would come forward, and before an assembly, comprising persons of all sects, creeds, and politics, deliberately utter such sweeping opinions? The dreams of one generation are frequently the realities of the next, and could the shade of Bentham revisit earth, it would marvel at the progress which this country has made in true liberty since the period when a fettered press, an unenfranchised people, and a corrupt government, formed the three great impediments to national progress. The question of responsibility and mental competence in criminal cases was hotly discussed, the clerical portion of the disputants affirming that criminal responsibility was not a question of law or medical science, but of religion; while the legal and medical men held a directly opposite view. The problem is, indeed, a most difficult one, and can only be practically solved by a compromise, though how this can be effected, in the face of the tenacity with which each side hugs its own opinions, is not easily perceptible.

The circumstances connected with the execution of Franz Muller have imparted a fresh interest to the question of capital punishment, which was well and ably discussed in the paper read by Mr. Sheriff Nissen, of London. Mr. Nissen could not hold that the criminal, found guilty of murder, was not worthy of death, but he thought that the infliction of death punishment was productive of more harm than good. Mr. Begg, in a more detailed and elaborate paper, took up the same ground, remarking that 'as to the alleged deterrent effect of capital punishment, he very much doubted whether in the category of great crimes murder was not that from which the criminal was least likely to be deterred by the fear of death punishment.' The general feeling of the association, as expressed in the discussion which followed the reading of these papers, seemed to preponderate greatly in favour of the abolition of death-punishment; yet it is doubtful whether one of the real questions at issue has attracted the full share of attention which it deserves. There would seem to be less difficulty in obtaining the abolition of capital punishment than in providing a substitute. There exists a feeling that when

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when a murderer is hung, he is rendered incapable of committing further atrocities, and, therefore, so far as he is concerned, society is safe. On the other hand, if he be imprisoned, he may, at some future time, make good his escape, or be liberated, and again become a danger to his fellow men. This impression forms the real obstacle with which the opponents of capital punishment have to contend. If ever we abolish the hangman's office, it will not be until we have fixed upon the scale of punishment which is to supersede it. But whatever substitute may be adopted, 'one precaution,' to quote a recent article in the 'Westminster Review,' 'will always be necessary. The scale of severity fixed by the law must be absolutely irremissible on any consideration of clemency. The only limits of variation must be laid down by the judge in his sentence. Due provision will thus be made for the exclusion of that element of uncertainty which is the greatest vice of the present system.' On the certainty of any substitute which may be provided rest the hopes of success entertained by those who oppose a system long since condemned by the teachings of experience and common sense.

The question of national intemperance was treated of in two papers only, although it was incidentally mentioned in several of those read in the Health, Social Economy, and other departments and sections. In the first of these papers, entitled 'The Office of Legislation in the Prevention of Intemperance,' the Executive Council of the United Kingdom Alliance offered a powerful plea in support of the prohibition of the liquor-traffic. With respect to the question whether such legislation as that advocated by the Alliance is *practicable*, it was stated that:—'The trite remark that "you cannot make men sober by act of parliament," drops strangely and inconsistently from the lips of those who have supported, and are still in favour of, acts of parliament seeking the promotion of sobriety. Not one of these men would leave the vice of drunkenness to work its way unchecked by legislative provisions; and it thus again becomes evident that they reiterate the saying above quoted, not because they believe in it, but as a convenient mode of disparaging and damaging some particular measure not acceptable to their taste. If all that is meant be that law cannot render intemperance impossible, the same can be said of legislation directed against any public evil. Laws are not perfect; and, if they were, could not be perfectly executed. We must do all we reasonably can, and do it the more earnestly from the defective nature of our instruments. No law ever yet made a man honest or loyal against his will; but as laws can do very much to multiply or diminish facilities for evil of all sorts, it is certain that they can give most valuable assistance in the work of national sobriety. Law acts immediately on external conditions; and these act powerfully, though not irresistibly, on manners, morals, and the whole social system. By forbidding barbarous sports, law has largely tended to make the popular mind more humane and refined, and more fitted to benefit from the instructions of the teacher and Christian pastor.' In support of these assertions many arguments of a solid and convincing nature were employed; nevertheless, there were not wanting opponents to dispute the utility of legislative interference with the traffic in alcoholic liquors. Yet, curiously enough, the interference of the Government was advocated more than once in things of comparatively less importance. In the Health Department, the revelations made by Mr. George Godwin, of the *Builder*, and Mr. John Holmes, of Leeds, respecting the poor and miserable manner in which thousands of the labouring classes are lodged, awakened strong feelings of sympathy and indignation,—sympathy for the helpless victims of such a disgraceful system; and indignation at the base and selfish conduct of those who are the gainers by its tolerance. The only remedy possible seemed to consist in legislative interference. It was urged that so long as men were allowed to erect unhealthy and unwholesome

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wholesome dwellings, so long would occupants be found for the same. If neither landlords nor tenants would or could perform their duty, the Government must interfere and 'prohibit' a system productive of injury to the social and physical welfare of the people. In fact, the value of legislative interference seemed to be admitted in every case, except that of the liquor-traffic. Why the liquor-traffic should be treated as an exception remains to be explained. There is one peculiarity connected with the discussions which have taken place on this subject at the various congresses of the Social Science Association, which deserves to be mentioned. The opponents of the Alliance are invariably compelled to shelter themselves behind abstract propositions, or to fly off to topics connected but remotely with the subject at issue. This is one of the greatest tributes to their truth which the doctrines of the Alliance could possibly receive. It is an indirect acknowledgment of their force and unanswerability. Had they been based upon error, the knights-errant of social science-dom would have sallied forth long before this, for the purpose of achieving a victory over them. The real opposition to the doctrines of the Alliance appears to arise more from prejudice than aught else. Overcome that prejudice, and every obstacle in the way of ultimate success will be removed. The fearful evils occasioned by the prevalence of intemperance, were repeatedly alluded to in several of the papers read before the association, yet, with the exception of that proposed by the Alliance, no remedies of any kind were proffered. Palliatives were numerous, but even these were offered with diffidence, as though those who brought them forward were doubtful of their efficiency, and were fearful of failure.

The progress of the co-operative system amongst the industrial classes naturally attracted much attention. Lord Brougham, in his opening address, alluded to the circumstance of the continued prosperity enjoyed by the parent associations at Rochdale, and the silent but extensive increase in the number of societies based on corresponding principles. According to the returns prepared by Mr. Tidd Pratt, it appears that in England and Wales there are no less than 454 co-operative associations, of which 381 have furnished returns, showing them to possess a total of 108,588 members, and an annual amount of business exceeding *two and a quarter millions sterling!* The profits are divided in proportion to the number of shares held by each member; and it appears that the sums withdrawn from the societies were less in 1863 than in 1862, the slightly improved state of Lancashire industry having relaxed the stern grip of distress upon the long-suffering operatives. 'The principle,' observed Lord Brougham, 'in almost all cases is "No trust, no debt,"—and the only exceptions are when, from sickness or other infirmity, individuals are assisted by others, and repay the small sums thus advanced. The whole management of these concerns is in the hands of the workmen themselves, and the gains are for the most part accumulated so as to form a small capital, which is generally employed in the productive branches of co-operation. But the great bulk of these societies are the stores, for the purchase and sale of the goods consumed by the members. The profits are thus earned in proportion to consumption, and a most pleasing part of their appropriation in very many instances is the provision made for education, by the purchase of books and journals, and the support of reading-rooms.' Emboldened by their success, the Rochdale co-operators have gone a step farther. In conjunction with various other co-operative associations, a wholesale agency has been established in Manchester, the entire expense of which, including the cost of purchase and sale of goods, is defrayed by a small contribution from the members of the societies in connection therewith. Mr. Greenwood, of Rochdale, devised the scheme, which avoids the shortcomings and defects that led to the failure of previous attempts. According to Lord Brougham—'All the goods required by the societies are bought of the great dealers, and sent by

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by them at the cost of the receivers. The goods are thus of the best quality and at the lowest prices. The societies are, of course, required to confine their purchases to the central agency, which, buying perhaps for 150 stores, can afford to charge a very small commission from each. Mr. Greenwood's estimate was grounded on the actual consumption of 3,500 persons of the Rochdale pioneers, and this made the amount consumed by 40,000 persons equal to £524,000 a quarter for groceries. He reckons on 2s. 6d. for each member in these counties, which would yield £5,000, a sum amply sufficient for all the expenses of the central establishment and agency.' The statistics on which Lord Brougham based the number of co-operative societies mentioned by him, do not include those formed since 1863, but sufficient is now known to justify an anticipation that Mr. Tidd Pratt's next report will prove far more interesting than its predecessors, there being solid reasons for believing the increase in the number of co-operative associations during 1864 to have been unusually large. In the Social Economy Section, Mr. G. J. Holyoake read a paper relative to the growth of the Halifax co-operative association, the rise of which was attended by circumstances and results even more remarkable than those with which we are acquainted in connection with Rochdale. The 'Halifax Working Men's Co-operative and Provident Society' commenced in 1849; the profits during the first fifteen weeks were exactly *twelve shillings and twopence!* Like many other working-class attempts, the co-operative efforts of the Halifax artizans did not prosper at first. To use Mr. Holyoake's words, the concern simply 'vegetated.' In 1855 it lost £81 by a dishonest treasurer, a calamity which nearly swamped it. In 1860, however, it entered upon a new career, and, like a young giant suddenly awakened, began to exhibit signs of progress. The extent of that progress may be inferred from the fact that the amount of business transacted this year (1864) is estimated at £120,000, the profits being £12,000; a forcible contrast with the sum realized in 1849. The occurrence of the cotton-famine tested to the very utmost the ability of the Lancashire associations to withstand the heavy pressure occasioned by the poverty of the members. 'From 1857 to 1860,' said Mr. Holyoake, 'the members increased from 1,800 to 4,600, the capital from £15,000 to £57,500, the business from £80,000 to £174,000, the profits from £5,000 yearly to £15,000. From 1860 to 1864, the full period of the cotton crisis, the profits have increased in uneven gradations from £15,000 to £22,000. In 1861 the society felt the effects of the scarcity of cotton. In the March quarter of that year the receipts for sales were £47,000; in the December quarter they had fallen to £42,000. In 1862 the cotton-famine was the most severe. Two-thirds of the operatives of Rochdale were almost entirely out of work. The greater part of the mills were entirely closed, and the people had to subsist to a great extent on their previous savings. That year the number of members of the Store decreased 500. The capital of the society decreased £4,500. The cash received for sales decreased £32,000; yet this year the profits made amounted to £17,000. Not only has co-operation stood its ground, during a period which it was supposed would destroy it, but the Store, the Corn Mill, and Manufacturing Society of Rochdale gave together £1,500 for the relief of the unemployed, and the Store alone made £70,000 profits for its members. The Corn Mill Society made £10,000 a year profit in 1860 and 1861. In 1862 the profits fell to £8,000, but last year they returned to £10,000 again. The Manufacturing Society of Rochdale has kept up its full payment of wages during the cotton famine, and has run more time than any mill in the neighbourhood.' In the discussion which ensued, the question of profits was repeatedly touched upon, but the conclusions arrived at were of a most desultory character. In the Agricultural Section, Mr. John Gurdon communicated a paper, in which he recounted what he had done in the formation of co-operative farms at Assington, in Suffolk. The first was started by him in 1828, and there are

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at present upon the two farms fifty-two labourers, farming about 350 acres, free of debt, and possessing as their own property all the stock and crops on the land. So far good; but when Mr. Gurdon says that the labourers 'have established a store-shop with a *brewery*,' we fear the vision is too bright to last. The success of the Assington labourers appears, judging by Mr. Gurdon's explanatory details, to have been less due to their own endeavours than to Mr. Gurdon's incessant instruction and guidance; and in this lies the difference in the value of the co-operative farm experiments at Assington, as compared with that of the Co-operative Mill at Rochdale. In the one case, the Suffolk labourers had to rely on Mr. Gurdon; in the other, the Rochdale weavers, from the very first, learnt to depend on themselves. Co-operative farming is not impracticable, but its introduction is attended with far greater difficulties than those experienced in the establishment of provision stores or manufacturing concerns. If it should succeed, it will be principally by the adoption of the course recommended by Mr. Edwin Chadwick with reference to the utilization of town sewage, the use of which would save the heavy sums now expended in the purchase of guano or dear artificial fertilizers, which, after all, are less efficacious than the material cast as useless into our fresh-water streams.

The state of the labouring classes in the agricultural districts formed the staple of several papers, the old subject of cottage-accommodation being taken up by Mr. C. W. Strickland, who asserted that he was abundantly convinced that the building of decent cottages could never be made to pay as a commercial speculation by a professional builder, except possibly—but by no means certainly—by some kind of legislative protection, such as exemption of cottages from rates and taxes, or favouring them with a more rational mode of conveyance than that with which other kinds of property are handed over to their owners. This argument has been repeatedly uttered at agricultural meetings, and Lord Lievden recently expressed himself in similar language at Wellingborough; yet it is our impression that decent dwellings can be erected, not as mere commercial speculations, but as investments producing a low but certain interest for the capital embarked. As the social *status* of the agricultural labourer rises, as indicated in Mr. Holland's paper on 'Steam Cultivation,' he will no longer be content with the miserable hovels erected for his accommodation. Cottages more adapted to his requirements must and will be found. Experience has proved that where the landowner has improved the dwellings of those residing on his estate, he has found his reward in the development of a higher standard of character and intelligence amongst his tenantry. At present, the majority of landowners are oblivious of their duties in this respect, but a change is impending which will compel them to regard the subject with more attention. Mr. Holland stated that the class of labourers had become changed by reason of the introduction of steam-ploughs. 'They were no longer sluggish and unwilling as in former days, and required to be well-housed and cared for. His experience told him that those connected with steam-ploughing and machinery required and obtained good cottages, and the most powerful thing in elevating the character of working men was the providing for them superior habitations and promoting respectability in dress. By the management of steam machinery his labourers had become so altered that he had been able to shut up a public-house, the men enjoying the evening to a far greater extent in a large room provided with fire and light, where there were social enjoyments, whilst the evils of the public-house and drunkenness were far reduced among them—example, no doubt, having much do with this.' The darker side of the agricultural labour-question was brought up by the Rev. T. Hutton, rector of Stilton, who, in a paper on 'Agricultural Gangs,' furnished a terrible account of the state of social affairs in the Marshland districts. According to him, children of both sexes are employed at a very early age in field-work they

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they are taken from the school and placed in gangs of forty and fifty, under the charge of a 'ganger,' by whom they are usually hired from their parents, and let out, in such numbers as may be required, to the farmers of the district. The system is, in fact, a species of slavery productive of a vast amount of demoralization; yet the evil is not so local nor so recent in its origin as Mr. Hutton seems to assume. Mr. Edward Baines, in his 'Letters on the Manufacturing Districts,' published in 1843, quoted largely from the 'Reports of Special Assistant Poor-law Commissioners on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture;' according to which we learn that the results of the gang system then existing in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and elsewhere, were exactly similar to those described as now existing by Mr. Hutton. The employment of the children in field-labour is occasioned principally by the necessity for replacing the wages squandered by the parents in drink. But for this, the innocent victims of the public-house might possess a fair chance of procuring that education of which they are now deprived. In the Education Department sundry papers relating to the deficiency of education amongst the agricultural labouring class were read by Mary E. Simpson, Rev. F. D. Legard, and others; but they were of an extremely superficial character, good so far as they went, but failing in the attempt to furnish a real and efficient remedy for the evil. This failure on their part is attributable to the common error of mistaking *effects* for *causes*. They find a deficiency of education existing amongst a certain class of the community, and set about ameliorating that deficiency, without inquiring into the real causes which tended to create the mischief they fain would remedy. They do not perceive the intimate relations subsisting between the village beershop and the neglected education of the young. In this respect they remind us of the glazier in Bastiat's 'What is Seen and What is Not Seen.' The effects of this defective moral training in early life are displayed in the rudeness and profligacy so frequently to be witnessed at a statute fair, the demoralizing tendencies of which were well described by Canon Randolph. 'No one,' said the reverend gentleman, 'could stroll through the streets of a market town during the progress of a statute fair, and witness the public-houses opened from the lowest to the highest storey, for the promiscuous entertainment of the young of both sexes, and fail to draw the conclusion that the licence of such times was thoroughly unchristian, and sure to be attended with ruinous results.' Here, again, the mischief of the public-house system strongly forces itself upon the observer's attention. Experience proves, beyond all doubt, that it is the publicans who are the principal upholders of the statute fairs, which, according to Canon Randolph, form 'a serious obstacle to successful results from efforts now being made to improve the tone and habits of the working classes by education.' 'It was in vain,' continued he, 'that in their schools they circulated lessons of sobriety, modesty, and general good conduct, if, as soon as their scholars went forth to their active duties of life, they allowed them to be exposed, at an age when the powers of self-command are weak, to such strong temptations as these fairs present to them.' At Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and at Malton, in Yorkshire, attempts have been made with some success to open large public buildings as refreshment-rooms, *minus* alcoholic drinks, in opposition to the public-houses, but these efforts are simply mere makeshift expedients. Mr. Holland, M.P., thought that the evil would be mitigated by the farmer becoming a different man from what he now was, and, in some respects, Mr. Holland is right. The bucolic mind is not quite sound on the subject of temperance. There are farmers who look upon an abstainer as one unable to perform his field labours properly: their men must drink or go elsewhere. Yet these employers are amongst the first to complain of the drunkenness prevalent amongst those employed by them! It is to be hoped that these things will be properly represented at the next Congress. Until that be done, it will be hopeless to

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to look for any improvement in the condition—whether social, moral, or physical—of the industrial classes employed in agriculture.

But such evils are not confined to the agricultural districts. The papers read in the Health Department, illustrative of the special question relative to the present high rate of infant mortality, disclosed a reprehensible state of things existing in our manufacturing cities and towns. Intemperance was distinctly admitted to be one of the principal causes of the mischief complained of; the other alleged causes being early marriages, bad nursing, the use of soothing syrups and cordials, defective ventilation, and so forth. The remedies proposed, however, fell far short of the evils they were intended to meet, and Mr. Raper was correct when he stated that the evil must be counteracted by law. 'One great cause of infant mortality,' according to him, 'was to be found in the fact that children were suffocated by their mothers while drunk. If Government could license houses to make people drunk, who, when drunk, smothered their children, then Government could and must make laws for its remedy.' It might also have been observed that the children of those parents who partook of alcoholic liquors not unfrequently suffered from the bad quality of the milk supplied by the mother's breast. Mr. Ikin, of Leeds, affirmed that burial clubs acted as a premium on infant mortality. These clubs are invariably held at public-houses, and a large portion of the sums paid on the deaths of children is expended in drink. Dr. Shann, of York, read an interesting paper on the 'Influence of Occupation on the Life and Health of those Engaged in some of the Commoner Employments;' his observations being based on his experience in connection with York Hospital and Dispensary. He stated that 'his experience of the operative classes led him to the conclusion that they had climacteric disease, representing the destructive effects of unremitting physical exertion on the degenerating nervous and muscular system of organic and animal life. In these classes the period of climacteric failure was most marked between the ages of thirty-five and forty-nine, terminating about the time of life when that of the upper class commences. With regard to the classes of workmen, ten of them, namely—agricultural and other labourers, joiners, shoemakers, out and in-door servants, smiths, painters, curriers, and sawyers, would be met with in equal proportions in every town. Workers in confectionery and glass and glasshouse workmen were more special. In addition to those specified trades, there was a group of three hundred and eighty-seven persons distributed over eighty employments. The general impression borne out by experience was that before the age of fifty a considerable proportion of the operative classes had made serious advances in structural degeneration. These changes materially reduced the physical powers so as to unfit for any serious or prolonged exertion, and ere long entirely to disqualify for the ordinary business of life.' It would be pertinent to the subject were an inquiry made as to how far the premature decline of physical powers in working men is due to habits of drinking, whether 'excessive' or otherwise. To some extent this has been anticipated by the Rev. Dawson Burns, in a paper entitled 'Vital Statistics in Relation to the Use of Intoxicating Liquors.' In this essay, Mr. Burns states that 'benefit societies and sick clubs have yielded some striking facts. In Preston, at one time, there were eight general sick clubs, and three for teetotallers only. In the former, two hundred and thirty-three out of one thousand members were annually sick; in the latter, one hundred and thirty-nine. The drinkers were sick on the average seven weeks and four days; the teetotallers, three weeks and two days. Each sick drinker received £2. 16s. 1d.; each sick teetotaller had need of only £1. 9s. 2d. Mr. J. Hawkins, M.R.C.S., of Colet Place, Commercial Road East, London, states that he attended a temperance sick benefit society in St. George's East, which numbered one hundred and fifty members, and in the course of three

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three years but one death occurred, this being the case of a man who had previously been a hard drinker. He also states that the St. Ann's Temperance Benefit Society, with about eighty members, has not had a single death in six years; another of thirty members, no deaths in two years; another of sixty members, no deaths in two years. In contrast with these cases may be noticed a benefit society, principally consisting of non-abstainers, but the admission to which is strictly regulated, and is, indeed, confined to members of Christian churches. This club has increased from thirty to seventy-five members in nine years, and, according to statistics furnished by the secretary, the deaths have numbered nine within that period, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Both in 1860 and 1863 two deaths occurred out of the seventy-five members.'

Again:—'Further, it may be inquired whether life insurance companies are of opinion that total abstinence is unfriendly to length of days? In answer to a communication from Mr. Mudge, M.R.C.S., of Bodmin, the officers of some of the principal companies affirmed that the practice of abstinence would certainly not be regarded as an unfavourable element in the case of any applicant for insurance, and it is well known that some offices manifest peculiar solicitude to extend their business among those who, like Jonadab's descendants, drink no wine. But the most satisfactory evidence yet afforded on this question is found in the statistics of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, established at the close of 1840. In the first eight years of its existence its annual rate of mortality was six per thousand, while the annual rate of mortality for the general population was thirteen per thousand; among lives in other offices eleven, and in friendly societies ten, so that the temperance average, though this office contained several members above seventy years of age, was only equal to that of rural labourers at the age of thirty-five, or of persons at the age of fifteen, the most favourable period of life.'

These facts show, beyond all cavil, that it is impossible to determine the exact influence exercised by any trade or occupation upon those engaged in it, unless their habits, whether as abstainers, moderate drinkers, or drunkards, be also taken into consideration. It is the absence of these qualifying details which renders the generality of medical statistics so defective and unreliable.

The questions relating to the treatment of criminals were fully discussed; many papers of importance were contributed, but the subject of transportation to Western Australia scarcely attracted any notice. Considering how the differences of opinion respecting the working of that system threatened at one time to imperil the relations subsisting between the mother country and colonies at the antipodes, it appears strange that such should have been the case. The absence of Mr. Torrens, who had been compelled to revisit Australia, explains the otherwise inexplicable silence on the subject. The recent decision of the Government with respect to the cessation of transportation to Australia is likely to be attended with important social results. No longer able to shoot our criminals like rubbish upon colonial soil, we shall be compelled to study the various causes which tend to produce and foster crime, so that those causes may in future be prevented. This will tend to impart an additional importance to the future proceedings of the association in connection with the questions relating to crime and criminals, and will also occasion greater attention, on the part of the public, to the fact that intemperance constitutes one of the principal feeders of crime.

Another question in which the labours of the association have proved of much service is that of town sewage. The papers read on this subject by Mr. Rawlinson and others, and the remarks made thereupon by Lord. R. Montague, have greatly facilitated the attempts now being made to bring the matter to a practical issue. It is highly necessary that our fresh-water streams should cease to be contaminated by the contents of our sewers, and the

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the time seems rapidly approaching when the evil will be prohibited by law. To such a result the labours of the association will have materially contributed, forming another instance of its utility when its efforts are properly directed.

The questions of taxation, laws of maritime warfare, working class investments, penny banks, working men's clubs, &c., each came in for a full share of notice. Mr. John Noble's paper on 'Free Trade and Direct Taxation' was followed by a long and exciting discussion, in which several of the leading members of the Financial Reform Association took active parts. At present public opinion has yet to be formed in favour of direct taxation. Still, much good must inevitably arise from the ventilation of the question.

The next Congress is appointed to be held in Sheffield, in which case we may expect that some of the deficiencies experienced at the York meeting will be avoided, and the association be enabled to approach more closely towards that ideal which its founders dreamt of when they ushered it into being.

Art. VI.—MY BROTHER'S EXECUTION.

I CAN'T remember the time when I did not love Harry. Thirty years ago, when my mother sent me out with him to play on the moor (he was then a little bright-eyed fellow, two years old, and I scarcely seven), I would gladly undertake the charge, because I so dearly loved his sunny face and innocent laughter. And oh! what happy days those were! We lived near a colliery, at which my father was engine-man. The place was black and smoky, and dirty enough, but we two scrambled about, taking care not to fall into the old pits that had been worked for coal long years before. We picked the few blackberries in autumn time, from the low prickly stunted bushes that managed somehow to live thereabouts, and in the spring we culled the smutty daisies and buttercups that did their best to look like country flowers. Our cottage was comfortably furnished. My father was a steady, industrious man, fond of his home and his book, though rather stern in temper to his children. My mother worked hard, and made us up many a smart frock, and trimmed many a gay hat, having some little knowledge of dressmaking and millinery acquired in her girlish days; and it was her especial delight to dress Harry smartly, and the little fellow's handsome face, smiling from out its adornments, amply repaid her trouble. We were the only two left of six children, and though I was expected to nurse and serve, and help to spoil, my darling little brother, yet I never experienced any want of affection from my parents towards myself. Harry and I went regularly to the colliery school. He was naturally quick and bright, and made rapid and really wonderful progress there. His schoolmaster and his parents were alike proud of him, but none of them worshipped that child as I, his elder and stupid brother, did. He was to me the sweet child-hero of every boyish dream, supplying my imagination with constant food as I thought of his glorious future, and pictured the heights to which he might aspire. I can see our neat and comfortable home now, as I look back into the past. My mother, good soul, mending, or making, for her husband or children; my father resting in his easy chair, a luxury but just afforded in the cottage; myself employed in making a boat, or whistle, or top for Harry; and Harry, seated between his father and mother, on the opposite side of the table, reading the newspaper to my father, in well modulated tones and peculiarly expressive voice. I see him now. His brown wavy hair, held back over his open brow, with boyish impatience, in one hand; his other extended on the table; his colour heightened; his eye bright; his whole countenance glowing and radiant. No wonder, thought I, every time I looked at him, that the neighbours call him 'that handsome boy,' and 'a gentleman's son he looks every inch of him.' I went on thinking, 'and yet, dear Harry, he is

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is not proud, with all his cleverness and all his good looks.' As time went, I used to read with more and more interest all there is in the Bible about David and Jonathan; for was not Harry my young David, and could I not be willing to give up to him my birthright, and all I held most honourable and dear, if thereby he might shine the more, and dazzle the world by his beauty and genius?

We were going to school one day; he was nine years old, and I fourteen; it was early spring; my mother had crocuses, and hyacinths, and snowdrops in bloom within doors; and, abroad, the cloudless blue sky, the fresh young green of the stunted grass and trees, and the glad carolling of birds, bespoke the universal answer of nature to the warm kisses of the golden sun. We felt spring in our young hearts, and whistled, and shouted, and sang, and ran races, till we were tired of our boisterous play; and then, as it still wanted half an hour to school time, we sat down together on a little bank.

'Harry,' I said, 'you are David to me, and I am your Jonathan.' Harry laughed outright, and turned his merry eyes upon my face in wonder. 'How am I?' he asked; but I grew serious, and said, 'You have read about them in the Bible, Harry; you know Jonathan as good as gave up being a king for David's sake, and it is said that Jonathan loved David "as his own soul," and that's how I love you, Harry.'

'Brother,' said Harry, solemnly, 'I don't think David was good to Jonathan; it was greedy and selfish, wasn't it? I don't want to be a David.'

'But, Harry, he was made to be a king over the Israelites; he was so beautiful, and clever, and brave, and lovable, and you are all that too, Harry; and though you won't wear a crown, you'll have to be a king amongst men.' Harry was delighted. 'Shall I, brother? how?'

'Why, Harry, you're handsome, you know, and our schoolmaster says you've plenty of brains, and so, don't you see you must be grander and greater than people who are very plain, and have only few brains.'

The school-bell rang, and we went in without talking any more; but from that hour I saw Harry's brow encircled with a crown, and Harry loved me as his Jonathan. We enacted scenes in their lives with a boyish appreciation of their fitness and reality, and I still keep the bow and arrows with which we went through the eventful passage in David's life, when Jonathan discloses to him, by a preconcerted plan, the state of Saul's mind towards him.

Soon after this Harry had a terrible misadventure. He was dashing across a road, boy-like, before a fast-advancing wagon, intending, of course, to clear it 'just in time,' but his speed was not great enough; the fair young form was pushed violently on the ground, and the wagon rattled over his leg. From some little distance where I had been standing, waiting for Harry, I heard a loud shriek; this, succeeded by a dead silence, alarmed me for my brother. I hurried to the spot. Alas! alas! how awful to my loving eyes looked that mangled body, dead as I feared, dead as I believed. Oh! that he had been dead then, in his young innocent boyhood, when a mother's tears, and a father's blessing would not have been denied him! I carried him home, staggering beneath my burden, which however, I would yield to no other arms; and through the long feverish illness that followed, and during all the difficult time for an energetic, impatient lad like Harry, when absolute rest was prescribed for the broken leg, it was my delight to minister to his comfort, to read to him, to tell him of all the freaks and games at school, of the lessons we learnt, and the games we tried; and my mother's praise was sweet indeed when I heard her say to my father that 'Frank was the best nurse the boy had.'

As time passed on, it was necessary that I should leave school, and become apprenticed to learn a trade; I chose that of an ironfounder, and then occurred my first separation from home, and from Harry. The child clung round my neck with wild, passionate tears, and implored me, as I loved my David, not to leave him, and I could only try to soothe him, by telling him to make haste, to learn all he could at the colliery school, and then coax father to let him come to school for a year or two in the neighbouring town where I was about to be apprenticed. 'After that, Harry,' I added, 'you, too, must choose a trade, and we can be together still more.'

But my father, though he wanted Harry to excel, could not make up his mind to part from the boy, and so he continued at home; and being rather lonely in the evenings, took to music for an occupation. He soon discovered that he possessed some taste and a pleasant

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pleasant voice for singing. At first all this was harmless enough. He would take his flute of an evening, and serenade the girls, 'who,' he used to tell me on Sundays, with a pardonable pride in his admitted good looks, 'were *all* in love with him, and he thought he could not do less than comfort their poor little hearts by a tune.'

At length another ear was turned to listen to the young musician, and, in an evil hour for my David, the landlord of the Sun and Moon called out to him as he strolled along.

'Good evening, Harry Longford, you are giving your flute an airing, I suppose?'

'Good evening,' returned Harry, lifting his lips from the instrument on which they were resting. 'Yes, I'm come out for a turn.'

'Step in here if you get tired,' said the landlord, carelessly; 'I've one or two friends inside, who are rather fond of a tune on a good flute such as yours is.'

Was there ever a true musician who did not love his instrument?

Harry yielded to that artful bait, and turned in on his way home, just to show what a splendid flute he had. He was welcomed in the bar-parlour; his airs and style of playing were loudly applauded; and before he left he had given the company a song or two, and tasted in return more than one glass of ale, which was the strongest liquor of which they could persuade him to partake. 'Any time, you know, Harry Longford, that you have half an hour to spare, I shall be as glad as an old friend to see you, and I'm sure my company will, too.'

I came home to spend Sunday once a month during my apprenticeship; and one Saturday night when I entered as usual, I found, instead of the happy family group I had anticipated, only my father and mother, who had, I thought, an air of sadness on their faces, unlike the kind manner with which they were accustomed to welcome me.

'Where's Harry, mother?' was my first question, after I had kissed her, and answered her inquiries; for the home circle seemed dull indeed without the sweet face and gay smile of my brother.

'I am afraid,' said my mother, and she hesitated.

'What on earth's the matter, mother,' I asked in alarm, 'you don't say Harry's ill?'

'Frank, if you want to find your brother,' said my father, sternly, 'you will find him at the Sun and Moon.'

'The Sun and Moon!' I exclaimed in horror; for though we had been taught as children to consider as a treat elder and currant wines, a drink of ale, or even a glass of cherry brandy, which we shared with our parents on festival days and Sundays, yet I could not conceive that Harry would so degrade himself as to go to a public-house, to sit and drink with the ordinary customers.

'Why, father, you haven't put him to that business, have you?'

'God forbid,' said my father, 'and if I did do such a thing, do you suppose I couldn't find a more respectable man than landlord Jones to put him with?'

I was silent for a minute; then I asked, 'What is he doing there, father?'

'Drinking, and singing, and playing his flute; I wish the boy had no more knowledge of music than the parson's crows.'

'But something must be done, father.'

'You undertake to do it, Frank; then see what a headstrong youth your brother has become.'

My mother began to cry, and naturally enough, perhaps, to take the lad's part; 'Harry is well enough,' said she, 'if you'd have put him sooner to some proper business; it's idleness that's spoiled him, if anything has.'

My father was silent, looking grave and sorrowful.

'Father,' I said, 'may I get Harry to choose what he will be—he's too old to have nothing particular to do?'

'Yes, Frank,' he answered; so I waited anxiously for the door to open and my David to walk in. I was very much disappointed to see how heavy his once bright eyes looked, and how ashamed he appeared to meet mine fully.

'Well, Harry,' I said, 'this is the first time I have come home and found you too busy to meet me.'

He hung his head, but did not answer. 'I hope you have had a pleasant evening, Harry,' I continued.

Harry looked up at this, not understanding whether I knew where he had been.

'Mother will take some little while getting supper ready for us, and as to-morrow is Sunday, we can rest a little later. Come, Harry, have a walk with me, it is a fine night.'

Harry took down his cap again from the peg on which he had hung it, and walked

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walked out with me without speaking a word. It was a beautiful night. The moon, fair and cloudless, was suspended in an atmosphere of singular purity; and shed a brilliant light over the still, deserted moorland, making beautiful what was usually so destitute of natural attractiveness. It shone, too, on our faces, as we turned from the cottage door; and it made Harry's ruddy, healthful bloom look pale and strange.

'Do you remember, Harry,' I began, 'when first I called you my David, and told you how I loved you as my own soul?'

'Yes,' he replied, a little sullenly.

'Do you think I love you less now, Harry?'

'I don't know that I've thought about it.'

'Well, will you believe me if I say that my brother to-night is dearer than he was ten years ago?'

'Yes, I will,' he answered readily. His was a soft, tender, loving heart, and the earnestness of my manner had convinced him of the truth of my words.

'I don't like to find, Harry,' I continued, 'that you have taken to spend some of your evenings at the Sun and Moon; you are too clever, too good, too dear to us all, to be turned into the parasite of a public-house. Promise me that you won't play your flute inside such places again.'

'I can't, Frank, I have agreed to go again.'

'I will settle that for you, Harry.'

'No, no, I am not going to break my word.'

I pleaded and entreated, but Harry would give me no promise, so I turned the conversation.

'What are you going to be, Harry?'

'A musician,' he answered, decidedly.

'Does father agree?'

'I don't care.'

'Harry,' I said, bewildered, 'what has come over you; you are hardly the same boy that you were three months, or even, it seems to me, a week ago. Not care for your father? Who is to support you while you learn?'

'I can support myself,' cried Harry, impatiently; 'don't you think there are plenty of places that would gladly take me in for me to play to the people during the evenings, and, more than that, give me a trifle besides?'

'Public-houses, gin-palaces, you mean?' I inquired, aghast at the proposal.

'Yes; I've been offered such a place in London, and I don't want to be hanging about at home any longer.'

'Oh! Harry, as you stand to-night under this beautiful moon, I do entreat you not to go to London on such a wild-goose chase as that. Learn an honest trade, Harry, and then if you still love music so well, earn some money yourself, and spend it in becoming a first-class musician, and attaining to eminence and greatness as you ought to do.'

I won my brother over. He agreed to become a printer, and I took him back on Monday to the town, made arrangements for his learning the trade, and hired another room for him in the house where I lodged, the abode of an old and respectable widow. For many months things went on prosperously enough. We joined the Mechanics' Institute, and read numbers of volumes together. Now and then we attended a concert; and one evening we strolled accidentally into a temperance meeting. The truths we heard plainly and forcibly enunciated by the speakers convinced me that it was my duty to join the band of those who were struggling to free their country from the hateful bondage of drunkenness. I invited Harry to sign the pledge with me, but he resolutely refused. I saw less reason or utility in the principle to which I pledged myself that night than I have done since, or I think I would have entreated my brother to join me, with all the vehemence and energy and persuasion of which I was master; but I did not behold then the sprouting of that poisonous seed in him which has since yielded such bitter fruit.

After that evening, so eventful to me, for supplying the impetus of an upward and onward course to my whole life, I found Harry less willing to spend his time with me than before. He frequently did not return to our lodgings till nine or ten o'clock; sometimes he was even later; and when I inquired where he had been, he answered me with rudeness, that he wanted no Jonathan to be a spy on his actions. I often answered him not coolly and calmly, as an elder brother should have done, but with fiery looks and impatient words, for I had a temper easily aroused by the imputation of meanness or injustice. After one of these outbreaks, Harry declared his intention to take a room nearer his work, and where he could be his own master. I begged him not to indulge in this plan, but he persisted and went, leaving me to lament over the folly

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folly of my behaviour to so high-spirited a brother. Again and again I tried to persuade him to return, but he was deaf to my voice now, and grew cold to me, even in manner. My parents came over to seek an explanation of our separation; I told them the truth. My mother added her prayers to mine; and, perhaps, Harry might have yielded, had he not primed himself for the interview with a glass of 'something short' so readily proffered by the hands of his boon companions. And as Harry grew older and more manly and decided in his actions, it was more difficult for me to attempt to regulate them.

I was now out of my time, and was offered a situation as assistant to the engineer on the colliery. This I gladly accepted, only regretting when I left the town, and went home to my parent's cottage, that there existed that ever-widening breach between my once fond and still beloved young brother and myself.

'You will come over and see us every Sunday, Harry?' I said, as we parted cordially.

'My dear Frank,' Harry exclaimed, in tones of surprise, '*every* Sunday? bless you, no; but I'll come like you used to come, once a month.'

'That's right, we shall be proud enough to have you with us; it will seem like old times again.'

So we shook hands, and Harry turned back to the town, while I took the road to the cottage. It was a great delight to my parents to have one of their sons with them again, and I was soon installed very comfortably in my old room, with a bed in one corner for Harry to occupy during his occasional visits, and my books and tools on a table in the window, for I was fond of designing and modelling.

The month passed away, but Harry did not come. I wrote to him on the Monday, asking for a reason, but no answer arrived, and on the next Sunday, feeling really troubled about him, I walked over to the town. I called at his lodgings, and learnt from the woman that Mr. Longford had been out very late the night before, and was not up yet.

'Tell him his brother is here—or, stop, I will go myself.'

I ran upstairs and knocked at Harry's door. 'It's Frank, Harry,' I called out, 'I want you to come home with me.'

For the first time in his life, my brother answered me with an oath. 'Plague on you, why are you always coming after me so? Am I not old enough to manage my own concerns?' I did not answer. I felt chilled by those dreadful words, and went down stairs to wait for my brother. I looked round the room. It did not present a very respectable appearance; *Bell's Life*, a low, disgusting French novel, a pint pot, a broken pipe, and a small black bottle, which rested on the mantel-shelf, furnished me with plenty of sad thoughts. Soon the owner of all these appeared. He looked sadly worn-out and dissipated, a wreck of the sweet child, Harry, a wreck of my fancied King David.

'If I were your elder brother, Frank,' were his first words, 'I wouldn't act the spy on you.'

'Spy!' I exclaimed, 'who accuses me of wishing to be a spy on you, Harry?' I added, more mildly, 'I came to invite you home for the day; won't you come with me?'

'I can't,' he replied; 'I am engaged to-night; it does not matter to you where, but I can tell you this, I get more money on Sundays than I do all the other days of the week. Tell mother, when I have a leisure day I'll come home.'

'Don't you go to church, Harry, or chapel? Do you *like* this life you are leading? Are you happy?'

'Happy!' Harry grinned, with his handsome teeth, 'who is, in this cursed world, where nobody has got as much money as they want, except a set of fools who can't enjoy it properly. Happy! no, and I don't believe you are either; but I am jolly enough sometimes, and no mistake.' Harry began to whistle 'Begone, dull care,' and strode over to the fire-place. He lifted the black bottle to his lips and drank. 'There, Frank, that's not a teetotal proceeding; what a staid old fanatic you've become! Only four and twenty, and yet you look and act and live as quietly as a judge.'

'I mean to get up in the world, Harry,' I answered as cheerfully and kindly as I could in the same room with that bottled demon; 'and I think you'll find brandy a poor thing to get rich or respected upon. Now, must I go back without you, Harry?'

'Yes, give them my love, and tell them to expect me next Sunday.'

So our lives were passed for another year.

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year. Harry's visits were few indeed, and his mother began to droop at the conduct of her young son, once her pride and delight. My father's earnings and mine were amply sufficient to provide every comfort for the cottage home, and we hired a young servant to do the work for my mother, but she enjoyed nothing now as she had done in the days of our boyhood. We could not hide from ourselves the sad fact that our Harry was an habitual drinker, that he was (without being utterly idle or reckless) a sadly dissipated young man, and now the time was come for his apprenticeship to expire, and he must begin life for himself. Just as we looked for Harry to come home, we received a letter telling us of his freedom from bondage, as he called it, and his determination to go to London, where, before we received this missive, he hoped to be.

'To London!' exclaimed my father, 'as well let the lad go to perdition at once! Frank, my son, you must follow him and bring him back.'

'But where? In what part of London shall I find him?' I asked, bewildered, for my knowledge of the metropolis was confined to what I had acquired during a hasty boyish visit to the Great Exhibition.

'He *must* be found somewhere,' said my father, decidedly. 'Frank, go and search for him, and then I shall feel that the blood of the poor, misguided lad is not on my head.'

After much persuasion, I obtained a week's holiday from the engineer, and set out. But time fails me to tell of that weary wandering. I had asked for a holiday; I never spent any period of my life less imbued with a holiday spirit. Have you ever, my reader, sought in such haunts as you were almost ashamed to frequent, lest you should imperil your honest name, for another that bore that *same* name, which you dreaded to discover tarnished and dishonoured in his person? Have you ever searched for the dethroned David of your heart in the flaring gin-palace, the low theatre, or the flagrantly immoral casino? Seven days, and the end —what? A penitent brother? A happy home; peace restored to a desolate household? No. I went back tired, broken-hearted, and footsore, and without the faintest tidings of the wanderer.

So we settled down to work again, with no apparent change in our outward lives, but with many heart-aches, and silent tears and prayers to the all-merciful One.

Two years passed thus, without the faintest tidings of our Harry. One day the whole neighbourhood was excited by the report of a dreadful murder recently perpetrated only a few miles from our home. A farmer, after visiting a fair, and receiving a large sum of money, a good deal of which it was known he carried away with him, had been foully murdered on the way home, his pockets rifled, his watch, studs, and every penny in cash taken from him, and his body thrown, wounded and battered, into a ditch. Two men found travelling along the road about twenty miles off had been arrested on suspicion; the elder professed to be a pedlar called Smith; the younger declared he was merely travelling with him for company, and was going home to visit his friends. His name was Longford. Why had my heart told me that before I finished the dreadful paragraph? How could I break this news to my poor, sickly mother? how wound, with an arrow so sharp and poisonous, the heart of my upright, worthy father? And yet if I did not tell them who might not? A dozen giddy, idle women might rush into my mother's house to inform her of the dreadful news, and my father's mates at the colliery would not hesitate to put the paper into his hands.

'Father,' I said, in perplexity, 'I want you to have a look at a drawing in my room.'

'Can't you bring it down to me, Frank? I haven't much time.'

'Not very well, father, come.'

He ascended the stairs, and I followed him.

'Can you bear to have a suspicion of wrong-doing cast upon either of your sons, father?'

'No,' he answered bluntly, turning very white.

'You must bear it, however, father,' and I made him sit down while I read the account in the paper to him.

'It is true,' said he, 'London has finished him; he has come to perdition in an awfully quick manner.'

'Nay, father,' I exclaimed, 'let us not blame Harry. God forbid that I should think my brother a murderer, till his own lips confess it to me. But how can we tell mother?'

'I don't know,' groaned my father; 'keep it from her, Frank.'

'And let the gossips tell her?'

'No,

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'No, no, I leave it to you. God help her, poor soul!'

So I went and told my mother, with many softening words, though I felt my fears strongly belie my hopes. To my great comfort, she indignantly received the idea; 'Harry a murderer? You should be ashamed of yourself, Frank, you, who pretended to love him so much, to breathe a word of this kind in my ear! Do you suppose I don't know how things may be misrepresented? If he is coming, as I pray God he may be, home again to us, poor dear, he shall have his mother's heart warm and ready for him, even if his brother does think hardly of him.'

But it was sadly too true that Harry Longford had been taken up on suspicion; and true, alas! that there were traces of blood on those worn garments and that blue cap of his; true, that a knife also, stained and smeared, was found on him; true, that he and his companion had been drinking with the old farmer on the night of the murder; and, as fresh inquiries were made and more of the facts elicited at the inquest, the evidence attached guilt more certainly to my poor brother's proceedings. I visited him at once. I offered bail for him to a considerable amount, but it was refused; the magnitude of the offence forbade its acceptance, and he was fully committed for trial.

At first sight I hardly recognized Harry, so much had strong drink altered him. He was peevish and silent when I spoke to him, but my strong love and pity thawed and subdued him, as I convinced him, by word and action, as far as I possibly could, of my never-dying love. At length he told me his dreadful story. He had become a gambler in London, and, after a long run of ill-luck, had determined to come back to his old home, and see if we would receive him again. On the way, stopping to drink at a public-house, he had met with the old farmer, and had proposed to play cards with him, confident of his own superior skill, and, therefore, carelessly staking his last money on it; much to his mortification—for he was now penniless—he lost. The dreadful thought of robbery occurred to him as he sat, his reason and conscience beclouded by the drink that he had so easily obtained in that house, licensed by a Christian government to sell poisonous beverages that destroy innocence and morality. Still, murder was far enough from his intention; 'Nor,' said Harry, 'could it have entered my heart had I not continued to drink till I was reckless of what I did, and insensible to the awful consequences. Believe me, Frank,' and he spoke with the old earnestness and sweetness of his boyhood, 'I would sooner have killed myself if I had been sober, than have murdered that old man, ah! the drink, the drink has ruined me; oh! brother! that I had but taken your advice in that temperance meeting long ago, and signed the pledge. I have wished a thousand times since that I had not refused your wish, then I had not thus wrought my destruction for this world and the next. What do father and mother say?'

I told my brother the words of his poor, patient mother, and the young man wept bitterly;—'Let her think me innocent if you can, Frank, it would kill her to know me guilty. Oh! those cursed drinkshops, where I have been lured on and on, till death and damnation are close upon my track!'

I did not answer these passionate words, but I vowed vengeance in my inmost soul against the drink-traffic for evermore.

It was not long that I could keep the dreadful truth from my parents—not long before they knew all, and asked eagerly for every particular of their son's disgrace, their son's crime. For a long time he shrank from an interview with them. 'I can't, Frank,' he said, 'I can't see them, especially mother, unless you have mercy on me, and smuggle me in a drink of brandy to steady my nerves.'

But I insisted on his being more cowardly than our poor mother, if he refused what she felt would be a consolation to her; and though I gave my brother no brandy, yet I pitied rather than blamed him for the haunting remorse that had led him to beg it of me. How shall I describe that interview? How picture the meeting between the victim of the legalized drink-traffic, now become the murderer of his fellow, and the sickly, broken-hearted mother, of whose heart and eyes, but a few years ago, he had been the light and pride? Only twenty-two years before, Harry had nestled an innocent baby in his mother's bosom, and since then, how much of promise he had given, fair hopes that had all been destroyed hopelessly, helplessly, like some sweet floweret which the mower's all-devouring scythe fells ruthlessly to the earth. I cannot paint that terrible scene; it is one of the darkest pictures over which memory lingers.

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I can only say that I bore my mother fainting from the prison, to lie down on the bed of death in her once sweet home; my father, prematurely old with sorrow, tottered after me, and the groan of Harry's breaking heart reverberated through the gloom as the turnkey relocked his cell after our departure.

The trial followed. No expense was spared by my father to save his son from the gallows; but it was all in vain. The law, by that strange inconsistency of action which is a disgrace to the Christianity it professes, first licensed men to supply our Harry with strong drink, and then took his life for the offence against it to which that drink had prompted him.

I was often with my brother during the last few weeks of his young and misspent life; often with him, recalling to him all the scenes of our boyhood, every circumstance of that life which seemed to him like some pure, golden dream, from which he had had, poor fellow, a rude and terrible awakening. A sense of penitence was visible enough in his altered manner, his humility, his contrition, but he could not forgive the government of his country, that had allowed the tempters of their fellows to evil to set up at almost every corner, and in every street, their temptations to crime. 'Frank,' he would say, as I sat beside him, 'there are hundreds now at this very moment being led astray just as I have been, young men who are as determined, at first, to go right as I used to be when I first went to old Jones's public-house. I never meant to take too much; I never thought that he was setting a trap for me when he first asked me in to play my flute and sing. And that is how most young men are led away by what is to them a favourite amusement. Some entice you to cards, others to skittles, others to chess, others to clubs, others to dancing, others to music: they have temptations for every disposition, and few see at the beginning into what they will be lured. I know you warned me, brother, and why did I not take heed, you are thinking; well, perhaps, if you had heard how all my companions treated your warnings, how the landlords persuaded me that you were jealous of my talents, you would wonder less at your poor foolish Harry.'

Between the assizes at which Harry's doom had been sealed and the carrying out of the sentence, a fortnight later, our mother died. Through all the wanderings of her mind in that last sad illness, her one thought had been of her child. At one time she was rejoicing in his infant beauty, with all the sweet pride of a young and loving mother, clasping him in imagination to her bosom with many a word and smile of endearment, talking to him in baby language of the flowers and birds and sunshine; and then she would enumerate, as if addressing some kindly neighbour, all his wondrous abilities, his marvellous cleverness, and her bright hopes of his future. Anon the dread reality seemed to flash across her brain with the lurid light of despair, and she moaned and shrieked piteously, and wrung her thin hands in agony, whilst her whole frame shook, and the drops of perspiration stood on her pale forehead, and, disturbing the silent watches of the night, came the low cry of pain from those parched lips, 'Save him, save my Harry from the gallows.'

After her death our poor father, whose sternness and manliness had long since given way, was reduced to a state of maudlin sorrow; his second childhood had come upon him, years before, in the order of nature, we had any reason to fear or expect so sad and beclouded an evening to his calm and well-ordered life. I felt bitterly as I grasped my brother's trembling hand, when I gave him the sad tidings, that henceforward my home could be nothing to me, save a cemetery full of the graves of lost joys and buried pleasures; and when I had taken leave of Harry, and knew that the last sun had set for my young brother, life wore a mantle of deepest, darkest hue, that Time, as I looked forward to its onward course, seemed to possess no power to remove.

The next morning was wild and stormy. The wind had howled all night around my humble lodging in the busy town like the requiem of the dead, or the plaintive farewell monotone of the dying, and I had lain awake listening to it, and thinking of my brother. The double execution of Harry and his accomplice attracted a vast crowd from the surrounding towns and villages. It is an excitement comparatively rare to see two men murdered in broad daylight, and that legally. The executioner has need of especial adroitness, for the crowd becomes especially impatient, and so it was on that awful morning. I watched the culprits taking part alive in their funeral procession; I saw our Harry's white face and drooping head and

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and listless form; I beheld the clergyman and all the dread paraphernalia of that scene; and, looking around me, I beheld the upturned faces of the thousands who had come to see my brother die; to laugh, perchance, at his quivering lips, his nerveless step, to report that 'he had not died like a man,' that 'he did not show any pluck.' How should he, with his mother's death, and his wasted life standing in their fearful significance, and in the light of another world before him, besides that other spectral form—the murdered man?

Coarse laughter, wicked oaths, dreadful jests met my ear on every hand; hawkers of cakes and apples and ginger beer plied their business, and people bought of them, and ate and drank, thus filling up the time of waiting for my brother's agony; and betting men and pugilists, whose whole existence seemed to be animal *versus* intellectual; and publicans come to behold one result of their lucrative and respectable and law-honoured traffic; and women and children with no youth, nor tenderness, nor modesty, nor softness in their hard unnatural faces; and rough collier lads, and men, fresh from loom and engine and factory, made up that great crowd. But some few, thank God, there were who tried to show the people the evil, the vice of drunkenness, the danger of tampering with strong drink, and the magnitude and worth of their immortal souls, gaining their heedless ears by most persuasive eloquence.

And then, as I looked again at Harry, and thought how sweet had been the smile of that child-face, that had lain on my shoulder as I carried him across the moorland in our happy childhood, my eyes overflowed, the blessed relief of tears came at last to my fevered brain. A heavy thud, followed by the shrieks of women, sounded upon the ear. I looked again, the drop had fallen, and the two quivering forms hung motionless from the beam.

Harry was dead. I pressed my handkerchief to my eyes, and then, in sight of that lifeless body, consecrated myself before God to help by purse and pen and effort to amend the unjust liquor-laws of our country, which, affording every protection to the maker and seller of strong drink, offers no security whatever to the unhappy victim.

My brother and his companion, under the influence of brain poison, supplied to them by a certain legalized trafficker in that poison, had killed the farmer; but whilst their two lives were sacrificed to the bloodthirsty goddess of Justice in return for his, no mention was made of the man who had sold them the drink, whilst they were already excited by previous potations, and who had done this for no other reason than to fill to greater overflowing his ample pockets. And is this Christian England, where man is thus legalized to play the part of vampire on the health, the morality, and the religion of his fellows?

Harry! my brother! as I love the memory of our youth, as I pity thy fall, as I blame thy destroyer, so do I vow to dedicate my life to the extinction of that foe of my race to which thine has been sacrificed.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

TENDENCIES OF DEBT AMONGST THE WORKING CLASSES.

A very large proportion of the working people are constantly in debt, and very much of the misery that prevails among them is owing to this circumstance. Their wages are regularly required to defray past expenses; and new liabilities must be incurred to obtain their current requirements. Persons who give credit to the working people are mainly an inferior class of tradesmen, who are themselves seldom in a position to purchase at the best markets, and the precarious trade they conduct, with its multitude of bad debts, compels them to charge a very high price for the commodities they supply. The female portion of a working man's family commonly make the serious mistake of purchasing their articles of clothing from tally-men, and pay, by a succession of small instalments, frequently about five per cent.

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cent. upon the amount at each payment. It is obvious that the time, trouble, and risk of conducting business upon this system must require extreme profits. Not extreme, perhaps, taking the circumstances into account; but very excessive as compared with ready money transactions. Further imprudence is exemplified by resorting to the pawnbroker. It occurs often that pledges are not redeemed, and articles of great importance to the pawner are sacrificed for a mere trifle. Many people make a constant practice of pawning their goods; and even of pledging their best wearing apparel weekly,—pawning on Monday morning, and redeeming it on Saturday night to be worn on Sunday. The interest paid in each instance may seem but trifling, and amply repaid by the accommodation rendered; but these frequent little payments in the space of twelve months accumulate to a sum of considerable importance to a working man; equal at a moderate computation to a week's earnings.

Being in debt only to the amount of a few weeks' wages, will depress the condition of a working man equally with a considerable reduction of his earnings. The purchasing power of his pound per week is certainly not greater than sixteen shillings in the hands of a man having a little money in advance. To keep free from debt is of the utmost importance, and to a person behindhand it is worth making every effort, if he values the future comfort, to extricate himself from his difficulties, but it requires determination and self-denial to do so, as liquidating a debt honestly is much harder to accomplish than to save a sum of money equal to it when disencumbered.

The effect of debt, beyond the means of easy payment, upon all people, is to produce a direct moral degradation. Lying, the parent of all other vices, is employed for the purpose of postponing payment. 'The man has been disappointed in not receiving all manner of imaginary sums, and he will certainly pay from the first that he receives,' knowing that he has nothing to receive—'that an arrear of wages is due to him,' although he has overdrawn his earnings. Such, and innumerable other promises and subterfuges are employed. Excuses and evasions are, at first, made with some kind of compunction; but that soon wears away, and ultimately merit is claimed for skilful deception. The next step in dishonesty is scheming to evade payment altogether, and then by any kind of cunning to obtain property on credit; but without the slightest intention of discharging the debt. It is easy to conceive the downward tendency of such a course. Self-respect soon becomes obliterated, and the opinion of others disregarded. These checks upon evil possessions and vicious propensities being removed, a disregard of the decencies of society is often made a subject of exultation. With the struggle to get on from day to day home becomes neglected, being void of comfort, and the few miserable articles it contains constantly liable to seizure. The children are dragged up in filth and depravity, and the female portion often waste more time in running after charitable doles than would suffice to earn double their amount. This is not a picture of the imagination, but one that may be realized throughout the country but too frequently.—*Cash versus Credit,* by GEORGE HURST; *Social Science Review.*

PAWNBROKERS.

In Great Britain there are about 2,500 pawnbrokers. In London, 375; in Manchester, 220; in Liverpool, 130; in Birmingham, 100. Other cities and towns, east, west, north, and south, divide the rest. There is scarcely a town in which a market is held, however small the number of inhabitants, but possesses the well-known sign. Some of these establishments, like a good country curate, do duty for a very extensive district.

You will perceive by the figures quoted, that our country towns are better supplied than London; it is, however, only in number, as some of the London

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London houses could swallow many of the country ones without experiencing half the inconvenience an alderman does after a city dinner. Every pawnbroker must take a license, and then is limited to pledges on which not more than £10 is advanced—all beyond that requires a special contract, and a stamped agreement, with special terms, as profitable, in the stamp to Her Majesty's Exchequer, as it is secure for the contracting parties. Until lately, all duplicates for pledges under 5s. were given free of cost, above that sum a halfpenny was charged. But the large quantity of small pledges, and the labour involved (pawnbrokers say) rendered that an unprofitable part of their business, and, as unity gives power, they formed a society for the redress of grievances—agitated quietly from Land's End to John o' Groats, prepared a bill for the consideration of Queen, Lords, and Commons, and adopting the cry, 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' saw their efforts triumphant, and celebrated their victory by a glorious dinner, and potations of champagne and port, which made some eyes brilliant, and probably some hands unsteady. It is only right to say, their new law contains but one clause, which gives them the power to charge a halfpenny for every ticket when the pledge is under 10s., and to retain the old charge when above. Most, however, give the ticket when the sum lent is under 1s.

I am not able to say the minimum sum with which a profitable trade may be done; competent judges consider the average amount employed to be £5,000. Some have as much as £80,000. These, of course, are but few—the big-wigs of the profession, who merit, by the extent of their trade, the title of 'Great Uncle.' Taking the average at £5,000, will give us over twelve millions employed, and circulated, as it is, at least three times a year, shows that their trade or profession has no little to do with the hard cash jingling in your pockets or dropped in your tills.

THE DOLLY SHOP.

There is another branch or class in the family, who are far too numerous, and exercise too great an influence to be passed over. I refer to dolly-shop keepers. These gentry are well known to city missionaries and policemen, and are watched as carefully as a cat watches a mouse. Like their more respectable relations, they mount no sign, and are not distinguishable to the general public. Money-lending with these is on a very small scale; and is but the smallest portion of their business. Some do an extensive trade, and never lend any. It is pleasant to be charitable, especially when it costs nothing. But these defy the utterance of even a good word. He who would speak in their praise would deserve an action for slander. They live above law. The keenest Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot touch them. They have a license of their own, above law, which of course costs nothing. They nominally purchase every article brought to them, in reality, take all in pledge. They give no duplicate, and are not responsible for the return of anything. Still, self-interest, if no higher motive, generally keeps them to their bargain. As stated, they buy; and the seller may repurchase within a week or a fortnight, at a good profit, of course, in lieu of interest. The injustice of the transaction is manifest, as their customers are too poor or too vicious to help themselves. If not redeemed at the specified time, any article may be sold; and the profit, much or little, is pocketed. These receptacles of anything and everything only exist in localities where destitution and vice abound. Sometimes they have the appearance of marine stores, or what they really are, old clothes shops. Sometimes they are coupled with a chandler's shop, and a profitable trade is driven, as the parties who leave their goods are compelled to take in return what is there sold—it may be table-beer, *alias* swipes, strengthened, flavoured, and coloured by some brewer's

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brewer's apron, or leaves ticketed as 'strong Bohea,' 'Young Hyson,' or 'genuine Souchong,' all of which may have done duty at the Carlton or Reform Clubs, or the last tea drinking at your own Ragged School. They exist, too, in connection with some licensed beershops, where pewter pots and porter reign triumphant, and solos are roared from the mouth of some vagrant, or screamed by some wanton—where the fiddler plays the last polka, and shares with the landlord the profits of the twopenny hop. Yes, even there they exist; and I blush to state it, women, when all their money is gone, are known to slip off some article of dress, and hand it to the landlord as a security for the maddening beverage he calls porter. It is generally the thirst for drink which bring them customers; and they are ready to possess anything on which they can with safety advance the price of a pint of porter or half a quartern of gin.

The existence of these places in any locality is an unmitigated curse, as the facilities afforded for the disposal of almost worthless articles helps the drunkard to pander to his appetite, robs the home of its most necessary articles—children of their food and clothing; while it contributes to the supply of paupers in all our metropolitan parishes. I could occupy the whole of your time with tales, some ludicrous, some appalling, illustrative of the evil influence of these pest-houses. I give you two:—

A hard-working man, who liked and deserved the good things of this life, found himself, after a week's toil, walking home with a fine leg of mutton and large loaf of bread. The bread was a usual thing; but there was the mutton, sufficient to cheer, and yet surprise any wife. No cag-mag, but cut from a genuine Southdown.

'Wife,' says the husband, 'that will make us a good Sunday dinner, boiled, with caper sauce.'

'Boiled!' says the wife.

'Yes, dear; a leg of mutton is always best boiled.'

Now that word *boiled* was terrible in its influence, because it would require a large kettle, and that was at the dolly-shop—unknown, of course, by the loving husband. Happily, if the husband had love, the wife had genius. Off went the wife, Sunday morning, with the loaf to redeem the kettle—accomplished her purpose—boiled the mutton—redeemed the loaf by again pledging the kettle, and then sat down to eat her dinner, praise the quality of the mutton, and be praised in return for her skill in cooking it. I make bold to tell husbands this tale need not alarm them, as the doings of this wife and woman are quite an exception to the rule. So is the following:—

It is no doubt well-known to most that our Poor-Law contemplates condition, not character. In other words, the vile and lazy can claim and have as much legal right to shelter, food, and clothing, as the most moral and industrious. They can enter the union or workhouse just when they like, and leave when they like. That is the law; and master, matron, or guardian have no power to alter it. The unworthy know this, and of course take advantage of it. Possessing this knowledge, the heroine of our story often claimed her right to admission and discharge. In filth and wretchedness she always came; in decent, if not fashionable attire, she always left. No remonstrance was heeded; no punishment effectual to secure a reform. Every time she left, her clothing was disposed of, and how to prevent it baffled master, doctor, clerk, guardians, and all others concerned, save the matron. Who knows the depth of a woman's skill? Commend me to two women, whose pursuits are antagonistic, for a display of ability. When genius is opposed to genius they develop each other—act and react. This was seen in the matron and her persevering friend.

'Please, ma'am,' said the woman to the matron, 'I want to leave.'

The matron knew it was gin she wanted, but very good-temperedly replied— 'You

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'You can leave to-morrow.' Determined at the same time no gin should be had at the expense of the parish.

Thus resolved, she contrived a dress from old counterpanes, cut and made in a style far above the fashion of the day. On the morrow our friend was ready for her liberty, so was the matron with her dress. Proud of her achievement and secure of a triumph, cooly the robe was put on, and away she went. I am sorry to add, her desire of liberty was but brief, as in a few days she claimed her right for shelter, and in triumph informed the matron the dress was at the dolly-shop, and may be obtained by paying principal and interest.

This is no fiction. I have an authority for asserting it as a fact—terrible, if for a moment amusing. You who happily live and move in a circle far removed from the lower strata of society, can afford to think your ignorance is bliss, and perhaps, in some respects, it is. Still, it would not do for all to discard these things. If humanity does sink so low, let me know it, aye, and witness it too. I say they are still akin to us. Our hearts will not be less grateful for knowing something of the pit in which so many have fallen, or for the power which in mercy restrains us from it.

I have seen some as low as this wretched woman—I have made inquiries into their early history, and now say with confidence, they are not limited to any class—their ranks are filled from every grade. Some have been nursed in comfort—trained with care—lived in the enjoyment of every luxury the heart could desire, and owe their degradation to a false step—to disappointed hopes—to cunning schemers—to the formation of habits which not only admit, but compel a downward tendency, until the last stage is reached, when, destitute of shame, they seem to possess only the power to resist every effort to elevate and bring back to a position of comfort and respect. Oh! it is alas too true!—human nature can educate itself for the vilest life—for the deepest woe, and live glorying in it.

THE PAWNBROKERS' CUSTOMERS.

For convenience, we may divide the customers into three classes—the vicious, the imprudent, and the needy. I am aware that all may be regarded as needy; but this division will be near enough for our purpose. I include in the vicious all who pledge for the purpose of pleasure or sin. I am sorry to say that this class is somewhat numerous. It is a great blessing that few vices can be gratified without expense. There is some limit to indulgence, apart even from health; the state of the finances must check, not, however, until every scheme is exhausted, and every article pledged. The future never enters into the calculations of the gay or vicious—present gratification absorbs their mind, and produces at the same moment pleasure and pain. To a great extent the interests of the gin-shop and pawnshop go together. My Uncle, from the nature of his business, affords facility for raising money, which the proprietor of the gin-shop secures. No one at all familiar with the working class, or those above them, but must have seen and heard of things which confirm this statement. I have worked with men who delighted in a drunken bout, and seen them take every tool to pledge. It is the usual place of resort, known as well as the shop in which they work, or the home in which they live. I refer, of course, to the drunkard. I have seen a parcel of forty duplicates in the hand of a commercial gentleman, a present from his wife, on his return from a journey. In this case, the interest of my Uncle's was also the publican's. These are every-day facts. Unfortunately, too, they are every-day customers. What will not vice do in both sexes? I have known a man compel his wife to strip his children and pledge their clothing, to procure

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cure him the means of gratifying his base appetite. I have known a woman do it while her husband has been hard at work. You may put it down as certain that all drunken men or women among the lower class know the pawnshop as well as they do the gin-shop. * * * I am sorry to say the majority who visit the pawnshop are the imprudent among the working class. Imprudence is often the companion of impudence. There is little or no shame in these customers. They meet and mingle, freely pass their jokes with each other, and banter my Uncle with all the confidence of old friends. It is natural: where there is no shame there is no fear. They are my Uncle's living; they are weekly visitors; it is these that pay; quick returns are his delight. A thousand imprudent customers are worth many hundred pounds annually. But perhaps some of you doubt if the imprudent form the majority, and deserve the name. I used to think pawnbrokers fattened, while other tradesmen grew lean. I know better now. A good harvest—an increasing revenue, with plenty of employment—gladden their hearts as much as they do Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer. When trade is good they thrive. It is, beyond question, the best paid mechanics and the most regularly employed are the very best customers. 'There are few well-doing tradesmen, indeed almost none, who require the pawnbroker; the wages they get are sufficient to save them from it,' was the statement of a manufacturing justice in Scotland to a deputation of pawnbrokers who waited on him. 'It is the very reverse,' cried one, 'and I can prove it. They are not alike provident; and how can you make the improvident better? I perhaps count among my customers some of the most sober and industrious men in your honour's own employment. I'll be bound to say nine-tenths (mark that) of the customers are respectable mechanics' wives.' I confess at once this was a knock-down blow to my notions of Scotch prudence. It is quite as bad in England. 'Get the working classes up a week, and keep them up, and many of us may close our shops. It is by their imprudence we live,' is the candid admission made to myself by some of the most respectable of my Uncles. If these statements are true, it shows that a hundred and forty millions of the hundred and fifty-six annually taken, are from the imprudent, the vicious, and the gay.

The worst feature in the case is, it becomes a habit, as settled and fixed as fainting is to some ladies, or the pipe to some gentlemen—a thing that must be done, despite of regular employment—the capability of getting above it—or the considerable item it adds to the expenses, in the shape of interest. I think of these with regret. The best paid mechanics are not too well paid. The skill they display—their endurance of toil—the position they occupy in what constitutes the wealth of a nation—make what they get deserving of a better fate than swelling my Uncle's stock, or contributing to his wealth, and diminishing to a great extent their own comforts. But if the vicious and imprudent deserve censure, there are the needy who merit sympathy. Whatever abuses exist, and however much the facility afforded for getting a little ready cash may be taken advantage of, there is a necessity for the existence of pawnshops arising from the ever-changing circumstances of the working class.

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I asked, when standing in a wareroom, if they could tell the needy from the imprudent. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply; 'the order in which the articles are brought tell us at once. We get first a shawl, then a dress, and so on to every article a woman can spare. Then comes the husband's clothing—always last in pledge, and first to be redeemed.' It will not be out of place to tell you how the needy customers are produced. Want of employment will do it in many cases. There are other causes, however, more distressing still. Note that genteel-looking woman leaving the side-door, gripping firmly the silver

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silver received in return for the pledge left. Let her history tell you; it will be one among many. Till lately, no care has settled on her brow, no sorrow eaten into her heart. 'Home, sweet home,' she could sing with rapture. The partner of her life has been true to his vows, and she has been true to hers. They have been blessed with enough for every want—if not abundance—all reaped from his toil. All *was* well, cheerful, and happy. Now affliction has stopped the supply, and laid the strong man *low*—all is changed.

'Their sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
Nó idle tale;
No cloud that floats across a sky of light,
On a summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth.'

Affliction brings an increase of expenditure, as we all know; and, generally with the poor, diminished resources. Pain requires a cordial to soothe; weakness, nourishment to support. The supply from friends is not like the widow's oil; they oftentimes fail in the hour of need. How can necessity be supplied? Hope and fortitude seldom fail in a loving-hearted woman. These are the alternatives—sell or pledge. The last is chosen in hope, though followed out with reluctance. Who will blame? I am prepared to applaud; especially as it is certain her apparel went without a sigh—his with a heavy heart. The lives of the most distressed families prove the proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window,' a gross libel. It is the time when love reaches its climax in woman, makes it manifest, proves its power, and shows her to be a helpmate indeed.

I would that I could depict in appropriate language, and had the rich to hear me, the privations of some of the poor ere they gave way to the stern necessity of pledging imposed on them. It would prove that natures as noble exist in the lowly cottage—in pinching want, covered with rags, struggling for life—as are to be found in the high places of the earth, and help to break down the pride of caste and the dignity of position, and bring out what are primary truths of revelation. God has made of one blood the high and low, the rich and poor, and makes character, not position, the ground of respect and love. I am convinced, however, that one day there will be no want of a herald to proclaim—Virtue in poverty is more dignified than gilded crime—more acceptable to a beneficent Creator, and ought to be more attractive to men.—*From 'The Three Gilt Bulls; or, My Uncle, his Stock-in-Trade and Customers.'* A Lecture. By T. TURNER. London: E. Marlborough and Co.

PASTOR FLIEDNER, OF KAISERWERTH.

Miss Nightingale, who spent some months at Kaiserwerth in 1857, has published the following remarks:—

'Pastor Fliedner died (in harness) on the 4th of October, at the Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserwerth-on-the-Rhine, near Dusseldorf, which he had founded. He lived to preside at the thirty-first celebration of the anniversary of this his foundation, which he began in September, 1833, with one "sister," one female criminal, and no money, in a small summer-house in his pastor's garden. But though he willingly kept himself in the background on this thirty-first anniversary, he was so exhausted after it, having long been suffering from chest disease, that the medical man ordered him entire rest and change of air. He went to the Convalescent Institution which he himself had founded for his sick deaconesses, but came back for the confirmation of two of his sons on Sept. 25, and all then saw he was dying. But he had time to collect all his children about him, to give them precious

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precious words of exhortation, and to speak to them, too, quite simply and openly about his own death, of which he said, "It needs only to be as a little child going to its father." He was in the last agony on Tuesday, Oct. 4. But hymns were sung and prayers offered aloud, at his own desire, all that Tuesday morning, as he sat in his chair. And the deaconesses were all admitted into his room, by tens and twelves, to see him and to join in these hymns and prayers, till two o'clock, when he died. His last words were "Victory!" and "Overcome!" Pastor Fliedner created a hospital, a penitentiary and asylums for females released from prison, an orphan asylum, a normal school, an infant school, and lastly, a lunatic asylum—the whole to serve as training schools for his deaconesses, whom he also trained as parish deaconesses. The mother house was at Kaiserwerth. But his sisters are not only all over Germany, but all over the world, from the East to North America, from Italy to London, at the German Hospital, Dalston. He has deaconesses at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and Bucharest, and since 1860, he has (as stated in the number of "Evangelical Christendom" of October, 1862) at Beyrout and Sidon, given a Christian harbour to the orphan children and sufferers from the Lebanon massacre, under his deaconesses' wing. In the spring of this year (1864) there were four hundred and fifteen deaconesses belonging to Kaiserwerth, of whom two hundred and fifty-six were full sisters; three hundred and three are at work at one hundred and three stations in Germany and abroad. Besides these, twenty were at work in the war hospitals of Schleswig-Holstein, ten more had been asked for by the War Minister, but only some of the ten could be spared to go. In the Schleswig-Holstein war-hospitals were more Danes and Roman Catholic Austrians than Prussians. (So much the better. The Roman Catholics now know how evangelical sisters of charity can work.) Thirty-three sisters are at work as parish deaconesses in twenty-five parishes, but yearly have applications for sisters to be refused. The harvest truly is ready, but the labourers are still too few. Seventy-five sisters devoted to education only (of whom thirty-one are full sisters) are included among the above four hundred and fifteen. But this number gives no idea of the work of training mistresses for infant schools, elementary schools, industrial schools, young ladies' boarding schools, and governesses for private families, which goes on at Kaiserwerth; one thousand and seven have been thus trained, who work freely for the good cause, but do not enter as deaconesses; and, blessed as is the work of the latter, perhaps the former work has an equally world-wide influence for good. When arrived at their destination, the schoolmistresses try, by Sunday-schools, by visits to the poorer children at home, by friendly acquaintance with the mothers, to spread the real work of education. At the young ladies' boarding-schools, besides excellent instruction, the girls can, if the parents wish it, receive an initiation into housekeeping, cooking, and dressmaking. They are exercised in gymnastics and in the open air. And they have all the beautiful German music-teaching. A few stations (*e.g.*, London) were also originally started with Pastor Fliedner's deaconesses, who still administer them, though no longer attached to Kaiserwerth. And when we consider that all this was done at an annual expense (last year) of about £7,500 (*plus* a sum of about £1,500, spent in building in 1863), we may truly say, never was so much good effected with such small means. And all this has been accomplished in little more than a quarter of a century—in twenty-seven short years, or, including the Penitentiary, which was Pastor Fliedner's first work, thirty-one. They ask our prayers from Kaiserwerth for the continuance of his work. He leaves a widow who was as efficient a "mother" to the deaconesses as he was a "father," and seven children without provision. His daughter is married to Pastor Disselhoff, who ably seconded him in the institution. They ask our prayers, not for these fatherless children and widow, but for his

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his work. Let us, then, after returning thanks to Almighty God for the life and works of this good man, pray that it may please Him to raise up men who will continue the work, which belongs more to Him than to us, in the same spirit of poverty and of taking up the cross, of purity and of a sound mind, which His servant Fliedner did.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Without preface, devoid of editorial explanation, a volume of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, printed and published in London,* is offered to the reading world. Reprinted as these discourses are from Mr. Beecher's newspaper, it might not have been amiss had their source been acknowledged; but come they how they may, right heartily do we welcome them. Mr. Beecher's shortcomings as a theologian are not unknown to us; but these we forget afresh whenever one of his sermons falls into our hands. Here we are sure to find honest expression of individual thought; words of a man, not of a mere functionary; words straightforward and sincere. Here will be a broad, robust, hearty manliness, and here, also, the outpourings of a tender, loving heart. Here will be, what are above all things precious, doctrines never divorced from that which is nobly ethical. And how goodly is the result, when the preacher knows how in rich and wisely-culled speech to set forth in a thousand delightful ways the grand Christian truth that fell from the inspired pen of that Son of Thunder, who was the most loving of the Apostles, 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous;' and again, 'He that saith, "I know Him," and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.' At Henry Ward Beecher's discourses no one can look without being rewarded with shrewd thought and happy imagery well and consistently struck out; and, above all, with treasures of Christian experience set forth right beautifully. Sure always to meet with much to quicken both brain and heart, with joyous expectation we plunge the paper-knife into the volume. And at the outset, we are glad to have also set before us, as it is here—a well-executed portrait of the preacher. How self-reliant the attitude; the arms crossed with a frank firmness on the broad chest; the head held well up, and in every outline of the face a manifestation of—shall we not say?—a genial sauciness, a blithe confidence of power. What if the locks are somewhat longer than the insular Anglo-Saxon chooses to wear his own,—a Yankee crinose cataract upon the shirt collar; what if the cheek is smooth, the lip unfringed by masculine growth;—nature's manly ornament, as we fear, ungratefully declined and shaven? We see all the more of the face for that, and it is a face worth looking at. The brow high and broad, the eyes full and rich in language, the eyelid oddly half-drooping over one of them, in true testimony of the shrewd spirit within. The nose well pronounced, but somewhat too short to prevent the upper lip from being almost unhandsomely protracted. Massive and well set the chin; and how suggestive that nowise scanty, and, for the most part, finely cut mouth! Made evidently two-tenths for eating and eight-tenths for talking, it stands like a gate with a whole troop of thoughts behind it, ready to leap forth upon you. Apt seem those lips for speech, ready at all points and longing to begin. Thanks, Messrs. Publishers, for this portrait; it adds even to the value of this volume.

The sermons here reprinted are twenty-four in number; and we are glad to see that the book being marked 'Vol. I.,' promises to be the head of what we hope will prove to be a long series.

A very pleasant gift-book for a child is '*Our Dumb Companions*',* written by Thomas Jackson, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of

*J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster Row, E.C.

* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Stoke

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Stoke Newington. Collect all the anecdotes of dogs, cats, horses, and donkeys that demonstrate the intelligence and the utility of those creatures, weave them into a narrative under the form of conversations of a father with his children, illustrate them profusely by excellent engravings, give to the whole really good and nicely toned paper, capital pressmanship, and beautiful type, then bind the volume elegantly in cloth, and let a painted and enamelled vignette amidst gilding adorn the cover, and the result will be the very thing that we have now upon the desk. The author's notion is that his book will supply a want often felt, of a volume that shall present to young persons, in simple and attractive form, the doctrine of the justice due to animals, and the blessings which accompany the right treatment of them. He very suitably suggests that the work may be used in primary, secondary, and other schools, and be offered as a reward to boys and girls distinguished for their gentleness towards animals. The book is admirably adapted for such a purpose, and it would, indeed, be highly acceptable anywhere where there are children. We can give it, as a gift-book, most unreserved commendation.

The power of thin paper, small type, and condensation, in conjunction with most conscientious editorial care, can no further go, we should think, than in *The Gospel Treasury; or, Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists*, compiled by Robert Mimpriss, and now published in a single volume.* The same work, in similar type, but in two volumes and on stout paper, has long been on our book-shelves. Mr. Mimpriss's compilation bears strong testimony to his most laborious patience, and, we must add, to the excellence not only of his powers as a compiler, but also of his eyes. Its characteristics are too well and widely known to require description from our pen. The harmony, we will say briefly, is according to Gresswell's arrangement; it is in the words of the authorized version, and has abundant Scripture illustrations, expository notes, practical reflections, geographical notices, and last, not least, a copious index;—this feature constituting this edition a marked improvement over the earlier one with which we are familiar. Mr. Mimpriss's mode of treating Scripture is occasionally too external for our taste, and we need go no further than the title-page in order to find illustration of this criticism. The solemn words, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,' quoted as one of the mottoes of the book, cannot possibly intend those who merely trace the Lord's footsteps on the map of Palestine, or who cut to pieces and dovetail the four sacred memoirs of the Evangelists. Its meaning is altogether deeper and higher. Nevertheless, the world of Sunday-schools owes a debt of thanks to Mr. Mimpriss for his labours, and for the marvellously cheap rate at which his volumes are sold; and, good sight being always taken for granted (the type, though beautifully clear, is very small),—the popular student having the two volumes in one very handy volume of about a thousand pages, may justly congratulate himself on possessing a treasure.

The words 'Sixth Thousand' on the title-page, testify to the popularity of '*Julian Meall; a Brief Memoir of a Little Boy, who Died in the Ninth Year of His Age.** We do not regard accounts of the death-beds of pious children as altogether wholesome reading for a child; but there are many of more advanced age who may be affected in a salutary manner by the perusal. As a rule, 'How to Live,' is the most serviceable lesson, whether for a child or for an adult, and those books are the best that teach this.

A little girl whom we have just consulted pronounces *Marie and the Seven Children*, by Mrs. T. Geldart,* to be 'a very nice little book indeed, a delicious little book,' and by this dictum we are prepared to stand. The tale is of a little girl left, at a tender age, to be a mother to seven little ones; of her trials and troubles; of the strength she found where the true Christian always finds strength; of her success; and of a happy settlement crowning all. We have seen several books of Mrs. Geldart's, but this is the best.

The lady who wrote *The Crosses of Childhood; or, Alice and her Friends*,* should not let her pen lie idle, for it possesses the happy art of enfolding excellent moral and religious lessons in an engaging narrative form.

*London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

*London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

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We know not the author, but her book we are glad to know, and can recommend it with emphasis as a really beautiful little gift-book for a girl. It contains twelve chapters; and in this case it will be doing something to indicate the character of the contents if we append the titles. These are: "A Mother's Lesson; or, The Readings of Scripture;' 'Little Alice's Cross; or, The Lost Darlings;' 'A Day at the Parsonage;' 'Alice and Margaret;' 'Mr. Rutherford's Children;' 'Tom Willis and his Broken Leg;' 'School Hours; or, The Sewing Lesson;' 'The Two Sisters;' 'The Fever in the Village;' 'The Fever Brought Home;' 'The First Sufferer;' and 'Light Through the Cloud.' Any readers of our own whom these titles attract, will, we are confident, be very much charmed with the little volume when they get it, which we decidedly recommend them to do, if in search of a gift-book for a child of from eight to fifteen years of age.

The first number of a volume, which is to be completed in twelve parts‡ promises to supply a valuable common-place book to those who desire to possess illustrations of theology and morals, selected from great divines, and systematically arranged. Starting from Bacon's analysis of theology into 'Sacred History, Parable or Divine Poesy, and Holy Doctrine,' Mr. R. A. Bertram adopts the second division, '*Parable or Divine Poesy*' as the title of his compilation; and selects passages coming under this denomination from a list of authors of considerable breadth, including the Fathers of the early Church and the old Divines of the English Establishment, and not excluding the most modern preachers of widely various schools, such as Trench, Guthrie, Arnot, Beecher, and Parker. The passages are placed under appropriate headings; each article thus formed is subdivided; and each subdivision is arranged chronologically, so as to indicate the progress of thought on the fundamental articles of the Christian faith in the several ages of the Church. It has been Mr. Bertram's design to make the divisions and subdivisions of each article constitute outlines of sermons; so that, in addition to several thousand illustrations, the work will contain nearly five hundred homiletic skeletons. 'While unsectarian,' he says, 'the work is not latitudinarian, but catholic.' To preachers of all denominations a volume, such as this promises to be, must be of great service.

A Policeman-Poet is an unusual phenomenon; we can introduce our readers to one, if they desire it, and if they will not be too fastidious as to the quality of the poetry. Dedicated to Francis Mayall Mallalieu, Esq., as originator and promoter of Bible and other educational classes amongst the metropolitan police, a little volume, 'the result of the leisure hours of one of the force,' has reached a second edition, under the title of *The Wreck of the Royal Charter, and other Poems.* By John Harries.* We are pleased to find 'one of the force' occupying the silent hours in self-improvement, and in the endeavour to diffuse right sentiment by his pen.

Under the dark title *Egypt** some autobiographical chapters, from the pen of a lady, form a small pamphlet, which has been forwarded to us for review. The writer has a lively pen, and uses it vigorously in behalf of hydropathy and the Turkish bath, which she loudly lauds as 'the true source of creature comfort and physical well-being.' Cleverly does she harp upon this string; the bath has evidently been to her a deliverer, not only from Mr. Banting's original malady, which in her case was becoming serious, but from ill-health of a much graver character; and her gratitude has no bounds. With an exuberance of style, which seems to betoken a present enjoyment of the most robust health, she rattles on from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe;' and puts her topic before her reader in a variety of lights, as if she loved and were proud of it—as indeed she is. This is a capital book for teetotallers, and still more capital for those who are not yet such; for surely it will tend to make them what in that respect they ought to be. The whole pamphlet is eminently quotable; full of entertaining passages, of which we would gladly present our readers with samples, did not the too-closely filled space forbid.

Ladies, who care to take advice of 'Meliora,' will do well to make themselves acquainted with *The Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal.*†

‡ London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

* London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.
† London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

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A monthly publication devoted to the treatment of business and other matters of special interest to their sex. A word to the wise is enough. The tales signed 'B. R. P.' are always excellent; and they are by no means the only ones that are so, in this highly commendable serial.

There is a delightful, old-fashioned simplicity of style in all that issues from the pen of the Rev. John Pulsford. His quaint, earnest tract, *To Every Creature*, and his little book on *Jesus Revealing the Heart of God*,† are just now especially in our mind's eye. Deep underlying and far-reaching meanings in the words both of Scripture and of nature, Mr. Pulsford is skilful as well to discern and to draw forth for the recognition of others; yet simple as a child's speech his is, and his heart is sensitive as a woman's.

Trampled deep into the mud, and to all appearance defaced and befouled beyond all recovery, is the fame of Thos. Hopley. But whilst all the world's heels are stamping him down, this singular man does not give in, but still cries out for justice. *A Cry to the Leading Nation of the World for Justice, and for the Souls of My Wife and Children*,‡ is the title of his latest pamphlet; a somewhat hysteric title, no doubt, but who, in his extraordinary position, without being dead, could be quite calm? We had thought of letting Mr. Hopley's very remarkable 'Cry' come before the readers of 'Meliora,' with some comments of our own; but already this chapter is thrusting hard against its necessary boundaries. Only saying, then, that she believes that, after all, Mr. Hopley is a man deeply injured through being entirely misunderstood by superficial students of humanity, 'Meliora' advises those whom this judgment surprises to obtain a copy of the pamphlet, and form an opinion for themselves.

We must despatch in a single paragraph three sixpenny books which come next to our hands: *Joseph Selden, the Cripple; or, An Angel in Our Home*,* by the author of 'The Dalrymples' teaches pleasantly some very important truths for grown-up people; and *Philip Markham's Two Lessons*,* does the like for youths. A Christian spirit pervades both. We do not like quite so well *The Rod and Its Uses*, by the author of 'The Sabbath-Breakers.'* The treatment is somewhat sectarian.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine for 1864,§ bound in one volume, as we see it now on our desk, forms a whole at once handsome and valuable. Its clear type and the really beautiful illustrations which adorn it, give it a very pleasing aspect at first sight; and the pleasure grows into a higher feeling as we weigh the value of its contents. The movement in the Church of England, of which this volume is an expression, is a very important one; the good doing and to be done by it is quite incalculable. May it go on and prosper.

The author of *Buy Your Own Cherries*, Mr. J. W. Kirton, has *achieved* popularity by more than one of his tales of every-day life; and, for aught we can see to the contrary, his *Temperance Lifeboat Crew** deserves and is likely to be as popular as the best of them. Mr. Kirton, in his narrative, attends a meeting of a 'Life-boat Crew,' and reports the speeches seriatim; the result is a tract admirable for distribution, and pretty certain to be useful wheresoever it may go

† Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

‡ London: T. Hopley 147, Fleet-street.

* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

§ London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street; and Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

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